

1863

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THE
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THE SMUGGLER CHIEF.

By GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "Prairie Flower," &c.

CHAPTER V.

THE INCA OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"LONG ago, very long ago," Diego the Vaquero began, "all the lands bordering the bay of Valparaiso belonged to the Indians, whose vast hunting grounds extended on one side from the lofty peaks of the Cordilleras down to the sea, and on the other covered the pampas of Buenos Ayres, of Paraguay—in a word, all the splendid countries from which they have eternally disappeared, and it is impossible to find a trace of the mocassins which trod them during centuries.

"The Indians were at that day free, happy, powerful, and more numerous than the grains of sand in the bed of the sea. But one day strange news spread among them: it was said that white men, who had come no one knew whence, and mounted on immense winged horses, had suddenly appeared in Peru.

"I need not remind you of all that occurred in consequence of this news, which was only too true, or describe to you the hideous massacres committed by the Spaniards, in order to reduce the unhappy Indians to slavery, for it is a story which everybody knows. But what you are possibly ignorant of is, that during one of the dark and stormy nights which followed this invasion, a dozen men of majestic demeanour, with haughty though care-laden brows, were seen to land from a canoe half broken by the waves and jagged rocks.

"They were Indians who had miraculously escaped from the sack of Quito, and had come to present themselves as suppliants to the elders of the Araucano nation. Among them was a man whom they respectfully obeyed. He was the son of the sister of the valiant Atahualpa, King of Quito, and his name was Tahi Maré. When in the presence of the elders, Tahi Maré gave them a narration of the misfortunes which had struck him.

"He had a daughter, Mikaa, the purest and loveliest of the daughters of the Sun. When conquered by the Spaniards, who, after killing two of his sons, set fire to his palace, Tahi Maré, followed by the three sons, left home, rushed toward the palace of the Sun, in order to save his daughter, if there were still time.

"It was night: the volcano was roaring hoarsely and hurling into the air long jets of fire, whose lurid and sinister gleams combined with the flames of the fire kindled by the conquerors of this unhappy city. The squares and streets were encumbered with a terrified multitude, who fled in all directions with terrible cries from the pursuit of the Spanish soldiers, who, intoxicated with blood and carnage, massacred mercilessly old men, women, and children, in order to tear from their quivering bodies the gold collars and ornaments which they wore. Neither tears, prayers, nor entreaties succeeded in moving their ferocious executioners, who with yells and shrill whistles excited their dogs to help them in this horrible man-hunt.

"When Tahi Maré reached the Temple of the Sun, that magnificent edifice, which contained such riches, had become a prey of the flames: a girdle of fire surrounded it on all sides, and from the interior could be heard the groans of the hapless virgins who were expiring in the tortures of a horrible death. Without calculating the imminency of the peril, the poor father, mad with grief and despair, rushed into the burning furnace which opened its yawning mouth before him.

"My daughter! my daughter!" he cried. In vain did the flames singe his clothing; in vain did frightful burns devour his hands and face: he felt nothing, saw nothing; from his panting chest constantly issued the piercing cry—

"My daughter! my daughter!"

"Suddenly a half-naked virgin, with dishevelled hair and her features frightfully contracted, escaped from the flames: it was Mikaa. Tahi Maré, forgetting all that he had suffered, weepingly opened his arms to the maiden, when a Spaniard, dressed in a brilliant garb and holding a sword in his hand, rushed upon Mikaa, and ere her father had time to make a gesture, thrust his weapon into her chest!"

"Oh, it is frightful!" Leon, who had hitherto listened to his comrade's story in silence, could not refrain from exclaiming.

Diego made no reply, but a sinister smile played round his livid lips.

"The maiden fell bathed in her blood, and Tahi Maré was about to avenge her, when the Spaniard dealt him such a fierce blow that he lost his consciousness. When he regained his senses the officer had disappeared."

"It is infamous," Leon said again.

"And that officer's name was Don Ruiz de Soto-Mayor," Diego said, in a hollow voice.

"Oh!" Leon muttered.

"Wait a moment, brother; let us continue, for I have not finished yet.

"Though tracked like a wild beast, and incessantly hunted by the Spaniards, Tahi Maré, accompanied by his three sons and some faithful friends, succeeded in getting away from Quito and reaching the country of the Araucanos.

"After the Inca had recounted his misfortunes to the great Indian Chief, the latter welcomed the fugitives with hearty marks of affection; and one of them, the venerable Kouni-hous-koui (he who is respected), a descendant of one of the oldest families of the Sagomores of the nation, exchanging his calumet with Tahi Maré, declared to him, in the name of the Araucanos, that the Council of Elders adopted him as one of their caciques.

"From this day Tahi Maré, owing to his courage and wisdom, acquired the esteem of those who had given him a new country to love and defend.

"Several years passed thus, and no sign led the Araucanos to suspect that the Spaniards would ever dare to attack them: they lived in a perfect state of security, when suddenly and without any justification for the aggression, a Spanish fleet consisting of more than thirty brigantines sailed into the bay of Valparaiso. They had no sooner disembarked than they built a city, which soon saw the flag of conquest floating from its walls.

"Still the Araucanos, although driven back by their terrible enemies, were aroused by the voice of Tahi Maré, and resolved to keep the Spaniards constantly on their defence, by carrying on against them a war of snares and ambushes, in which the enemy, owing to their ignorance of the places where they fought, did not always get the best of it.

"In the course of time this perpetual war made them lose a great number of soldiers, and feeling desperate at seeing several of their men fall daily under the blows of invisible enemies, who seemed to inhabit hollow trees, the tops of mountains, or the entrails of the earth, they turned all their rage against Tahi

Maré, whose influence over all the men who surrounded him they were aware of, and resolved to get hold of him.

"But it was no easy matter, for the Inca was on his guard against every attack, and was too well versed in the tactics of his enemy to let himself be caught by cunning or treachery. And yet this was destined to happen. There was among the Indian prisoners—alas! it is disgraceful to say it, but it was so—a man who, given to habits of intoxication and brought to Peru by the Spaniards, did not recoil before the offer made him to betray his brothers, on condition that they should give him as much aguardiente as he could drink.

"The Spanish captain, fertile in expedients, who had proposed this cowardly bargain to the Indian, induced the latter to go to Tahi Maré, give himself out as an escaped prisoner, and, after inquiring into his plans, urge him to surprise the Spaniards, of whose numbers, position, and plan of campaign he was to give a false account. Once that Tahi Maré was in the power of the Spaniards, fire-water would amply compensate the traitor.

"All was carried out in the way the officer suggested, for could Tahi Maré suspect that an Araucano would betray him? He received him on his arrival among his brothers with transports of joy, and then questioned him as to the enemy's strength and means of defence. This was what the Indian was waiting for: he answered the questions asked him by adroitly dissimulating the truth, and ended by asserting that nothing was easier than to take the Spanish troops prisoners, and he offered to guide the expedition in person.

"The hope of a certain victory animated the Araucanos, who joyfully greeted this proposition, and all was soon arranged for the start. During the night following the traitor's arrival five hundred men picked from the bravest, and led by Tahi Maré, descended the mountain under the guidance of the treacherous Indian, and marched silently upon a Spanish redoubt, in which they expected to find the principal chiefs of the enemy and surprise them.

"But as they advanced they perceived a dark line which was almost blended with the darkness, but which could not escape the piercing glances of the Indians. This line formed an immense circle, which surrounded them and became more contracted every moment. It was the Spanish horse coming to meet them and preparing to attack them.

"All at once Tahi Maré uttered a yell of fury, and the head of the traitor who had drawn them into the snare rolled at his feet; but ere the Araucanos had time to retire, a number of horsemen, holding in leash twenty of those ferocious dogs trained for man-hunting, rushed upon them. They were compelled to fight, and a terrible massacre began, which lasted all night. Tahi Maré performed prodigies of valour. In the height of the action his eyes were injected with blood and a lurid pallor covered his face; he had recognised among those who were fighting the Spanish officer who killed his daughter Mikaa on the threshold of the Temple of the Sun in so dastardly a way. On his side the Spaniard rushed with incredible fury upon the Inca.

"It was a sublime moment! The two men attacked each other with equal fury, and the blood that flowed from their wounds stained their weapons. The axe which the Inca held was already whirling above the head of the Spaniard to deal him the final blow, when Tahi Maré fell back, uttering a yell of pain: an enormous hound coming to the officer's assistance, had ripped open the Inca's stomach. Taking advantage of Tahi Maré's defenceless state, Don Ruiz de Soto-Mayor despatched him by passing his sword right through his body.

"The next day the Inca's body, frightfully mutilated, was burnt on the public square of Valdivia, in the presence of a few Indians, who had only escaped the sword of their murderers to die at a later date in the punishment of a horrible captivity."

"Oh!" Leon exclaimed, who had felt his heart quiver; "it is frightful."

"What shall I say, then?" Diego asked in his turn; "I who am the last of the descendants of Tahi Maré!"

At this unexpected revelation Leon started; he looked at Diego, and understood that there was in this man's heart a hatred so deeply rooted, and, above all, so long repressed, that on the day when it broke out no power in the world would be strong enough to check the terrible effects of its explosion. He hung his head, for he knew not what to reply to this man who had to avenge such blood-stained recollections. Diego took his friend's hand, and remarking the emotion he had produced, added—

"I have told you, brother, what the ancestors of Don Juan de Souza y Soto-Mayor made mine suffer, and your heart has bounded with indignation, because

you are loyal and brave; but what you do not yet know is that the descendants of that family have faithfully followed the conduct of the murderers of Tahi Maré. Oh! there are strange fatalities in a man's life! One day—and that day is close at hand—you shall know the details of the existence which I have led, and the sufferings which I have endured without a murmur; but at the present day I will only speak of those of my race; afterwards I will speak of myself."

While uttering the last words, a flash of joy like that which a tiger feels when it holds a quivering prey under its claws passed into the half-breed's eyes. He continued—

"My father died a victim to the cruelty of the Spaniards, who put him to death because he dreamed of the independence of his country; his brother followed him to the tomb, weeping for his loss."

"Diego! God has cruelly tried thee."

"I had a mother," Diego went on, with a slight tremor in his voice; "she was the object of my father's dearest affections, and was young and lovely. One day when she left the mountain to visit my father, who was expiating within the walls of Valparaiso prison his participation in a movement which had broken out among the Araucanos, she met on the road a brilliant Spanish cavalier who wore a lieutenant's epaulettes.

"The Spaniard fixed upon her an impassioned glance; she was alarmed, and tried to fly, but the horseman prevented her, and in spite of her prayers and supplications, she could not liberate herself from the villain's arms. On the morrow Lieutenant Don Juan de Soto-Mayor was able to boast among his friends, the noble chiefs of the Spanish army, that he had possessed the chaste wife of Tahi Maré the Indian.

"Yes, it was again a Soto-Mayor. This accursed name has ever hovered over the head of each member of my family, to crush it under punishment, sorrow, shame, or humiliation. Each time that one of us has reddened American soil with his blood, it was a Soto-Mayor that shed it. Each time that a member of this family met a member of mine, one was the executioner, the other the victim.

"And now, brother, you will ask me why, knowing that General Don Juan de Souza y Soto-Mayor is the man who dishonoured my mother, I did not choose among the weapons which hung from my girdle the one which should pierce his heart?—why I have not some night, when

all were sleeping at the hacienda, carried within its walls the all-devouring fire, and taken, according to Indian custom, eye for eye and tooth for tooth?

"Yes, I confess it; I should have quivered with pleasure had I seen all the Soto-Mayors, who live calm and happy a few leagues from us, writhing in the agonies of death. But I am the son of Tahí Maré, and I have another cause to defend beside my own—that of my nation. And on the day when my arm falls on those whom I execrate, it will not be the Soto-Mayors alone who perish, but all the Spaniards who inhabit these countries.

"Ah! is it not strange to dream of enfranchisement after three hundred years of slavery? Well, brother, the supreme moment is close at hand; the blood of the Spaniard will again inundate the soil of Peru, and the nineteenth century will avenge the sixteenth.

"That is the reason why you saw me so silent at the general's house; that is why I agreed to escort him and his family to Valdivia, for my plans are marvelously served by this journey. As for the girl you love, as I told you, you shall see her again, and it will be the beginning of the punishment which is destined to fall on this family."

Diego had risen, but a moment later he resumed his ordinary stoicism.

"I have told you what you ought to know, in order to understand and excuse what you may see me undertake against the Spaniards; but before going further, it is right that I should know if I can count on your help, and if I shall find in you the faithful and devoted friend who never failed me up to this day."

A violent contest was going on in Leon's heart. He asked himself whether he, who had no cause of complaint against the Spaniards, had any right to join those who were meditating their ruin. On the other hand, the sincere friendship which he felt for the Vaquero, whose life he had shared during the last four years, rendered it a duty to assist him, and did not permit him to abandon him in the moment of danger. Still he hesitated, for a secret anxiety kept him undecided, and prevented him forming a resolution.

"Diego," he asked the Vaquero in his turn, "before answering you, let me ask you one question?"

"Speak, brother!" Diego answered.

"What do you mean to do with Dona Maria?"

"I have promised you to bring her to

your knees. If she love you, she will be my sister; if she refuse your love, I shall have the right to dispose of her."

"And she will have nothing to fear till I have seen her again?" Leon asked further.

"Nothing! I swear it to you."

"In that case," said Leon, "I will take part in your enterprise. Your success shall be mine, and whatever be the road you follow, or the means you employ to gain the object of your designs, I will do all that you do."

"Thanks, brother; I was well aware that you would support me in the struggle, for it is in the cause of justice. Now I will set out."

"Do you go alone?"

"Yes, I must."

"When shall I see you again?"

"To-morrow morning, at Don Juan's, unless I am compelled to remain at the place where I am going longer than I think; in that case I will join you on the Talca road. Besides, you do not require me to escort the general: our men will be at their post to-morrow, and you can say something about my going on ahead."

"That is true; but Dona Maria?"

"You will see her again soon. But start alone to-morrow for the country-house, and I will meet you this day week, whatever may happen, in the Del Solar wood, at the San Francisco Solano quarry, where you will order a halt."

"Agreed, and I leave you to act as you think proper. Next Wednesday at the Del Solar wood, and if you wish to join us before then, we shall follow the ordinary road."

"Very good; now I am off."

Ten minutes after this long interview, Diego was galloping away from his comrade, who watched him depart, while striving to conjecture in what direction he was going. Profoundly affected by the varied events of the preceding day, and the story which Diego had told him, Leon reflected deeply as he walked toward the smugglers remaining with him, and who were engaged in getting their weapons in order.

Although nothing in his exterior announced the preoccupation from which he was suffering, it could be guessed that he was in a state of lively anxiety. The image of Dona Maria floated before his eyes; he saw her pale and trembling after he had saved her from his horse's rush, and then, carrying himself mentally within the walls of the convent of the

Purissima Conception, he thought of the barrier which separated them. Then suddenly the half-breed's words returned to his ear—"If she refuse your love," he had said, "I shall have the right to dispose of her!"

An involuntary terror seized on the young man at this recollection. In fact, was it presumable that Dona Maria loved him? and would not the Vaquero be compelled to employ violence in carrying out his promise of bringing him into the presence of the novice? In that case, how could he hope to make himself loved?

These reflections painfully agitated Leon Delbès, who, obeying that spontaneity of action peculiar to his quick and impetuous character, resolved to fix his uncertainty by assuring himself of the impression which he had produced on the heart of the maiden, whom he loved with all the strength and energy of a real passion.

Such a sudden birth of love would appear strange in northern countries, where this exquisite feeling is only developed in conformity with the claims of the laws of civilization; but in Chili, as in the whole of South America, love, ardent as the fires of the sun which illumines it, bursts forth suddenly and displays itself in its full power. The look of a Chilean girl is the flash which enkindles hearts of fire which beat in breasts of iron.

Leon was a Frenchman, but several years' residence in these parts, and his complete adoption of American manners, customs, and usages had so metamorphosed him, that gradually his tastes, habits, and wants had become identified with those of the inhabitants of Chili, whom he regarded as his brothers and countrymen. Without further delay, then, Leon prepared to return to Valparaiso, and make inquiries about Dona Maria.

"It is two o'clock," he said to himself, after consulting his watch; "I have time to ride to the Ciudad, set Crevel to work, and be at the general's by the appointed hour."

And leaping on his horse, he galloped off in the direction of the Port, after bidding the ten men of the escort to start with or without him the next morning for the country-house.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BANIAN'S HOUSE.

VALPARAISO, like nearly all the commercial centres of South America, is a collection of shapeless huts and magnificent palaces, standing side by side and hanging in long clusters from the sides of the three mountains which command the town. The streets are narrow, dirty, and almost deprived of air, for the houses, as in all American towns, have a tendency to approach each other, and at a certain height form a projection of four, or even six feet over the street. Paving is perfectly unknown; and the consequence is that in winter, when the deluging rains, which fall for three months almost without leaving off, have saturated the ground, these streets become veritable sewers, in which pedestrians sink up to the knee. This renders the use of a horse indispensable.

Putrid and pestilential miasmas exhale from these gutters, which are filled with rubbish of every description, resulting from the daily sweeping of the houses. On the other hand, the squares are large, square, perfectly airy, and lined with wide verandahs, which at midday offer a healthy protection from the sun. These verandahs contain handsome shops, in which the dealers have collected, at great cost, all that can tempt purchasers. It is a medley of the most discordant shops and booths, grouped side by side. A magnificent jeweller displays behind his window diamond necklaces, silver spurs, weighing from fifteen to twenty marcs, rings, bracelets, &c.; between a modest grocer quarrelling with his customers about the weight, and the seller of masamorra broth, who, with sleeves tucked up to the elbow, is selling his stuff by spoonfuls to every scamp who has an ochavo to regale himself with.

The smuggler-captain passed gloomily and thoughtfully through the joyous population, whose bursts of laughter echoed far and wide, and whose merry songs escaped in gay zambacuecas from all the spirit shops which are so frequent at Valparaiso. In this way he reached Senor Crevel's inn, who uttered a cry of joy on perceiving the captain, and ran out to hold his horse.

"Are my men here?" Leon asked civilly, as he dismounted.

"They arrived nearly two hours back," Crevel answered, respectfully.

"It is well. Is the green chamber empty?"

Every landlord, in whatever country he may hang out his sign, possesses a separate room adorned with the names of blue, red, or green, and which he lets at a fabulous price, under the excuse that it is far superior to all the others in the house. Senor Crevel knew his trade too well not to have adopted this habit common to all his brethren; but he had given the name of the green room to a charming little quiet nook, which only his regular customers entered. Now, as we have said, the smugglers were very old friends of Crevel.

The door of the green-room, perfectly concealed in the wall, did not allow its existence to be suspected; and it was in this room that the bold plans of the landlord's mysterious trade, whose profits were far greater than those which he drew from his avowed trade, were elaborated.

On hearing Leon's question, the Bavian's face assumed an expression even more joyous than that with which he had greeted the young man's arrival, for he scented, in the simple question asked him, a meeting of smugglers and the settlement of some affairs in which he would have his share as usual. Hence he replied by an intelligent nod, and added aloud—

"Yes, senor; it is ready for your reception."

After handing the traveller's horse to a greasy waiter, whom he ordered to take the greatest care of it, he led Leon into the interior of the inn. We are bound to confess that if the architect who undertook to build this house had been more than saving in the distribution of ornamentation, it was admirably adapted for its owner's trade. It was a cottage built of pebbles and beams, which it had in common with the greater portion of the houses in Valparaiso. Its front looked, as we know, upon the Calle San Agustino, while the opposite side faced the sea, over which it jutted out on piles for some distance. An enormous advantage for the worthy landlord, who frequently profited by dark or stormy nights to avoid payment of customs dues, by receiving through the window the goods which the smugglers sold him; and it also favoured the expeditions of the latter, by serving as a depôt for the bales which they undertook to bring in on account of people who dealt with them.

This vicinity of the sea also enabled the Frenchman, whose customers were a strange medley of all sorts of men, not to trouble himself about the result of the frequent quarrels which took place at his house, and which might have caused an unpleasantness with the police, who at Valparaiso, as in other places where this estimable institution is in vogue, sometimes found it necessary to make an example. Hence, so soon as a squadron of lanceros was signalled in the distance, Senor Crevel at once warned his guests; so that when the soldiers arrived, and fancied they were about to make a good haul, they found that the birds had flown. We need scarce say that they had simply escaped through the back window into a boat always kept fastened in case of need to a ring in the wooden platform, which served as a landing-stage to the house. The lanceros did not understand this sudden disappearance, and went off with a hangdog air.

Differing from European houses, which fall back in proportion to their elevation from the ground, Senor Crevel's establishment bulged outwards, so that the top was spacious and well lighted, while the ground-floor rooms were narrow and dark. The landlord had always taken advantage of this architectural arrangement by having a room made on the second floor, which was reached by a turning staircase, and a perfect ear of Dionysius, as all external sounds reached the inmates, while the noise they made either in fighting or talking was deadened. The result of this was that a man might be most easily killed in the green room without a soul suspecting it.

It was into this room, then, witness of so many secret councils, that the landlord introduced, with the greatest ceremony, the captain of the smugglers, who walked behind him. On regarding the interior of the room, nothing indicated the origin of its name; for it was entirely hung with red damask. Had this succeeded a green hanging? This seems to be the more probable explanation.

It received light from above, by means of a large skylight. The walls were hung with pictures in equivocal taste, representing subjects passably erotic and even slightly obscene. A large four-post bed, adorned with its tester, occupied all one side of the room, and a mahogany chest of drawers stood facing it: in a corner was a small table covered with the indispensable toilette articles—combs, brushes,

&c. A small looking-glass over the table, chairs surrounding a large round table, and, lastly, an alabaster clock, which for the last ten years had invariably marked the same hour between its two flower vases, completed the furniture of this famous green room. We must also mention a bell, whose string hung behind the landlord's bar, and was useful to give an alarm under the circumstances to which we have referred. Leon paid no attention to these objects, which had long been familiar to him.

"Now, then," he said, as he took off his hat and poncho, and threw himself into an easy-chair, "bring me some dinner at once."

"What would you like, captain?"

"The first thing ready: some puchero, some pepperpot—in short, whatever you please, provided it be at once, as I am in a hurry."

"What will you drink?"

"Wine, confound it! and try to find some that is good."

"All right."

"Decamp, then, and make haste to bring me all I require."

"Directly, captain."

And Senor Crevel withdrew to attend to the preparation of the young man's dinner. During this time Leon walked up and down the room, and seemed to be arranging in his head the details of some plan he was meditating.

Crevel soon returned to lay the table, which he performed without opening his lips for fear of attracting some disagreeable remark from the captain, who, for his part, did not appear at all disposed for conversation. In an instant all was arranged with that coquettish symmetry which belongs to the French alone.

"Dinner is ready, captain," said Crevel, when he re-entered the room.

"Very well. Leave me; when I want you I will call you."

The landlord went out. Leon sat down to the table, and drawing the knife which he wore in his boot, vigorously attacked the appetizing dishes placed before him.

It is a fact worthy of remark, that with great and energetic natures, moral sufferings have scarce any influence over physical wants. It might be said that they understand the necessity of renewing or redoubling their strength, in order to resist more easily and more victoriously the griefs which oppress them, and they require all their vigour to contend worthily against them.

Chilian meals in no way resemble ours. Among us people drink while eating, in order to facilitate the absorption and digestion of the food; but in America it is quite different—there people eat without drinking. It is only when the pastry and sweets have been eaten that they drink a large glass of water for digestion: then come the wines and liqueurs, always in small quantities, for the inhabitants of hot countries are generally very sober, and not addicted to the interminable sittings round a table covered with bottles, in an atmosphere impregnated with the steam of dishes.

When the meal was ended, Leon took his tobacco-pouch from his pocket and rolled a cigarette, after wiping his fingers on the cloth. As this action may appear improper to the reader, it is as well that he should know that all Americans do so without scruple, as the use of the napkin is entirely unknown. Another custom worth mentioning is that of employing the fingers in lieu of a fork. This is the process among the Americans. They cut a piece of bread crumb, which they hold in their hand, and pick up with it the articles on their plate with great rapidity and cleanliness.

Nor must it be thought that they act in this way through ignorance of the fork; they are perfectly well acquainted with that utensil, and can manage it as well as we do when required; but though it is present on every table, both rich and poor regard it as an object of luxury, and say that it is far more convenient to do without it, and remark that the food has considerably more flavour when eaten in this fashion.

Leon lit his cigarette, and fell again into his reflections. All at once he rose and rang the bell, and Crevel at once appeared.

"Take all this away," said Leon, pointing to the table.

The landlord removed all traces of the meal.

"And now bring me the articles to make a glass of punch."

Crevel gazed for a moment in amazement at the man who had given this order. The sobriety of the smuggler was proverbial at Valparaiso; he had never been seen to drink more than one or two glasses of Pisco, and then it was only on great occasions or to please his friend Diego, whom he knew to be very fond of strong liquors, like all the Indians. When a bottle of aguardiente was served to the

two men, the Indian finished it alone, for Leon scarce wet his lips. Hence the landlord was almost knocked off his feet on receiving his guest's unusual order.

"Well, did you not hear me?" Leon resumed, impatiently.

"Yes, yes, sir," Crevel replied; "but——"

"But it surprises you, I suppose?"

"I confess it."

"It is true," Leon said, with a mocking smile, "that it is not my habit to drink."

"That it is not," said Crevel.

"Well, I am going to take to it, that's all. And what do you find surprising in that?"

"Nothing, of course."

"Then bring me what I asked for."

"Directly, directly, captain."

"On my soul, something extraordinary is taking place," Crevel said to himself as he descended to his bar. "The captain never had a very agreeable way with him, but, on the word of Crevel, I never saw him as he is to-night; it would be dangerous to touch him with a pair of tongs. What can have happened to him? Ah, stuff, it concerns him, after all; and then, who knows; perhaps he is on the point of becoming a drunkard."

After this aside, the worthy landlord manufactured a splendid bowl of punch, which he carried up to Leon so soon as it was ready.

"There," he said, as he placed the bowl on the table; "I think that will please you, captain."

"Thanks! but what is this?" Leon said, as he looked at what Crevel had brought—"there is only one glass."

"Why, you are alone."

"That is true; but I trust you will do me the pleasure of drinking with me."

"I should be most unwilling, captain, to deprive myself of the honour of drinking with you, but——"

Crevel, through his stupefaction, was unable to complete his sentence, for the invitation which the captain gave him surprised him beyond all expression. Let us add that it was the first time such an honour had been done him.

"In that case bring a glass for yourself."

Crevel, without further hesitation, fetched the glass, and seated himself facing the captain.

"Now, my dear Crevel," Leon said, as he dipped into the bowl and filled the glasses to the brim, "here's to your health, and let us talk."

The landlord was all ears.

"Do you know the convent of the Purissima Conception?"

At this question Crevel opened his eyes to their fullest extent.

"What the deuce can the captain have to do with the nuns of the Purissima Conception?" he asked himself, and then replied, "Certainly, captain."

"Very good; and could you contrive to get in there under some pretext?"

The landlord appeared to reflect for a moment.

"I have it," he said; "I will get in whenever you like."

"In that case get ready, for I want to send you there this very moment."

"What to do?"

"A trifle. I want you to see the Senora Maria," Leon said to him, after describing the accident of which he had been the involuntary cause, "and deliver her a message from me."

"The deuce! that is more difficult," Crevel muttered.

"Did you not tell me that you could get into the convent?"

"Yes; but seeing a novice is very different."

"Still you must do so, unless you refuse to undertake the task. I thought of you, because I believed you to be a clever and resolute fellow; if I am mistaken, I will apply to some one else, and I feel certain that I shall find more than one ingenious man who will not be sorry to earn four ounces."

"Four ounces, did you say?" and the Parisian's eyes sparkled with a flash of covetousness.

"Tell me if that suits you?"

"I accept."

"In that case, make haste. Have my horse saddled, for I shall accompany you."

"We will start within a quarter of an hour; but in order that I may take my precautions, tell me what I have to do when I see the Senora?"

"You will hand her this scapulary, and say to her that the cavalier who wore it is lying at your house in danger of death. Pay careful attention to the expression which her face assumes, and manage to describe it to me. That is all I want."

"I understand."

And the landlord went down to make his preparations.

"In that way I shall know whether she loves me," Leon exclaimed, so soon as he was alone.

Then, taking up his poncho and montera,

he rolled a cigarette in his fingers, and went to join Crevel in the ground-floor room.

"Do not be impatient, captain; I shall be with you in a moment," the banian said on perceiving him; "I only ask of you the time to run to my cellar."

"Make haste, for time is slipping away."

"Do not be alarmed; I shall be at the convent within half an hour."

On returning from the cellar the landlord brought with him three bottles covered with a thick coating of mould, bearing witness to the long stay they had made in the shadow of the sun, and adorned with a skull-cap of pitch, whose colour time had changed.

"What is that?" Leon asked.

"The keys of the convent of the Purissima Conception," Crevel replied, with a crafty smile. "We can start now."

In a moment Leon, on horseback, was going down the Calle San Agustino a few paces ahead of Crevel, who was on foot.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NOVICE.

WE left Dona Maria in the garden of the convent, preparing to obey the summons of the venerable abbess, Dona Madeline Aguirre Frias, in religion, Sister Santa Marta de los Dolores, the Mother Superior of the community, not doubting but that she was summoned to give a detailed account of the morning's events. Dona Maria expected to receive some reproof for the involuntary fault she had committed by letting her face be seen by the cavalier who raised her when in a fainting state.

But, in her present state of mind, far from upbraiding herself for not having quickly lowered her veil so soon as she regained possession of her senses, she was quite prepared to confess the impression which the sight of the young man had produced on her, and the present she had made him of her scapulary, for she had only one thought, one desire, one wish, and that was to see again the man whom she loved.

Still, in consequence of the remonstrances which her companion, Rosita, made to her, and in order not to give anybody the opportunity of reading in her eyes what was passing in her soul, she

removed all traces of her tears, overcame the feeling of sorrow which had invaded her whole being, and proceeded with a firm step toward the cell of the Mother Superior, while Rosita regained her own.

We have described the interior of the cells of the nuns or novices dwelling in the convent of the Purissima Conception, which, with but rare exceptions, are all alike, but that of the Mother Superior deserves a special description, owing to the difference that exists between it and those of the other nuns. Nothing could be more religious, more worldly, and more luxurious than its whole appearance. It was an immense square room, with two large pointed windows, with small panes set in lead, on which were painted holy subjects with an admirable delicacy and surety of touch. The walls were covered with long gilt and embossed Cordovan leather tapestry; and valuable pictures, representing the chief events in the life of the patron saint of the convent, were grouped with that symmetry and taste which are only found among ecclesiastics.

Between the two windows was a magnificent Virgin by Raphael, before which was an altar; a silver lamp, full of odoriferous oil, hung from the ceiling and burnt night and day in front of the altar, which could be concealed by thick damask curtains when required. The furniture consisted of a large Chinese screen, behind which was concealed the abbess' bed, a simple couch of carved oak, surrounded by a mosquito-net of white gauze. A square table, also in oak, supporting a few books and a desk, was in the centre of the room; and in one corner a large library filled with books relating to religious matters, allowed the rich gilding of scarce tomes to be seen through the glass doors. A few chairs with twisted legs were arranged against the wall. Lastly, a brasero of brilliant brass, filled with olive kernels, faced a superb press, whose fine carving was a work of art.

The sunshine, subdued by the coloured glass of the windows, spread a soft and mystical light, which made the visitor undergo a feeling of respect and contemplation, by giving this large room a stern and almost lugubrious aspect.

At the moment when the maiden was introduced to the abbess, the latter was seated in a large, straight-backed chair, surmounted by the abbatial crown, and whose seat, covered with gilt leather, was adorned with a double fringe of gold and silk. She held an open book in her hand

and seemed plunged in profound meditation. Dona Maria waited till the abbess raised her eyes to her.

"Ah, you are here, my child," the abbess at length said, on perceiving the presence of the novice. "Come hither."

Maria advanced toward her.

"You were nearly the victim of an accident which cast trouble and confusion upon the progress of the procession, and it is slightly your own fault; you ought to have got out of the way of the horse as your dear sister did; but, after all, though the fear exposed your life to danger, I see with satisfaction that you have, thanks to the omnipotent protection of Nuestra Senora de la Purissima Conception, escaped from the peril, and hence I order you to thank her by reciting an orison morning and night for eight days."

"I will do so, buena Madre," Maria replied.

"And now, chica, in order to efface every trace of the emotion which the event must have caused you, I recommend you to drink a few spoonfuls of my miraculous water; it is, as you are aware, a sovereign remedy against every sort of attack. Worthy Don Francisco Solano, the reverend Pater-Guardian of los Carmelitos Descalzos, gave me the receipt for it, and on many occasions we have recognised the truly surprising qualities of this water."

"I will not fail to do so," the young lady replied, with the firm intention of doing nothing of the sort, as she knew the perfect inefficiency of the good lady's panacea.

"Good! You must take care of your health, Maria, for you know that my great object is to watch over the welfare of all our sisters, and to render their abode in this peaceful retreat, in which we live in the peace of the Lord, full of attractions and sweetness."

Maria looked at the abbess; she had expected some sort of reprimand, and the honeyed words of the worthy Mother Superior had a tinge of benignity which was not habitual to them. Emboldened by the abbess' kind manner, Maria felt a great desire to tell her of the deep aversion she felt for a monastic life, but fearing lest she might be mistaken as to the purport of the words which fell from the unctuous lips of the holy person, she awaited the end of her discourse, and contented herself with saying, with all the appearance of a submission full of humility—

"I know, buena Madre, how great your anxiety is for all of us, but I do not yet merit such kindness, and——"

"It is true that you are but a novice, and the solemn vows have not eternally consecrated you to the pious destination which Heaven has reserved for you, but the blessed day is approaching, and soon——"

"Madre!" Maria impetuously interrupted, about to speak and display the wound in her heart which was painfully bleeding at the thought of taking the veil.

"What is the matter, my child? you are impatient. I understand the lively desire which animates you, and am delighted at it, for it would be painful for me to employ with you, whom I love so dearly, any other means but those of persuasion to oblige you to take the gown which is destined for you."

On hearing the abbess speak thus, Maria understood that her fate was settled, and that no supplication would produce any change in what was resolved. Moreover, the air of hypocritical satisfaction spread over the face of the Mother Superior sufficiently proved that the conversation which she had begun had no other object than to adroitly sound the young lady as to her feelings about taking the veil, and that, if necessary, she would employ her right and power to force her into submission.

Maria, consequently, bowed her head and made no reply. Either the abbess took this silence for a sign of obedience, or regarded it as a manifestation of utter indifference, for a faint smile played round her lips, and she continued the conversation.

"While congratulating you on the good sentiments which have taken root in your mind, it is my duty to inform you of the orders which I received this morning from your father, General Soto-Mayor."

Maria raised her head, trying to read in the abbess' looks what these orders might signify.

"You are not ignorant, chica, that the rule of our convent grants novices who are preparing to take the veil, permission to spend a month with their family before beginning the retreat which must precede the ceremony of their vows."

Here Maria, who was anxiously listening, felt her heart beat as if it would burst her bosom. The abbess continued—

"In obedience to this custom, your father, before affiancing you to God, in-

formed me this morning that he wished to have you near him, and employ the month which you will spend out of the convent in taking you to Valdivia to see his brother, that worthy servant of the Lord, Don Luis."

A cry of joy, restrained by the fear of letting what was taking place in her mind be seen, was on the point of bursting from her bosom.

"Dear father!" she said, clasping her hands.

"You will set out to-morrow," the abbess continued; "a servant of your family will come to fetch you in the morning."

"Oh, thanks, madam," Maria could not refrain from exclaiming, as she was intoxicated with joy at the thought of leaving the convent.

Assuredly, under any other circumstances, the announcement of this holiday would have been received by the maiden, if not with coldness, at the least with indifference; but her meeting with Leon had so changed her ideas, that she fancied she saw in this departure a means which Providence gave her to escape from a cloistered life. The poor child fancied that her parents were thinking of restoring her to the world; then, reflecting on the slight probability which this hypothesis seemed to possess, she said to herself that, at any rate, she might see again within the month *him* whose memory excited so great an influence over her mind. There was still hope for her, and hope is nearly happiness. The abbess had not failed to notice the look of pleasure which had suddenly illumined the maiden's features.

"You are very happy, then, at the thought of leaving us, Maria," she said, with an attempt at a smile.

"Oh, do not think that, Mamita," Maria said, as she threw herself on her neck. "You are so kind and so indulgent that I should be ungrateful did I not love you."

At this moment the maiden's heart, inundated with delight, overflowed with love. The aversion which she had felt an hour previously for all that surrounded her had faded away and made room for a warm expansion of joy. A sunbeam from on high had sufficed to dissipate the dark cloud which had formed on the blue sky.

In spite of the lively desire which Maria had to bear the good news to Rosita, she was obliged to listen to the

perusal of General Soto-Mayor's letter, which the abbess gave her, as well as a long exhortation which the latter thought it her duty to address to her about the conduct she should assume when she found herself in the bosom of her family. Nothing was forgotten, neither the recommendation to perform her religious vows exactly, nor that of preparing to return to the convent worthily at the close of the month, animated with the pious desire of devoting herself to it joyfully, as the trial of the world would serve to show her the slight happiness which those forced to live in it found there. Maria promised all that the superior wished; she only saw through the pompous phrases of the holy woman the temporary liberty offered to her, and this sufficed her to listen patiently to the rest of the peroration. At length the harangue was finished, and Maria rushed toward Rosita's cell; on seeing her companion with a radiant brow and a smile on her lips, the latter remained stupified. Amid the transports of joy, Maria informed her of the happy event which had occurred so opportunely to calm her anguish, and embraced her affectionately.

"How happy you seem!" Rosita could not refrain from saying to her.

"Oh! I really am so. Do you understand, Rosita, a whole month out of the convent, and who knows whether I may not see during the month the man who so boldly saved me from peril."

"Can you think of it?"

"Yes; I confess to you that it is my dearest wish to see him again and tell him that I love him."

"Maria!"

"Forgive me, dear Rosita, for, selfish that I am, I only think of myself, and forget that you, too, might perhaps like to leave these convent walls in order to embrace your brother."

"You are mistaken, sister; I am happy here; and though my brother loves me as much as I love him, he will not call me to his side, for he would be alone to protect me, and what should I do in the world when he was compelled to remain with his soldiers? Ah! I have no father or mother."

"Poor Rosita!"

"Hence," the latter said, gaily, "speak no more of me, but let me rejoice at finding you smiling after having left you so sad."

The maidens soon after separated, and Maria went to make the necessary pre-

parations for her departure. On entering her cell, her first care was to throw herself on her knees before the image of the Virgin and thank her. Then the rest of the day passed as usual. But any one who had seen the novice before her interview with the Mother Superior, and met her after the latter had made the general's letter known to her, would have noticed a singular change in her. A lovely flush had driven the pallor from her lips, her eyes had regained their expression of vivacity, and her lips, red as the pomegranate flower, parted to let her heaving breath pass through.

The morrow Maria was up at daybreak, still under the impression of the sweet dreams which had lulled her slumbers. The whole night Leon's image had been before her, flashing in her ravished eye the dazzling prism of a new existence. It was striking ten by the convent clock when General Soto-Major's major-domo presented himself at the door of the house of God.

CHAPTER VIII.

A VISIT TO THE CONVENT.

It was about five in the evening when Leon Delbès left the posada in the company of Crevel. The great heat of midday had been succeeded by a refreshing sea-breeze, which was beginning to rise and blow softly, producing an exquisite temperature, of which all took advantage to rush from their houses, and join the numerous promenaders crowding the streets, squares, and the shore of the ocean, whose calm and smooth surface was tinged by the ardent beams of the sun, which had spent two-thirds of its course. It was a saint's day, and the people, dressed in their best clothes, whose varied colours offer the eye such a piquant effect, hurried along with shouts, song, and laughter, of which no idea can be formed in Europe. In South America a holiday is the occasion for all the pleasures which it is given to man to enjoy, and the Americans do not neglect it. Marvellously endowed by nature, which has given them strength, vigour, and unalterable health, their powerful organization allows them to do anything. Born for love and pleasure, the South Americans make of their life one long enjoyment: it is the ideal of refined sensualism.

The two Frenchmen, with their hats

pulled over their eyes, and carefully wrapped in their ponchos, so as not to be recognised and delayed, mingled with the crowd, and elbowing and elbowed, pushing and pushed, they advanced as quickly as they could, moving with great difficulty through the mob that surrounded them.

The reader will be doubtless astonished to see, in a country so hot as Chili, Leon Delbès and Crevel enveloped, as we have just said, in heavy cloaks. In Chili, Peru, and generally in all the ex-Spanish colonies, the cloak is constantly in use, and almost indispensable. It is worn everywhere and always, in all weathers and all places, at every hour of the night and of the day. There is a Spanish proverb which says that the cloak protects from heat and cold, from rain and sun. This is true to a certain extent, but is not the sole reason why it has become obligatory.

The South Americans, as well as the descendants of the Spaniards, have retained the two chief vices which distinguish their ancestors, that is to say, a mad pride and invincible indolence. The American never works save when driven into his last entrenchments, when hunger forces him to lay aside his careless and contemplative habits in order to earn means to support himself. Hence it follows very naturally, that it is impossible for him to obtain the fine clothes which he covets, and whose price is so heavy, that he despairs of ever possessing them.

In order to remedy this misfortune, and save, at the same time, his pride, which prohibits him from appearing badly dressed, he works just long enough to save the money to buy himself a Panama hat, a pair of trousers, and a cloak. When he has succeeded in obtaining these objects of permanent necessity, he is all right and his honour is saved, for thanks to the exceptional talent which he possesses of draping himself elegantly and majestically in a piece of cloth, he can boldly present himself anywhere, and no one will ever suspect what hideous rags and frightful misery are covered by the splendid cloak which he bears on his shoulders.

In addition to the motive which we have just explained, it is fair to state that, owing to the excessive heat of the climate, the advantage of the cloak is felt in the fact that it is ample and wide, leaves the limbs liberty of movement, and does not scorch the body, as well-fitting clothes do when heated by the sunbeams. Hence rich and poor have all adopted it.

After a ride interrupted at every mo-

ment by the people who encumbered the streets, the two Frenchmen reached their destination, and stopped before the church adjoining the convent. There they separated: Crevel proceeded toward the gate of the community, and Leon, after dismounting and fastening his horse to an iron ring fixed in the wall, entered the church, and leant against a pillar to wait.

The church of Nuestra Senora del Carmo, belonging to the Convent of the Purissima Conception, is one of the finest and richest of those existing in Valparaiso. It was built a short time after the conquest of Chili, in the Renaissance style. It is lofty, large, and well lighted by a number of arched windows, whose coloured glass is among the finest specimens of the art. A double row of columns delicately carved, supports a circular gallery, with a balcony in open work, made with that patience which the Spaniards appear to have inherited from the Arabs, and which produced the marvellous details of the great mosque of Cordova.

The choir is separated from the nave by a massive silver grating, modelled by some rival of Benvenuto Cellini. The high altar is of lapis lazuli, and sixteen silver columns support a dome painted blue, and studded with gold stars, above the splendid table covered with a rich pall of English point, on which stands the magnificent golden reliquary containing the Holy Sacrament.

In the aisles, eight chapels, placed under the protection of different saints, and adorned with extraordinary wealth, each contains a confessional which closes hermetically, and in which it is impossible to catch a glimpse of the male or female penitent asking remission of sins. Nothing can be imagined more ærial or coquettish than the ebony pulpit, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, used by the preacher. This pulpit is a masterpiece, and it is said that a Spanish workman, finding himself in great danger, made a vow to Nuestra Senora del Carmen that he would give her a pulpit if he escaped. Having escaped the danger, he devoted hourly years of his life to the accomplishment of the work he had promised, and which he only completed a few months prior to his death. If we may judge of the danger this man incurred by the finish of the execution and the merit of the work, it must have been immense.

Lastly, there are at regular distances large holy water vessels of carved marble,

covered with plates of silver. When Leon entered the church it was full of faithful people. Upwards of two thousand candles spread a dazzling light, and a cloud of incense brooded over the congregation, who were plunged into a profound contemplation.

In American churches that impudent traffic in chairs, which goes on so shamelessly elsewhere during the holiest or more sorrowful ceremonies, is unknown. There are no seats, but the men stand, and the women bring with them small square carpets, on which they kneel. This custom may perhaps injure the symmetry, but it certainly imparts to the assembly of the faithful a more religious appearance. We do not see, as in France, individuals stretching themselves, taking their ease, throwing themselves back, or sleeping in their chairs, and we are not at each movement disturbed by the rattling of wood upon the slabs.

On hearing the chants of the nuns, which rose in gentle and melodious notes, accompanied by the grave sound of the organ, Leon Delbès felt himself involuntarily assailed by a melancholy feeling. Gradually forgetting the motive of his presence at this sacred spot, he let his head fall upon his chest, and yielded entirely to the ecstasy into which the mighty harmony that filled his ears plunged him.

In the meanwhile Crevel, after leaving the captain of the smugglers, took a half turn, and proceeded, as we said, toward the gate of the convent, on which he knocked thrice, after looking around him rather through habit than distrust, in order to make certain that he was not followed. The door was not opened, but a trap in the niche of the upper panel was pulled back, and an old woman's face appeared in the aperture. Crevel assumed his most sanctimonious look, and giving a mighty bow, he said, as he doffed his broad-brimmed straw hat:

"Ave Maria Purissima, sister."

"Sin peccado concebida, brother," the old woman replied, who was no other than the sister porter, "what can I do for you?"

"I am ill, sister, very ill," Crevel repeated, in a moaning voice.

"Good gracious! brother, what is the matter with you? But I am not mistaken," she added, after looking at the new-comer more attentively; "you are the worthy Frenchman established in the Calle San Agustino, who brings from

time to time a few bottles of old French wine to the abbess for her cramp."

"Alas! yes, sister, it is myself; and I have brought two under my cloak, which I beg her to accept."

Crevel, like a good many of his fellow-traders, had the praiseworthy habit of giving alms to the rich, in order to rob the poor with greater facility.

"They are welcome," said the sister porter, whose small eyes glistened with covetousness; "wait a minute, brother, and I will open the gate for you."

"Do so, sister, and I will wait as long as you please."

Crevel soon heard the formidable sound of bolts being drawn and locks turned, and at the end of a quarter of an hour the door was opened just wide enough to leave passage for a man. The landlord glided like a snake through the opening offered him, and the door closed again at once.

"Sit down, brother," said the sister porter; "it is a long way from your house to the convent."

"Thanks, sister," said Crevel, taking advantage of the invitation; "I am really extremely tired."

He then took from under his poncho the two bottles, which he placed on the table.

"Be good enough, sister," he said, "to give these bottles to your Mother Superior, begging her not to forget me in her prayers."

"I will not fail, brother, I assure you."

"I am certain of it, sister; and stay," he added, drawing out a third bottle, "take this, which I brought for you, and which will do you good, for it is justly said in France that wine is the milk of aged people."

"That is true, brother, and I thank you; but tell me the nature of the illness you are suffering from."

"For some time past, sister, I have been subject to a sudden dizziness, and as your convent possesses a miraculous water which cures all diseases, I have come to buy a phial."

"With the greatest pleasure, brother," the sister porter replied. "I am sorry that I cannot make you a present of it; but this water is deposited in my hands, and is the property of the poor, to whom we must render an account of it."

We will remark parenthetically that the convents of Valparaiso willingly accept anything offered them, but never give anything away. Crevel was perfectly

aware of this fact; hence, without offering the slightest observation, he drew four piastres from his pocket, which he placed in the sister's hand. The latter put them out of sight with a vivacity which astonished the banian himself: then running to a chest of drawers, the sole article of furniture which adorned the room, she opened it and took a small white glass bottle, carefully corked and sealed, which lay there along with some sixty others, and brought it to Crevel.

The landlord received it with marks of profound gratitude.

"I hope that this water will do me good," he said, striving to prolong the interview.

"Do not doubt it, brother."

And the sister porter looked at Crevel in a way which made him comprehend that nothing need detain him now that he had what he came to seek. The banian understood it and prepared to rise.

"Now, sister, I will ask your permission to retire, in spite of the charm which your conversation has for me; but business before everything."

"That is true," the sister porter replied; "hence I will not keep you; you know that you will always be welcome at the convent."

"Thanks, sister, thanks. And now I am off."

"Farewell, my brother."

He walked a few steps toward the door, but then hurriedly turned back.

"By the bye," he said, as if remembering something which he had forgotten, "I trust that the accident which happened to one of your sisters during the procession has had no serious consequences."

"No, thanks to Heaven, brother."

"Ah, all the better; then she has quite recovered."

"So perfectly," said the sister porter, "that she is travelling at this moment."

"What! the Senora Maria de Soto-Mayor travelling?"

"You know her name?"

"Of course; for I was formerly butler to the general her father."

"Well, then, it was through an order of the general that Sister Maria left this morning for the country-house which he possesses a few leagues from here."

"Well, then, sister, good-bye, and I hope we shall meet again soon," Crevel exclaimed, hurrying this time to reach the gate.

"Anda V^e con Dios!" said the siser, surprised at this hurried movement.

"Thanks, thanks."

Crevel was already in the street.

Now, while he was conscientiously performing the commission which Leon had entrusted to him, the latter was still waiting for Crevel to rejoin him. After remaining a quarter of an hour in the church, he left it, and was beginning to grow impatient, when the landlord's shadow was thrown on the convent wall. In a second he was by his side.

"Well?" he asked, on approaching him.

"Come, come," said Crevel, with satisfaction, "I fancy I bring good news."

"Speak at once."

"In the first place, Dona Maria is perfectly well and feels no effects from the terror which your horse caused her."

"Next?"

"That is something, surely."

"Go on, go on! scoundrel," the smuggler cried as he shook Crevel's arm."

"Good heavens! a little calmness, Senor Caballero; you will never correct yourself of your vivacity."

Leon's brows were contracted and he stamped his foot passionately, so Crevel hastened to obey.

"Learn, then, that this morning the young lady left the convent to rejoin her family."

"What do you say?" Leon asked, utterly astounded.

"The truth; for the sister porter assures me of the fact."

"In that case, I am off, too."

"Why?"

"What would you have me do here?"

And, not troubling himself further about his companion, the captain unfastened his horse and leaped on its back. Then, throwing his purse to the landlord, he said that he should see him again soon, and started at a gallop.

"Hum!" Crevel said, quite confounded; "the devil's certainly in that fellow, or he has a slate loose. What a pace he rides at."

And, after giving a last glance at the rider, who was disappearing round the corner of the square, the worthy landlord quietly bent his steps in the direction of his posada.

"For all that, he is a good customer."

CHAPTER IX.

ON THE SIERRA.

THE traveller who, proceeding south, leaves one fine morning the city of San-

tiago, that magnificent capital of Chili which is destined ere long (if it be not destroyed by an earthquake, as has already happened twice,) to become the finest city of South America, experiences—according as he belongs to one of the two classes of travellers called by Sterne positive or enthusiastic travellers—a sudden disillusion or a complete charm at the sight of the landscape spread out before him.

In fact, for a radius of fifty or sixty leagues round the capital, the country offers, with but few differences, the same appearance as we meet with when we traverse the smiling plains of Beauce, or the delicious province of Touraine, so poetically named the garden of France.

On either side of wide and well-kept roads, lined with lofty trees, whose tufted crests meet and form a natural arch, which affords a shelter against the heat of the day, extend for an enormous distance vast fields covered with crops of wheat, barley, rice, and alfaja, and orchards filled with apple, pear, and peach trees, and all the other fruit trees which grow prolifically in these superb countries. On the horizon, upon hills exposed to the rising sun, countless patches of that vine which Chili alone has succeeded in cultivating, and which produces a wine highly esteemed by connoisseurs, rejoice the eye which contemplates to satiety these enormous masses of gilded grapes destined to supply the whole of South America with wine.

In the distance are seen on the prairies horses, mules, vicunas, viscachas, and llamas, which raise their head on the passage of the caravans, and regard the travellers with their large eyes full of gentleness and intelligence. An infinite number of small streams wind with capricious turns through this country, which they fertilize, and their limpid and silvery track is covered with formidable bands of majestic, black-headed swans.

But, after a journey of four days, when you leave the province of Santiago to enter that of Colchagua, the country assumes a more abrupt appearance. You can already begin to feel the rising of the ground which gradually reaches, with undulation upon undulation, the Cordilleras of the Andes. The soil, ruder to the eye and more rebellious to cultivation, although it has not yet completely acquired those sublime, savage beauties which, a few leagues further on, will cause the blessings of civilization to be forgotten, holds a mid place between that

nature of which man has made a conquest, which he changes and modifies according to his caprices, and that invincible nature against which all his efforts are impotent, and which victoriously retains the independence of its diversified, wild, and imposing scenery.

It was the sixth day after that fixed for the journey projected by General Don Juan, and on the road that runs from Currio to Talca, that at about midday, a large party of travellers, composed of fifteen men, both masters and peons and three ladies, whose features it was impossible to distinguish, as they were careful to conceal them so thoroughly under their rebozos, was advancing with difficulty, trying in vain to shelter themselves against the burning sunbeams which fell vertically.

No shadow allowed the men or beasts to breathe for a moment; there was not a single tree whose foliage might offer a little refreshment. Ahead of the horsemen a dozen mules, trotting one after the other, and each loaded with two heavy bales, followed with a firm step the bell of the yegua madrina, which alone had the privilege of marching at liberty, and with no burthen, at the head of the caravan.

All our travellers, armed to the teeth, rode in groups behind the mules, and were mounted on those capital Chilian horses which have no equals for speed, and of which we might almost say that they are indefatigable.

The heat was stifling, and, with the exception of the *arrea mula*! uttered from time to time by the muleteers, in order to stimulate the vigour of the poor brutes, no one said a word. Nothing was audible save the sharp footfall of the animals echoing on the stones, and the clang of the heavy spurs which each rider had on his heels.

The road wound round a vast quebrada along the brink of which it ran, growing narrower every moment, which soon compelled the travellers to ride one by one, having on their right a precipice of more than twelve hundred yards in depth, down which the slightest slip on the part of their steeds might hurl them, and on their left a wall of granite rising perpendicularly to an incalculable height. Still this precarious situation, far from causing a feeling of terror among the persons of whom we are speaking, seemed, on the contrary, to give them a sensation of undefinable comfort.

This resulted from the fact that on this gorge the sun did not reach them, and they were able to refresh their lungs by inhaling a little fresh air, which it had been impossible for them to do during the last three hours. Hence, without troubling themselves about the spot which they had reached, any more than if they had been in a forest glade, they threw off the folds in which they had wrapped themselves, in order to avoid the heat, and prepared to enjoy for a few minutes the truce which the sun had granted them. Gaiety had returned, the muleteers were beginning to strike up those interminable complaints with which, if we may be allowed to use the expression, they seem to keep the mules in step, and the masters lit their paper cigarettes. They rode on thus for about half an hour, and then, after having followed the thousand windings of the mountains, the caravan came out upon an immense plain covered with a tall close grass, of a dark green hue, in which the horses disappeared up to the chest, and on which clumps of trees grew at intervals. The mountains opened on the right and left like a fan, and displayed on the horizon their denuded and desolate crests.

"Baya Pius, gentlemen," one of the horsemen said, as he spurred his horse and wiped his forehead; "we shall halt within two hours."

"I hope so, captain; for I frankly confess to you that I am exhausted with fatigue."

"Stay, Don Juan," the first of the two men continued, as he stretched out his hand in the direction they were following; "do you perceive a little to the left that larch-tree wood stretching out at the foot of the mound, down which a torrent rushes?"

"Yes, yes, I see it, Senor Leon," the general, whom our readers have doubtless recognised, answered the captain of the smugglers.

"Well, general, that is where we shall camp to-night."

"Heaven be praised!" a sweet maiden voice exclaimed, mingling in the conversation; "but are you not mistaken, Senor Captain, in saying that we shall not reach that spot before two hours?"

Leon eagerly turned his head, and replied, while accompanying his words with a look in which the love he felt was seen—

"I have been about the mountains too long, Dona Maria, to be mistaken as to a

thing so simple for us sons of the Sierra as a calculation of distance; but if you feel too fatigued, Senorita, speak, and we will camp here."

"Oh, no," the maiden quickly replied, "on the contrary, let us go on; for the great heat has now passed, and the rising breeze is so agreeable, that I feel as if I could canter thus all night."

Leon bent to his saddle-bow, and after courteously saluting Dona Maria and the ladies with her, he hurried on and joined Diego, who was marching ahead, with his eye on the watch and a frown on his brow, in the attitude of a man who seems afraid he shall not find the traces which he is in search of. He had rejoined the caravan two days before, and as yet not a syllable had been exchanged between him and Leon: still the latter had noticed in the half-breed's countenance, since his arrival, an air of satisfaction, which proved that he had succeeded in his plans.

And yet, though Dona Maria was riding a few yards from him, had Diego brought the two young people together according to his promises? Evidently not; since at the hour when the Vaquero left Leon, the young lady arrived under the safeguard of one of her father's servants. Hence the half-breed's satisfaction must be attributed to some other motive.

While Leon was striving to divine it—while curiously examining his friend's slightest gesture, let us relate, in a few words, what had taken place between the captain and the Soto-Mayor family during the six days which had elapsed since his visit to the Convent of the Purissima Conception. Returning at full speed, Leon reached the Rio Claro during the night, and after two or three hours' repose among the smugglers, he started at the head of his men for the general's country-house, where the persons whom he had engaged to escort as far as Valdivia were awaiting him.

At the moment when Leon entered the drawing-room to announce that the mules and horses were ready to start, a loud exclamation burst from a young lady whom the captain's eyes had been greedily seeking ever since his entrance into the house. It was Maria, who recognised her saviour.

Not one of the persons present, who were engaged with the final preparations for the start, noticed the cry of surprise uttered by the maiden. Leon at once felt it echo to his heart, and a flash of joy escaping from his glance illuminated

Maria's soul. In the space of a second they both understood that they were loved.

The journey they were about to undertake appeared to them a more splendid festival than their imagination could conceive. They had scarce hoped to see each other again, and they were about to live side by side for a week. Was not this such perfect happiness that it seemed a miracle?

An hour later, the young couple were riding along together. Although the captain was obliged to remain pretty constantly at the head of the small party which he commanded, he seized the slightest excuse to get near Maria, who, forgetting everything else in this world, kept her eyes incessantly fixed on this man, the mere sight of whom caused her heart to beat. And there was no lack of excuses: at one moment he must encourage by a shout or a signal the young lady's horse which was checking its speed; at another he must recommend her to guard herself against a whirlwind of dust, or remove a stone from her horse's hoof. And Maria ever thanked him with a smile of indescribable meaning.

As he was obliged, in order not to excite suspicion, to pay similar attention to the Senora Soto-Mayor and her other daughter, the smuggler's manner delighted the general, who applauded himself with all his heart for having laid his hand on such a polite and attentive man.

During the first night's bivouac, Leon managed for a few moments to leave the rest of the party and approach Maria, who was admiring the magnificent spectacle which the moonlight offered, by casting its opaline rays over the lofty trees which surrounded the spot where they had halted.

"Senorita," he said to her, in a voice trembling with emotion, "do you not fear lest the fresh night-breeze may injure your health?"

"Thanks, Senor Leon," the maiden replied; "I am about to return to camp, but the night is so long that I cannot weary of admiring this superb landscape. I am so happy in contemplating all that I see around me."

"Then you do not regret your abode in the convent, Senorita?"

"Regret it! when I feel as if God had wished to inundate my heart with all the joy which it can feel! Oh, Caballero, you do not think so. But why do you say it to me?"

"Forgive me," Leon continued, noticing the expression of sorrow which had suddenly overclouded the maiden's features; "the fact is, that my thoughts ever revert to the moment when I saw you, pale and dumb with terror, leave the ranks of the nuns of the Purissima Conception."

"Oh, speak not so; and since Heaven has permitted that I should leave those convent walls to see you again, do not remind me that I must soon return to them, to remain there till death liberates me from them."

"What!" Leon exclaimed, "see you again and then lose you! Oh, forgive me, Senorita, forgive my speaking to you thus; but I am mad, and sorrow renders me distracted."

"What do you say?"

"Nothing! nothing! Senorita: forget what I may have said to you, but believe that if I were called on to sacrifice my life to save you any pain, however slight in its nature, I would do so at a moment," said Leon.

Maria replied, raising her eyes to heaven, "God is my witness that the words which you have just uttered will never pass from my mind: but as I told you, I am happy now, and when the convent gate has again closed on me, I shall have neither pain nor sorrow to endure, for I shall die."

A dull cry burst from Leon's breast: he looked at the maiden, who was smiling calmly and tranquilly.

"And now," she said to Leon, "I will join my sister again, for I fancy I am beginning to be chilled."

And hurriedly proceeding to the tent, under which the principal members of her family were assembled, she left Leon to his thoughts. From this moment, Leon abandoned himself with delight to the irresistible charm of the love which he felt for Maria. This man, with the nerves of steel, who had witnessed the most terrible scenes without turning pale, who with a smile on his lips had braved the greatest dangers, found himself without the strength to combat the strange feeling which had unconsciously settled in his heart. Hitherto squandering his youth's energy in wild saturnalia, Leon felt for the first time in his life that he loved, and he did not question the future, reserved for a passion whose issue could not be favourable.

Still, and although illusion was almost impossible, the young man, with that want of logic of love which seems to grow

in proportion to the insurmountable obstacles opposed to it, yielded to the torrent which bore him away, confiding to chance, which may at any moment effect a miracle.

In addition to the numberless obstacles which Leon might expect to find on the road, Diego's plans of vengeance alarmed him more than all the rest. He knew that the half-breed's will did not recoil before any excess; that if he had resolved to avenge himself on the Soto-Mayor family, no power would be strong enough to prevent him. Hence a shudder passed through Leon's veins when he was rejoined by Diego, and the latter, on perceiving Leon had said to him,

"The girl you love is near you without any interference on my part; all the better, brother: it is your duty to watch over her henceforth, and I will take charge of the others."

Leon was about to open his mouth to reply, but a look from the half-breed caused the words to expire on his lips. The reader now knows why the captain, after saluting the ladies, started to place himself at the head of the band and watch Diego.

The sun was on the point of disappearing upon the horizon when the party reached the wood which Leon had indicated to Don Juan as the spot where they would pass the night. All halted, and the preparations for camping were made.

In Chili, and generally throughout South America, you do not find on the roads that infinite number of inns and hostleries which encumber ours, and where travellers are so pitilessly plundered. In these countries, which are almost deserted, owing to the tyrannical rule of the Spaniards and the philanthropy of the English, this is how people behave in order to obtain rest after a long day's journey.

The travellers choose the spot which appears to them most suitable, generally on the banks of a river, the mules are unloaded, and they are left for the night to their own instincts, which never deceive them and enable them to find pasture. The bales are placed upon one another in a circle of sixty or eighty feet; in the middle of this enclosure a large fire is lit and carefully kept up in order to keep wild beasts at bay, and each man placing his weapons by his side arranges himself to pass the night as comfortably as he can.

Our travellers installed themselves in

the way we have described, with this distinction, that as General Soto-Mayor had a tent among his baggage, the peons put it up in the centre of the camp, and as it was divided in two parts, it formed sleeping rooms for Don Juan, his wife, and his daughters. After a supper of jerked beef and ham, the muleteers, wearied with their day's journey, took a glance around to see that all was in order, and then lay down, with the exception of one who remained up as sentry.

Diego, Leon, and the Soto-Mayor family were sitting round the fire and talking of the distance they still had to go before reaching their destination. In these countries there is no twilight, and the supper was hardly over before it became pitch dark.

"Miguel!" the general said to a peon standing close behind him, "give me the bota."

The peon fetched a large goat-skin, which might contain some fifteen quarts, and was full of rum.

"Gentlemen!" the general continued, addressing the smugglers, "be kind enough to taste this rum; it is a present made me by General Saint Martin, in memory of the battle of Maypa, in which I was wounded while charging a Spanish square."

The bota passed from hand to hand, while the ladies, seated on carpets, were sipping water and smoking their cigarettes.

"It is excellent," said Leon, after swallowing a mouthful; "it is real Jamaica."

"I am delighted that it pleases you," Don Juan continued, kindly; "for, in that case, you will not refuse to accept this bota, which will remind you of our journey when we have separated."

"Oh!" Leon exclaimed, casting a fiery look at Maria, whose cheeks turned purple, "I shall remember it, believe me, and I thank you sincerely for this present."

"Say no more about it, pray, my dear captain; and tell me whether you think we are still far from Talca."

"By starting early to-morrow we shall be by ten in the forenoon at the mountain of Amehisto, and two hours later at Talca."

"So soon?" Maria murmured.

Leon looked at the maiden, and there was a silence; the general calculated the distance that separated Talca from Valdivia, the ladies smoked, and Diego was

deep in thought. Suddenly the sound of galloping horses could be heard, the sound soon grew louder, and the sentry shouted, "Who goes there?"

In a second everybody was up, the men leaped to their weapons, and the ladies, by Leon's orders, went into the tent to lie down on the ground and remain perfectly motionless. No one had answered the sentry's challenge.

"Who goes there?" he repeated, as he cocked his piece.

"Amigos!" a powerful voice answered, which re-echoed in the silence of the night.

Every heart beat anxiously; a dozen horsemen could be noticed moving in the darkness about thirty yards off; but the gloom was so dense that it was impossible to recognise them, or know with whom they had to deal.

"Say what you want or I fire," the sentry shouted for the third time, as he levelled his piece.

"Down with your arms, friends," the same voice, still perfectly calm, repeated; "I am Don Pedro Sallazar."

"Yes! yes!" the general exclaimed, joyfully, as he threw down his gun, "I recognise him; let Don Pedro enter, my friends."

Four men hastily removed some bales to make a passage for the officer who entered the camp, while his escort remained outside. The general stepped forward to meet the new comer.

"How is it you are here?" he asked him. "I fancied you were at Santiago."

"You will soon learn," Pedro replied, "for I have important communications to make to you. But first permit me to give some instructions to the men who accompany me."

Then turning to his soldiers, he said, "Cabo Lopez, take care that no one leaves the camp, and post yourself here, and try to be on good terms with the worthy persons here present."

"Yes, general," the corporal answered, with a bow.

"What? general!" Don Juan asked, with surprise. "Are you really a general, my dear Don Pedro?"

"I will explain all that to you," Don Pedro replied, with a smile; "in the meanwhile, however, lead me to your tent, for what I have to communicate to you does not require any witnesses."

"Certainly; and make haste, that I may present you to these ladies, who will be agreeably surprised at seeing you."

Don Pedro bowed, and followed the general, who led him into the tent where the ladies had taken refuge in apprehension of an attack. During this time the smugglers did the honours of the camp to the soldiers with all the courtesy they

were capable of displaying under such circumstances. At the end of a quarter of an hour they fraternized in the most cordial way, thanks to the aguardiente of Pisco, with which the lanceros were abundantly provided.

(To be continued.)

IN THE COUNTRY.

How balmy, how delicious is the quiet Sabbath morn,
Here where no thought-distracting noise unto the ear is borne;
Nought but the singing of the birds, the humming of the bees,
And zephyrs playing hide and seek among the forest trees.

Far from the city's noisy din, no tramp of hurrying feet,
That crowd to lofty edifice and velvet-cushioned seat:
But reverent hearts go slowly forth and fervent voices raise,
Up to the Father of all love, a hymn of grateful praise.

O, how beautiful is nature, in the gorgeous summer-time,
When, leaving off her virgin blush, dons her maturer prime;
How pleasant 'tis to sit and dream the lingering hours away,
While stealing o'er our senses comes the breath of new-mown hay.

And, spreading out beneath the feet, lay fields of ripening grain,
Kissed by the sun and gentle winds, a wavy golden plain;
While lifting up their snowy heads, the feathery elder bloom,
Flings out upon the waiting air their offering of perfumes.

And, intermingled here and there, bright spots of verdure lie,
That e'en might touch the cynic's heart, or light the painter's eye;
Might wake to half forgotten strains the poet-minstrel's lyre,
To thrill and tremble at the touch with true poetic fire.

Then the orchard, with its wealth of fruit, the chestnut's laded boughs,
Bending beneath their weight of silken tassels hung in rows,
And, towering high above them all, forests like mountains rise,
Stretching away like boundary lines between them and the skies.

And, as the hours steal away, longer the shadows trail,
O'er golden field and meadow soft, and wooded hill and vale;
When twilight, with her fingers weird, lets down her misty pall,
And the fair queen of night then flings a silvery veil o'er all.

CHARITY.

A VACATION RAMBLE IN CANADA.

By A QUEEN'S COUNSEL.

I ALWAYS like to go abroad during the Long Vacation; it gives me that which I find nine months' residence in the year in Paper Buildings, Temple, fails to do—namely, health and spirits. As I have done this almost every summer since I was called to the bar, and am now entitled to add Q.C. to my name, you may imagine that I am almost as great a traveller as the late Madame Pfeiffer herself. I have played roulette at the same table with Lord Kew at Baden; I have smoked a cigar with Albert Smith upon Mont Blanc; I have shot woodcock in Albania; and I have even wandered as far as the second cataract on the Nile in company with Mr. Jonathan P. Wigg, of Boston, Mass., which exhibition of nature, he patriotically informed me, was nothing compared to Niagara Falls, and which he also told me could be reached in half the time, and at about half the cost, giving me a hearty welcome to the United States. We soon afterwards parted, and have never met since; but his words made a deep impression upon my mind. I had been all over Europe, and was as familiar with the great routes as I am with that of the Atlas 'busses from the Eyre Arms to the Elephant and Castle; the result was, that I joined chorus with Amyas Leigh, and sang out lustily, "Westward ho!" And the object of introducing myself in this somewhat abrupt and unceremonious manner is to tell you, my kind reader, what I did and what I saw there. Having been up and down the Mediterranean three or four times, there was no novelty to me in a voyage. So I took with me as part and parcel of my effects, on board the *Bavarian*, bound for Quebec, several volumes of travels and reminiscences of Canada and the United States. In ten days we were abreast of the citadel of Quebec, or rather I should say at its feet. Quaint old city! a fitting link between the New and the Old World—a city *sui generis*, unlike any that I had ever seen before, yet reminding me at every turn of many familiar spots in different lands. The boat started for Montreal soon after our arrival, so that I had time to see but little of the ancient city; and if I had, I should not be able to give you as good a description of it as you will find in Warburton's *Hochelaga*. After a good deal of

bell-ringing the boat started, and the first thing that told me I was in a foreign land was this same boat, about 250 feet long, with her sharp bows, tapering stern, and her engines working above deck. She reminded me of some huge antediluvian grasshopper, but a very omnivorous grasshopper withal; for she contained within herself a motley mixture—merchants and raftsmen, priests and gamblers, Indians and emigrants, soldiers and pleasure-travellers. I was studying a party of squaws in the forward part of the boat, with their baskets of Indian work by their side, as they wove on a piece of birch-bark a cunning pattern with the hair of the mouse, dyed with various brilliant colours, with their blue blankets partially screening their dusky faces, and the little papooses looking slyly round with their black bead-like eyes from their durance vile: they formed a very picturesque group. These then, I thought, are the descendants of the owners of the soil; this is the fine race that was represented by Black Hawk and Brant—these are the people for whom Cooper has created such a world-wide interest, who are associated with all that is bold and daring, brave and noble. I do not know whither my meditations might have led me, but just as an old squaw, very like a dried ape, was taking a pinch of snuff, I was roused from my reverie by a gentleman at my elbow pointing out to me the spot where the *Montreal* was burnt, some three or four years ago, when conveying a cargo of emigrants who had landed that afternoon from a Scotch vessel, and upwards of 250 perished. Poor creatures! Just emancipated from shipboard, having, as they thought, attained the object of their ardent wishes; the many sleepless nights spent in thinking of their new home; the struggles to procure the necessary means for their departure; the day-dream of the fortune that was to be made here, which was to render those dearest to them happy in their declining years; the fears that, after all, it was not a reality, that they might never reach the land of promise—all was past and forgotten now; they were possessed with a spirit of joy and thankfulness for the present, and a spirit of hope and manly determination to do or die for the future, as they stepped, light

of heart, on board that fatal and fated steamer. Scarcely had they gone twelve miles, when they were wrapped in a sheet of flame. The scorching sun, in which they had just been basking, made the woodwork of the boat like tinder. Frantic and fearful were the struggles for life. Where there was no order or authority, all was soon one mingled scene of confusion. One piercing and prolonged cry was borne upon the evening breeze; the tide was running swiftly; all was over. Hope, joy, frenzy, each alike was past; and the very moon shone pale when she looked down upon those 250 corpses!

It was getting dusk, and I was not sorry when the bell rang for supper; and we were soon revelling in the luxury of fresh milk and meat that had not called the ice-house larder. There was very little conversation going on, the ladies being all together at the Captain's end of the table; nor did I feel much inclined that way myself, for I had just burnt my fingers terribly from the fact of the cups having no handles, which I afterwards discovered to be one of the *institutions* of the country.

We were now past Deschambault, and I was for going on deck to see the view, but my acquaintance, who had told me about the *Montreal*, informed me that the grand scenery was passed and that the banks of the river decreased in height till we came to Lake St. Peter, and then, till within a few miles of Montreal, became perfectly flat. The night was chilly; for although the day had been very warm, there was a heavy dew falling, which decided me in remaining below until I turned in, and did not wake till I found we were within a few miles of Montreal. I soon dressed and was upon deck, where a beautiful sight awaited me. As my friend had told me, the country in this direction was nearly level with the river's banks, which must have been upwards of a mile apart. Dotted along the shore were the neat little white-washed cottages of the habitants, growing closer round the different churches that we passed, and then spreading out again as before; for in this country every man builds upon his own lot fronting the road, and the houses in the villages are occupied by the clergy, doctors, notaries, mechanics, store and tavern-keepers. Now and again we passed vessels laden with wood and other produce, and occasionally a steamer towing a merchant vessel up the rapids, while in the background arose the mountain from which Montreal takes its name. Soon

we began to see the smoke of the city, hanging like a light veil over the river, and after a while we could perceive the towers, domes, and spires flashing in the morning sun. As we passed St. Helen's Island (a small garrison opposite the city) all became stir and bustle on board the boat. The bell began to ring and the steam to blow off, a check-line was pulled ashore in a boat, and in a short time we were alongside the wharf, when I was assailed by a Babel of voices—"Want a coach, sir?" "Want a cab?" "This way to the St. Lawrence Hall coach." "This way for the Montreal House." "Here for Donegana's;" and fifty others. What might have been my fate I know not, if the police had not rescued me and mine from the hands of these Transatlantic Arabs. But I had scarcely time to recover my breath and composure when I was unceremoniously backed up to the door of the "Imperial Provincial and International Hotel."

My time being limited, my stay in Montreal was short, and I therefore delayed not visiting whatever was considered worthy of observation. The view from the summit of the mountain, I think, can hardly be anywhere surpassed. Sloping to the water's edge lies the city, and away across a vast tract of cultivated country, with mountains here and there rising out of the level, till the Green Mountains, in the State of Vermont, complete the picture far away in the distance. Scattered around the mountain are the residences of the wealthier inhabitants, surrounded by beautiful gardens and luxuriant orchards. At its back lies the cemetery, embosomed in the woods, leaving the busy city behind, with the Ottawa in view, threading its course through the landscape till lost beyond the Lake of Two Mountains, and looking towards that Far West where the sun goes down to rest in all its Transatlantic majesty, foreshadowing, as it were, the glory of the portals of a distant and unseen world. Such is the last resting-place of the citizens of Montreal. Hallowed spot! peaceful and beautiful! Sic itur ad astra.

Returning to the city, the eye is struck with the substantial character of the different buildings, principally of the limestone of the country, roofed with tin, although brick and slates are now coming into general use. I have not time to enumerate the different buildings that I went over, but I could not but be struck with the air of wealth and material prosperity which I everywhere saw around

me. The streets, with the exception of Notre Dame-street (the Bond-street of Montreal), were wide, and filled with well-dressed people and neat equipages. There was one fact I noticed, which, although not a dressy man myself, struck me forcibly, viz. (forgive me ladies), the trousers of the gentlemen all seemed to have been made by the same tailor; for they were tight everywhere except at the knees, which stuck out in such an extraordinary manner that I came to the conclusion that every man must have been spavined. Talking of spavins, the cab horses of London contrast unfavourably with those of Montreal; and, although you nowhere see such splendid high-bred animals as in England, neither do you see so many awful screws; besides which the Canadian cab horses have the pull most decidedly as far as condition goes.

I had brought with me letters of introduction to one of the leading citizens, who very hospitably asked me to his house one evening, that I might have an opportunity of seeing something of their society and mode of living. The guests were much of the same stamp as one would meet in a leading provincial town here, with the exception that people in Canada dress better than they do in England, and seem to live more expensively and in a more luxurious style. Of the ladies, what more can I say than that they were well-dressed, lively, and agreeable; while the gentlemen were hospitable, shrewd, and intelligent. My host informed me that the population of Montreal was now rather more than 90,000; that building had progressed immensely since the great fire in 1852; and that houses were engaged even before they were finished—80%, 90%, and even 100% being common rents for not very large houses. The municipal taxes are heavy, and the rates of provisions have increased greatly within the last few years, owing to the opening of railroad communication with Boston and New York, which has tended very much to the equalization of markets. Servants' wages are also high, and fuel rising in price (the best wood being about 17. 5s. sterling a cord), so much so that now many of the houses are heated with furnaces fed by coal. In fact, I doubt very much whether a person can live cheaper in this city than he could in England. My friend observed to me, that if I really wished to study the character of the people, I ought to go into the country, and most kindly gave me a letter of introduction to a leading storekeeper

in a village some thirty miles distant to the south of Montreal, and not far distant from the Province line. Thanking him for his kindness and attention, and refusing many civil invitations from other gentlemen, I started on a tour of exploration.

Hitherto my mode of locomotion had been confined to the steam-boat, but I now found it necessary to place myself, as it is termed in Canada, *on board* the cars. Visions of the Great Western, over which I had travelled so frequently, with its roomy carriages and stalwart guards in their handsome uniforms, rose before me as I stepped into a long, narrow, yellow caravan, which could have contained the whole of Madame Tussaud's exhibition, and found myself in company with about thirty other passengers who occupied the different seats of the conveyance, which were not unlike the stalls at a theatre, with a passage way down the middle terminating at each end in a door. The country we passed through was nearly a dead level, the farms being cut up into long, narrow fields, fenced with cedar rails. The pasture looked bare and thin; however, cattle were going through the form of grazing, but, from all that I could see, they must have lived upon hope, for grass there was none; and, as I was informed that many of the farmers sell their hay and straw in the winter, it must have been a Canadian horse that, as it is reported, was once brought to live upon a straw a day. We travelled at a fair pace, I should imagine about twenty-five miles an hour, and stopped about every ten miles, where a goodly assemblage were waiting to receive us, as though the arrival of the train was the great event of the day. It struck me a good deal during my sojourn that, although every one complains of the shortness of their spring and summer seasons, and of the necessity of being smart, nowhere have I seen people lounge about and gossip to the extent that I did in Canada.

It was just getting dusk as we arrived at the Jonesville depôt, which I found was three miles distant from Brown's Corners, where my friend Mr. Robinson kept his store. As the cars of Moore were saluted at St. Ann's by the evening bells, so were mine by the music of the frogs; nature having made up for the want of singing birds in North America, by the vocal powers wherewith she has gifted these unfeathered warblers of the woods. The station, or "de-po," as it is called, at Jonesville, was very unlike that at Euston Square or Bristol, or in fact any that

I had ever seen at home. It was a low building of boards, with a platform in front; but it answered its purpose, and was cheap, and perhaps there may be some mysterious connexion between the difference in the stations on the English and American railways, and the difference in their dividends. Porters there were none, and policemen were not wanted, for the engine carried its own bell; and my ticket I had given up in the carriage to a bearded gentleman, who bore inscribed on a metal plate, in front of a very lofty wideawake, the word "Conductor." My luggage consisted of a portmanteau and a gun-case, which seemed to puzzle the Jonesville *deputation* of loungers amazingly. One guessed it was "dry goods," another "drugs," whilst a third came to the conclusion that "it was too darned heavy for candy." Lumber is the staple commodity of Jonesville, for all around were piles of boards, heaps of poles, cordwood, staves and blocks that I was told were to be converted into barrel-heads. Upon inquiring if there was any conveyance to Brown's Corners, a member of the *deputation* informed me that "he would give me a cast up if I did not mind riding on a buck-board, but my plunder must go along of Joe Pinechip and his ox-team." Upon due explanation being made, I found that a buck-board was simply a plank stretched across from the front to the hind pair of wheels, which, by its elasticity was a cheap substitute for, and did the duty of, springs.

Rough, and almost coarse, as I may say my new friend was in his manners, he meant to be civil, for he gave up to me the sheep-skin upon which he had been sitting, and shouting out, "Now then, mister, hold on, and I guess I'll put you through like two-forty on a plank road with his tail over the dash," away we went at a pace that made the spring-board bob me up and down like a cork float with an eel biting, whilst, in sporting language, Joe Pinechip and my plunder were nowhere.

I now found myself thoroughly beyond the limits of *Orbis veteribus notus*. Monsieur de Tocqueville, in his account of a fortnight in the wilderness, observes, "All is abrupt and unforeseen. Extreme civilization and unassisted nature are side by side in a manner scarcely to be imagined in France. Like every one else travellers have their illusions." Everything was different to what I had seen

before. In driving, I perceived that my Jehu passed vehicles on the opposite side to that which we use in England. I was also surprised at the light construction of his waggon and harness; and, upon a longer acquaintance with the country, I became convinced that in this country we make our carriages and harness far too heavy. Here was a frail conveyance, the wheels of which were as high and lighter than those of a park phaeton, drawn by a pair of small active horses about fourteen and a-half hands high, to whom an ordinary English farm cart would have been a load of itself, which just previously to my arrival had discharged a cargo of a hundred boards, which had been brought upwards of four miles over a not very good road from the mill. The road was composed of the natural soil unmacadamized, which in dry weather becomes very elastic, but during and after rain cuts into dreadful holes.

In about half-an-hour we pulled up at Robinson's store, which was built with the gable end facing the road, in contradistinction to the dwelling-houses. On asking my friend what I had to pay, he told me that I was quite welcome; that he lived twenty acres out west, and that he would be glad to see me if I would drop in when passing that way. Thanking him, I walked into the store, which seemed to contain everything, from a three-inch auger to a bottle of hair-oil. On asking if Mr. Robinson was in, a middle-aged respectable-looking man, who was engaged in tapping a cask of molasses, looked up and informed me that he was the person. I gave him my letter of introduction, which he read, and then shook hands with me, saying that, if I would wait a minute, he would take me up to the house. Leaving word for Mr. Pinechip to follow with my luggage, we started for my host's mansion.

Brown's Corners contains about thirty houses, three stores, a tavern, three churches, and a school-house. It takes its name from being situated at the conjunction of four roads, where one Mr. Brown had been the first settler, and had commenced the business which Mr. Robinson now carried on. The house was distant from the store about one hundred yards, and was a comfortable residence, with a small flower-garden in front and stabling and other out-buildings in the rear. There was a plank side walk down the main street, with a row of maple-trees along the side, which gave a pleasant

shade from the summer sun. On entering the parlour we were received by Mrs. Robinson and daughter, who, with a son who was away in the state of Ohio, constituted the whole of my host's family. On being introduced, I received a very friendly welcome, and soon found myself quite at home. After tea (or, as it is called in Canada, supper) Mr. Robinson and I went out on the verandah and lit our pipes, when he informed me that he had been in the country about twenty-five years, having emigrated with his father from the neighbourhood of Bristol, and after remaining awhile in Montreal until the frontier became settled after the rebellion, had taken their present store.

"Things were very different when I came here first," he said; "there was then hardly any money in the country, and business was conducted almost entirely by barter; the people exchanging for our goods potash, grain, pork, and other produce, which we had to take into Montreal to convert into cash. But the making of our place was the railroad, which now brings buyers to the people's doors, who thus frequently get better prices for their goods than if they took them into town themselves. We now do a large business with the States. Last fall we sent down eight thousand dollars worth of oats, besides butter and other dairy produce: for you see that the neighbourhood of Boston is essentially a non-producing country, being altogether engaged in manufactures, and it is mainly dependent upon Canada and the Western States for its support. The year before last we did quite a business in eggs, sending them in oats packed in old flour-barrels to prevent breakage. At the same time that we do a larger business than formerly, there is less room for speculation, as railroads have done a great deal to equalize markets, and the different competing lines of railroad and steamers cause them to carry freight at very low rates."

I asked him if lumbering was not a very lucrative employment.

He replied, that after the first settlement of a district, working at the lumbering was not. It paid a man very well when clearing his land, but he thought that those of his neighbours who mainly depended upon lumbering were in a very stationary position. It is true that in the winter they receive a good deal of money, but it was very hard upon horses, who had to be well grained, and when

the spring came they were considerably broken down, and not strong enough to plough the land properly. And the consequence was that very little improvement was to be seen in the farms of those persons who made their harvest in the winter. Upon inquiring what class of persons, then, he considered the best off, he replied—

"Those farmers who had plenty of help—that is, with a strong, industrious, numerous family. A man with four or five active boys, if they will only stick together, can hardly help doing well. But as a general rule, as soon as the boys grow up they start off to the West; and until the war in the States commenced, there was nearly as much emigration from Canada, as immigration into it—at least as far as the Lower Province was concerned. For though the young men may not go to the States, they go to the western portion of the Upper Province."

This appeared a somewhat strange state of things to me, and on asking the reason, I was told that it was because in the French country the farms were divided and subdivided amongst the different children, till at last they became too small adequately to support a family; whilst among the British population, it arose partly from a roving disposition and a love of independence, and was also owing to the high price of wheat in former years in Upper Canada, which caused it to be looked upon as a sort of El Dorado. But his own opinion was, that if a man could not make a comfortable living in the Lower Province, he could not do it anywhere else.

"I will take you round to-morrow, and you shall see some of our best farms, and judge for yourself. I have a farm about a mile from the Corners, where I have some animals that took the prizes at the last Provincial Show, and if you have no objection to walk down with me, I must go to the store for a little while, and perhaps you may like to see some of our folks, who generally drop in of an evening."

Anxious to embrace every opportunity of studying the history and manners of this important country and its people, I readily complied with his proposal. Waiting round the store were four or five waggons, their owners being seated on the platform at the door, detailing the news or discussing politics.

"Why, Joe," said Mr. Robinson to a man who was busily engaged in whittling

up a cedar-shingle, "you have got a new horse, I see."

"Why yes, squire, I guess I have. You see t'other was a kind o' gritty, big-feelin' crittur, that wouldn't pull an ounce, 'cept he took a notion to; but when he was a standin' still, not doin' o' nothin', he was a most noble-lookin' beast he was, surely. So I went acrost the lines with him Friday, and swop him off for that ere grey, and got ten dollars to boot."

"Well, Joe, I guess you sucked the Yankees that hit."

"Well, I reckon I did some."

"Anyway, Joe," said an unmistakeable Milesian, "you're a much proudther man than myself."

"How so?" inquired Joe.

"Faix, then!" said Pat, "it's because I'm contint to dhrive my horses with shoes; but, begor, you must needs have a boot for yours," pointing to an old dirty bit of rag that was tied round the grey's fetlock.

"Well, I swan if that don't beat out all!" said an elderly gentleman in a straw hat and his shirt-sleeves, who seemed to enjoy the joke immensely.

As night came on the teams one by one drove off; and, having locked the door, Mr. Robinson told me that he was ready to go home.

On reaching the house we found a short, middle-aged, clean-shaved, bright-eyed looking man, dressed in black, sitting in the parlour, who, upon being introduced to me as Mr. Orlando Clapp, of Northfield, informed me that he was very happy to make my acquaintance. In the course of conversation it appeared that he kept the International Hotel at Northfield, and was come up to buy butter of Mr. Robinson. After a tune or two upon the piano from Miss Elmira, who had had the advantage of three-quarters' music at the Smithville Academy, we entered the parlour, where supper was spread. In honour of Mr. Clapp, amongst other viands was a dish of buttered parsnips; and upon Mr. Clapp confining his meal entirely to these and potatoes, I hazarded the remark that he must be a vegetarian.

"Well, now," said that worthy, "I've lived fifty years in the world, and never knew before that fish was classed in the vege-table kingdom."

"Why, that's not fish, Mr. Clapp; that's parsnips," said Mrs. Robinson.

"Well, I declare now, ma'am!" said the hotel-keeper, who was quite a ladies'

man, "the laugh's agin me, this hit. But I mind one time, on board the boat on Lake Champlain, it was wus agin me than it is now. I was sittin', ma'am, at the head of the table near the ladies—(the dear ladies, God bless 'em, how I love 'em; my mother was one on 'em herself)—when I saw a plate right on front of me, containing what I presumed to be three pink balls. Well, now, as soon as I took my seat I made up my mind to try them there balls; but I'm kinder bashful you see when I'm in company, and as I had never seen any of 'em afore, I waited for some of the guests to use 'em fust; but no one went in for 'em, and I could hold out no longer, so I hollers out, 'Darkey, bring me them red balls!' and I seed at once a hundred and twenty eyes a fixed on me like so many rattlesnakes riz up on the hind jints o' their tails, but I guess I was none skeered. So I placed two on 'em on my plate, and when I come to put a portion into my mouth, I'm darned if they was nothin' less than cold tatars stained with beet-juice by way of ornament; and I reckon some the laugh *was* agin me that hit."

"My! Mr. Clapp, how you do amuse one!" said Miss Elmira. "So different to our folks up here; I declare they've got no manners at all, so unlike as it is down to Smithville. I do think I must get ma' to let me go there for another term. I hear they have got a very fine man for their new principal at the Academy; and Eunice Smith writes me that they have just opened a class on moral philosophy."

"I hear, Miss, that he is a very fine young man indeed; several young ladies have gone up from Northfield."

Moral philosophy, thought I, in the backwoods! Why, they are quite in advance of our Belgravian young ladies! But before going to sleep, I came to the conclusion that the Smithville Academy must have been conducted upon somewhat high-pressure principles.

The next morning, before going over the farm, Mr. Robinson asked if I should like to visit their school, and see something of their educational system. This being a subject in which I had always felt deeply interested, I at once acquiesced in his proposal, and we soon found ourselves at the door of the school-house—a humble, unpretending building, of the rough unhewn stone of the country. On entering, we found ourselves in a room about twenty-eight by forty, with benches

dispersed about, and a raised tribune at the further end for the master, who was an intelligent-looking young man of about twenty-six years of age, in receipt of a salary equal to about sixty pounds English. Around him were some sixty pupils of both sexes, of ages ranging from six to eighteen. I must confess that I was not prepared to see the room surrounded as it was with good maps, and furnished with a black-board. As we entered a bell rang, when all the pupils rose from their seats and came to attention, which attitude they maintained till a nod from the master permitted them to resume their former position, after which he proceeded with the examination of his class. To give an instance of the ready wit of the children, as a definition of pride, one little fellow replied, "Tommy Morgan in his new pants." And to the question, "Where is gold found?" some precocious youth immediately replied, "In Calyforny, sir." I found that the pupils received a good sound elementary education in grammar, geography, history, writing, composition, and arithmetic; in fact much superior to the instruction given in most of the schools in the rural districts of England. The schools are managed by commissioners, who are elected annually (a portion of them retiring each year by rotation) by the freeholders of the township. These commissioners have the apportioning of the different school districts, the appointment of the teachers, and the power of levying rates upon the assessed value of the different holdings; the school-houses being built and repaired and the teachers' salaries paid from these rates, and a small sum that each child attending school pays (a species of poll-tax), and the grants annually voted by parliament. The schools are visited once a year by the government-inspector, who makes his annual report to the superintendent of education, who, with the council education, reigns supreme over all. However, as I find myself suddenly plunged into statistics, I think that perhaps it would be well, before continuing my narrative, to pause here for a short time, whilst I endeavour to give a very brief sketch of the municipal and other institutions of Canada.

It will be needless for me to refer to the mode in which the province fell into the hands of the British, farther than to remind my readers, that at the time when Canada became an appanage of the British Crown, it was already to a certain extent

settled. It was a colony of a foreign state, in the enjoyment of the laws, constitution, rights, and privileges of the mother country—France; and after the conquest, the language, laws, seignorial and ecclesiastical rights, were continued to the inhabitants with certain reservations in favour of the English Crown. It is necessary for me briefly to revert to these facts, as they will explain much that would be otherwise unintelligible to the reader. In consequence of these concessions to the inhabitants, we find that the laws and many of the institutions are of a very complex character. I speak, however, specially of Lower Canada, or Canada East. The French common-law, as it stood at the conquest, remaining still the same, the statute law being a mixture of imperial and provincial acts; whilst the criminal law is identical with that of the mother country. The province is divided into districts consisting of counties, which are subdivided into parishes and townships. In the parishes of the Roman Catholic portions of the province, the priests have the power of levying tithes over all the members of their church; whilst the townships are merely municipal divisions. The municipal officers are the mayor of the township and a council, and from these again are chosen the county council, presided over by the warden. These councils have the power of granting tavern licenses, levying rates for public works, such as gaols, court houses, roads, bridges, &c. There are also minor local officers, such as road-inspectors, path-masters, ditch and fence-viewers, valuers, hogreeves, and the like. There are two local courts—the justices of the peace, who are endowed with similar powers to their brethren at home, and the commissioners of small causes, who hear all cases under twenty dollars, and from whose decision there is no appeal, as in the justices' court. The captains of militia are *ex-officio* coroners in their respective districts. It is astonishing to witness the facility with which even uneducated persons plead their own causes, and also their familiarity with the different statutes and forms of proceeding; there is, however, generally, in every locality, some man more gifted with the bump of quibbling than his neighbours, and who is looked up to by them as a great authority in legal matters, who conducts the majority of the cases.

We now come to the consideration of

a more important branch of the constitution of the province, viz., the legislature. Canada, as most of my readers are aware, enjoys the privilege of governing its own affairs: and to this end it has a legislative council or upper house, and a legislative assembly or house of representatives; though, in point of fact, owing to a recent statute, the councillors are also a representative body, being no longer appointed by the Crown for life, but elected for a period of eight years, whilst the legislative assembly may be dissolved by the Governor-General, or expires by limitation every four years. The executive consists of the Governor-General, assisted by an executive council, composed of the leading members of the administration. During the session the members receive six dollars per diem, with travelling expenses and other little perquisites; upon which some men have managed to subsist all the year. In a country like Canada, where the differences of creed and nationality are such prominent features, it is a natural consequence that political opinions should be numerous and varied; the two leading parties being the Conservatives and the clear grits, the cross-benches being occupied by those, who, as the Yankees would say, "are sitting on the fence," or in other words, those who are waiting to see which will be the winning side before they cast in their lot with the majority, and also those vacillating milk-and-water politicians who are too timid to commit themselves to either of the well-defined lines of policy, and occupy their time chiefly in inundating the country with notices of motion and copies of the statutes (the Upper Canada local acts, by the way, generally going to the Lower Province, and a Lower Canada Act in French to some worthy son of perfidious Albion in the county of York, who thanks God that he knows no language but his own), to the disgust of the postmaster, and the special benefit of the queen's printer. The leading features of the provincial legislators are a love of place rather than principle, elasticity of conscience, and a practical business-like way of disposing of the affairs brought before them.

In the afternoon we started in a buggy to see Mr. Robinson's farm. The country through which we drove was level, with occasional slight undulations. The land, either side of the road, was cleared for a distance of about half a mile, where the dark line of the bush bounded the view.

I cannot say that the scenery was very pretty, being indebted to the woods and the mountains in the distance for its chief features of beauty; and when the former are cleared away it will present a very tame appearance, not unlike parts of Cambridgeshire, the substitution of rail fences for hedges giving a very formal look. As we were driving along, I asked Mr. Robinson if there were many wild animals in the woods? To which he replied, not at the present time, for as civilization advanced, the beasts gradually retire to the back country; occasionally bears are met with when the farmers are working in the woods, but if unmolested, they always prefer a retreat to an attack. In the early days of the settlement a good bear dog was a valuable acquisition, and upon one occasion a neighbour of Mr. Robinson's, who was in want of such an animal, met a man, accompanied by a miserable-looking mongrel, and asked him if he knew where he could get a good bear-dog.

"Wall, I guess I've got one he-ar."

"How so—is he good for deer?"

"I guess not."

"Is he good for partridge?"

"No, sirree."

"Then he must be a good sheep dog?"

"No, mister, I guess he ain't that neither, but I'll swear he's good for bar. For look'ee he-ar, squire, we a' tried him at everythin' else, and found him good for nothin'; and as the Almighty never made nothin' in vain, why I guess he must be good for bar."

At this specimen of inductive reasoning I laughed heartily, in which I was joined by my worthy host.

In spite of the country being so flat, the air was very fresh and bracing, and the people generally bore the appearance of health. I asked Mr. Robinson what were the prevailing types of disease in that locality, and he informed me, pleurisy in summer, from men getting heated, and suddenly checking perspiration by drinking freely of cold water, and various forms of heart disease, from the undue strain upon that organ by lumbering and other laborious avocations requiring sudden and severe exertion. As a general rule the medical men had most to do at the advent of the inhabitants into this world, there being but few cases of a chronic or epidemic nature. Notwithstanding, the healing art was largely practised by many who thought that they were gifted that way, or who had rooted

objections to earning their bread in the sweat of their brow; but these were chiefly specialists. As an instance, Mr. Robinson told me of a self-dubbed doctor, a short distance off in the states, who had been unsuccessfully attending a child for some time, during which period he had run the gamut upon the whole pharmacopœia, and, without arriving at a cure, had become thoroughly *ennuyée* of the case, when one night he was startled from his rest by the announcement that the child had got fits, at which he jumped up, exclaiming, in an ecstasy, "Thank the Lord for that, for I guess I'm a rale hoss at fits."

Exorcism, it would appear, is occasionally resorted to in extreme cases. For, some time ago, during a hot summer's afternoon, an English medical man was aroused from his siesta by feeling a hand rudely placed upon his shoulder, and on awakening saw standing over him a tall, coatless Yankee, with a long crane neck, an unbuttoned shirt, and straw hat, with anxiety depicted upon every feature of his countenance.

"What the deuce do you mean waking a man up this way?" said the doctor.

"Why, you're the British doctor, ain't you?" said the Yankee.

"Yes; what do you want?"

"Why, you see, dock, there's a man over in our town (township), and he's got bewitched, and we want you to come and druv it out on him, for we've heerd as how you Britishers is death on witches."

"Well, how was it?" said the doctor, as gravely as the circumstances of the case would permit.

"Why, you see," said Jonathan, "there was a camp-meetin' over in our town, and he'd a bin there a prayin' away like thunder two or three days, and last night it was awful hot, and when he guv over prayin', he was kinder used up like, when his wife—his spiritual wife, not his wife in the flesh, mind—she riz up and covered him over with a shawl to kip the doo off on him, and he got witched right off, and has bin out of his mind a ravin' mad ever since; and now we wants you to come over and druv it out on him."

The doctor, thinking that he had discovered some method in the madness, promised to go over, and the Yankee left. Waiting for the cool of the evening, he supplied himself with one or two simples, and quietly rode over to this Transatlantic Endor, where he found a large crowd gathered in and around a

small shanty, and his friend waiting for him in a state of profuse perspiration and excitement. Having dismounted, the doctor was about to enter the sick man's chamber, when the crane-necked messenger motioned to him to desist.

"Hisht! I guess you can't go in there; he's a got the spiritooal doctor from the State of Vermont, and he's a tryin' to pray it out on him. You see we sent for him fust, and if he don't do no good, why, I guess you can go in and have a try at him."

The British witch-expeller was naturally somewhat indignant at this breach of professional etiquette, but after some persuasion was induced to remain. At last the spiritual practitioner came out, looking very warm after his ineffectual attempt to grapple with the Evil One. Entering the sick man's chamber, the doctor cleared it at once of the terror-stricken neighbours, retaining only his long friend by way of an assistant. Closing the door, he proceeded to make an examination of the patient, which was sufficient to convince him that upon this occasion the witch had taken the form of a sharp attack of phrenitis. Having satisfied himself upon this point, he ordered the assistant to place wet cloths on the patient's head, to open the windows, and extinguish all the lights save one, which was placed in a position where its rays would not still further dilate the pupils of the sufferer's sparkling eyes. He then ordered Jonathan to procure a glass of cold water, and, in his absence, took a small phial from his pocket, and put two or three drops of croton oil upon a lump of sugar, which upon Jonathan's return he dissolved in the water and administered to the sick man, at the same time informing his assistant that he was about to go into the kitchen to take a pipe, and requested to be informed when the dose had had the desired effect.

"When that ere operates?" said the incredulous Yankee. "Oh yes, I guess I'll tell you when it dew."

After some time in rushed the Yankee with his hair on end, in a state of astonishment, slightly mingled with fear.

"I say, mister, for heaven's sake come in—it do work most amazin'."

In compliance with this request the doctor returned to the sick man's chamber, and having attended to the patient and found the witch effectually expelled, he left directions for his further treatment, took his leave, and was about to mount

for his journey home, when Jonathan, who was holding his horse's bridle, confidently asked him—

"How did you do it, now? I seed the way you fixed them lights and all that; but I want to know how you druv it out on him so slick."

"I gave him a little stuff out of this bottle," said the doctor.

"Well, look'ee he-ar; you see I'm gwine out West shortly, and if I'd only got the secret, I guess I could make a fortune at witches. Say, look he-ar, I'll give you a five-dollar bill if you'll tell me the secret. I'm gwine away; it wont do yew no harm, and mout do me a deal o' good."

"There is no secret in it," said the doctor. "I gave him some of this medicine; so now let me go."

"What, you wunt tell me?"

"I have told you," said the doctor.

"Then you may go to the devil and be eternally darned for a mean skunk," shouted the Yankee, as the doctor, highly amused, cantered off home.

We soon arrived at Mr. Robinson's farm, which contained about two hundred acres, half being in a state of good cultivation, and the remainder covered by the primeval bush. The soil was alluvial, and well adapted for the growth of wheat and root crops. When I say that the farm was in a state of good cultivation, I mean by comparison with those in the neighbourhood; for there were many eyesores that would have pained a man from the high farming districts of this country. Land in Lower Canada varies in price from 4s. to 400l. an acre, according to the situation, but very good cleared land may be bought for 5l. English an acre, with buildings thereon erected, that is really better for the emigrant to buy than the lower-priced uncleared lots. He has also the choice of almost any soil he may desire, from drifting sand to the stiffest clay. Mr. Robinson told me that, all things considered, he thought a gravelly loam was the soil best adapted for the Canadian climate; for although it never raised such heavy crops as the clay lands did occasionally, it had the advantage of always getting fair average crops, as the loamy land never suffered from prolonged drought or heavy rains to the same extent as the sandy or clay soils did. The average yield of wheat in Lower Canada is only about twelve and a half bushels per acre, which is accounted for by the fact that very little land is

drained; a great deal of it only ploughed once a year, and then only to a depth of about five inches, seldom rolled, and never weeded. Added to this, the due rotation of crops is not properly observed, and the supply of manure is vastly insufficient. Mr. Robinson's farm was an instance of what might be done by proper cultivation, his crops looking clean and healthy. He informed me that he expected to get at least twenty-five bushels of wheat an acre; he also had a good crop of mangolds, which looked very flourishing; turnips, he said, were a bad crop, as they suffered so much from the fly that they had to be sown late, which prevented their attaining any great size.

Another source of income to the Canadian farmer is the sugar made from the maple-tree. The first warm days are with him the signal for the commencement of his labours, and sugar-making engrosses his attention. In the first place the tree is tapped by boring a small hole with an auger about two feet from the ground; a small piece of wood is then inserted into the hole, from which it projects in the form of a shoot, at an angle of about forty-five degrees. This serves as a conductor for the sap into a small trough at the foot of the tree. The best sugar weather is when there are frosty nights followed by warm days, as the sap runs more freely under these circumstances. The sap is then collected from the troughs and taken to a shanty erected in the woods, containing a large iron boiler like a potash-kettle. It is there boiled, then cooled, the sugar precipitated, and the juice or molasses run off. Upon the care taken in this stage mainly depends the quality of the sugar. If the scum is carefully removed, and due caution exercised to prevent the molasses from burning, the sugar will turn out equal in quality and appearance to the best Muscovado, and will fetch, on an average, about 6d. English per pound. Some persons use eggs to clarify their sugar. About two pounds per tree is the average yield. Sugar-making, however, is a toilsome work, as the troughs have to be constantly emptied, and the sap carried to the shanty; neither must the kettle, when boiling, ever be left night or day, obliging the sugar-maker to take up his abode in the woods for the time, and, as a consequence, strange encounters are said to have taken place with ferocious animals during these vernal campaigns, and the long evening hours are passed in

the relation of those mysterious Border anecdotes which so frequently enliven the pages of the public journals.

The stock in Lower Canada varies nearly as much as the temperature, which ranges from forty degrees below zero in winter to one hundred in summer. Beasts of every known breed, and no breed at all, being everywhere to be found—the most prominent, perhaps, being a grade between the Durham and French Canadian animal, which latter, from its close resemblance to the Alderney, was no doubt originally brought over from Normandy by the early settlers, in company with the well-known Norman horse, to which the Canadian has a very marked similarity, though diminished in size doubtless from the severity of the climate.

After a pleasant and lengthened visit at Mr. Robinson's, the beautiful autumnal tints upon the forest leaves warned me of the approaching fall, and a rooted dread of equinoctial gales bade me prepare for my homeward voyage. Though my stay in Canada had been very brief, and my inspection of the country hurried and superficial, I saw sufficient to convince me that to the industrious agriculturalist or sturdy mechanic Canada offers a comfortable home. If he be content to work hard he will certainly gain a competence, with all the necessities and some of the luxuries of life; with these and a healthy climate he must rest satisfied, and never look for the large fortunes that we often hear of being realized in Australia and some other colonies. To the gentleman farmer of expensive habits and small means, Canada does not offer much inducement, the holdings being small and the rates of labour high; and unless he is prepared to take off his coat and buckle to the work himself, he had far better stay away altogether. The usual history of the kid-gloved fraternity being an assumption of swagger at first, with a final retreat into the backwoods, deteriorating year by year, till the use of bad whisky, which has gradually converted the gentleman into a ruffian, and the educated lady into a broken-hearted slattern, works its way, and ends his unfortunate career. The people generally are an industrious, mind-their-own-business sort of folks; and it is owing to this habit of attending to their own affairs, that they care so little for entering into the political arena, and allow themselves to be made the victims of leather-lunged speculators, whose creed is

strict morality and economy when in opposition, and wholesale speculation while in office—the greatest man being he who can inaugurate a railway of hundreds of miles from no place to nowhere, through the densest woods and unpeopled wilds, to carry dry cod from Gaspé to Sault Ste. Marie, and fresh herrings from Lake Superior to Labrador.

As an adjunct to Great Britain, Canada is highly valuable, offering a home to her surplus population; and if one half the amount now spent in maintaining work-houses and gaols was devoted to county emigration funds, both Canada and Great Britain would be benefited in a tenfold degree. With a fertile soil, well wooded and watered, and rich in minerals of every kind, a great future is open to Canada; and whilst the countries of the Spanish Main, luxuriant beyond imagination, and abounding in gold and silver, are fast lapsing into barbarism, in consequence of nature, by her lavish vegetation, demanding so little energy and exertion from the inhabitants, the hardy north is rewarding her population with the price of their labour, and opening from her adamantine rocks and snow-clad acres greater sources of prosperity than the precious metals of Mexico or the South. When we see the efforts that Canada is making for religion and the education of her young—when we see her people frugal and industrious, we cannot but believe that she is moving in the right direction; and doubtless before many years we shall behold her heterogeneous population—the Celt and the Saxon, French and English—gradually blended into one type of Canadian nationality, who, all enjoying perfect freedom of thought and speech, may yet be all bound together in one common cause, the success and prosperity of Canada. *Esto perpetua.*

After parting with my friends, I retraced my steps to Montreal, the monotony of the journey being relieved by the society of a citizen of the neighbouring state of New York, who was very indignant at a draft for the war being made upon the inhabitants. "Sir, let me tell you that they can draft and draft away as long as they like; you can take a hoss to the water, but neither you nor any other man livin' can't make him drink. I guess now they can draft a man into the army, but I'm darned if they can make him fite. I aint agwine to shoot a white man I don't know nothin' at all of, all along of a cuss of a stinkin' nigger. It's these here roasted

black republicans is at the bottom of it all. But let me tell you, sir, before another month that party 'll be clean dead in the States. You'll never hear on 'em again: they're a dyin' fast, sir—dyin' of nigger on the brain. Talk of the U-nited States! a man had better be under that darned old British flag nor ourn. If I had my way, I'd soon fix the war. I'd hang up old Abe Lincoln and all his secre-taries and half-a-dozen ginrals on a gallus ten times higher nor Mr. Haman's was. Why, sir, at this moment there's 80,000 expatriated American citizens in Canada, escaping the draft, and tobacco's riz to a dollar and a half a pound. You don't happen to hev a chaw in your pocket, hev you, sir?" Upon my saying "No," he immediately changed the conversation, and smoothed his hand over the knee of my trousers. "Mighty neat cut pair of pants them, mister; what might you have paid for them pants?"

"Upon my honour, I don't know," I replied. "Hum! jist like you Britishers; we always inquire the price before we purchase goods."

I parted from my loquacious companion at Montreal, where I spent a couple of days, during which I visited the Museum of the Geological Society, arranged under the superintendence of Sir William Logan, and considered one of the best collections in the world. Having laid in a stock of Indian curiosities for my lady friends at home, I started for England, and after twelve days found myself once more within the Temple gates, buckling on my forensic armour for the forthcoming term. Pleasure must now give place to business; and as I am to breakfast with the Lord Chancellor in half-an-hour, I have no time to do more than wish you all prosperity.

———, Q.C.

THE THREE BRAZIERS OF MALINES.

DURING one of the journeys of Charles V. from Brussels to Antwerp, his horses, or those of his suite, ran over a sheep and killed it. The owner having in vain applied for an indemnification, was at length advised to summon the emperor. The case was proceeded with at Brussels, and judged as if it had been between common people. The verdict was against the emperor. This sentence gave great offence at court, and the judge who pronounced it was much reflected upon. He replied to one of those who complained:—"I am the emperor's dutiful subject, but on my tribunal I recognise the sovereignty of justice alone." Charles was delighted with this magnanimous answer, and afterwards employed him on many important affairs.

How great the difference between this prince and his successor, Philip II., who exacted the most implicit obedience from his judges! Alba, his representative in Belgium, employed executioners—one cannot call them judges—who condemned as a rule. What is scarcely credible is, that he found men even more ferocious than himself, who delighted in their calling, and who considered those days lost on which they had shed no blood. The following anecdote will show us one of those wretches at work:—

About the year 1569 three braziers, laden with their wares, coming from Malines to Vilvorde, perceived, a few paces in advance of them, a man of sinister aspect, armed with a bludgeon and a long hunting-knife. He was dressed in black, and his worn coat, dirty red stockings, and frayed hat, indicated that he was a person of no consequence. His defiant yet timid walk, his furtive glances to the right and left, and his extreme and ignoble ugliness, made these men surmise that he might be one of those dissolute preachers who incited the rabble to the committal of their excesses, and for whom an active pursuit was then being made.

They accosted and saluted him; but he went on without noticing their civility. Such haughtiness, combined with so disreputable an aspect, made them laugh heartily. They determined to tease him; and overtaking him, begged, as he was going their road, that he would ease them of part of their load; and, without waiting for his consent, clapped a tolerably heavy pack upon his back. The man in black, seeing that he was at their mercy, put as good a face upon the matter as he could, made a cat-like grimace, intended for a smile, and they all went forward. After proceeding for some time in silence, the

man in black said, somewhat abruptly—"Doubtless you are some of those good fellows who go about the country selling secret instructions for the overthrowing of the tyrant?" referring to the numerous papers and pamphlets in favour of reform, printed in England, France, and Germany, which were secretly distributed by hawkers and foreign dealers. The braziers excused themselves by saying that they were well known all through the country, and confined their labours to tinning stewpans, mending bellows, and selling kettles.

The man in black became communicative. Wishing to engage them deeper in conversation, he began to complain bitterly of the cruelties of the Duke of Alba: this helped to confirm the three in their surmise that he was a heretic; and, not to annoy him, they frequently expressed a coincidence with his opinions. At every particularly strong expression they used they might have noted a strange look of triumph glancing from their new companion's eyes.

In due time they arrived at Vilvorde.

"Before we part," said the braziers to the man in black, "come and have something to eat with us; you have nothing to fear in our company."

So saying, they all went into a cabaret, situated nearly opposite the prison, then filled with "suspects."

While the table was being laid, and the braziers were arranging their wares for sale, they remarked that the man in black went out for some minutes. He came in again with a triumphant air, and sat down to table.

They had not been seated more than a quarter of an hour, and were gaily drinking their last glass of beer at the window, when they suddenly saw the space in front of the house fill with spectators, and the executioner and assistants proceed to erect three gibbets.

"Oh! oh!" cried one of the braziers, "not a day passes but we are treated with a show of this sort."

"Can that miscreant Spelleken be come to Vilvorde!" cried the second.

"Well," said the third, "we are just arrived in the nick of time."

"Exactly in the nick of time," said the man in black; "it could not have happened better."

At Paris, during the Reign of Terror, there was a ferocious brute named Dumas, who presided over what was called a jury, which was, in fact, an assembly of hired

wretches, paid by the day, to sit round the hyena who devoured the culprits, without daring to say one word in favour of the victim to their barbarity, something in this manner:—"Citizens, you see the accused—a 'scélérat'—condemn him." Alba did not trouble himself to practise any such hypocrisy; his judges, indeed, relieved him of trouble by condemning on their own responsibility.

Among the agents whom he employed to supply the executioners, one of the most famous was Jean Spelleken, who every day at Brussels and its environs, armed with his red rod of office, superintended the executions. He lived in the Rue des Epingles, at a house in which the priests of the Oratory established themselves in 1633. This street was long called Spelleken-street, afterwards by corruption Rue des Epingles.

Now it was no other than the blood-thirsty Spelleken whom the three braziers had encountered. He was going to have them hanged, and had already written in his minute-book, "Three foreign *mar-chands*, vendors of heretical pamphlets," when one of the party exclaimed with surprise that two of the gibbets were being taken down, and that a number of gendarmes were spread about the place. The man in black turned pale: he was hastily rising to go out, when two archers appeared at the door and demanded Jean Spelleken, in the name of the Duke of Alba.

This was a curious turn of fortune. Alba, beginning to feel more secure of his position, had decided that it would be politic to sacrifice his vile agent, against whom a cry of horror arose in all parts of the country. Having come to Vilvorde to examine the prison-register, he learned, by the merest chance, in passing the three gibbets, the fate which Spelleken was meditating for the three honest braziers of Malines—men known and respected, he found, by everybody in the town.

The man in black was condemned as he had judged many others: five minutes after being taken from the cabaret, on the 11th of February, 1569, Jean Spelleken was hanged, and the multitude who witnessed his death sent up a shout of thanksgiving.

Our three friends were soon made acquainted with the fate they had so narrowly escaped, and mentally returned thanks to Alba—the only time he was ever blessed in Belgium, they say.

A TRIP TO DENMARK.

X.

THE TOWN OF ELSINORE—TOMB OF DYVEKE—HOLGER DANSK'S SPECTACLES—THE CASTLE OF KRONBORG—THE GREEN BONE.

WE have this morning lionised the town of Elsinore. It boasts of nothing remarkable; its streets are narrow; the long, low, many-windowed houses are of respectable appearance; many spacious, boasting an air of better days. On the whole it reminds one of some old rotten borough, once a stronghold of corruption, now deprived of its iniquitous corporation, fallen from its high estate. The lately built Raadhuus is a building of considerable pretension, modelled on the red brick Gothic peculiar to these northern climes—a most creditable edifice, but badly placed in the centre of a long street, half concealed by the adjoining houses.

Elsinore possesses two churches, both of great antiquity, of red brick, well proportioned, but externally fearfully degraded.

The interior of St. Olaf is rich in carved and gilded altarpiece and ornaments of papistic times. Then there is the epitaphium of somebody who saved Denmark from the Swedes—so said the custode; but when I heard who it was from, I no longer troubled myself about it. Denmark was always being saved from the Swedes—quite an every-day occurrence. In the adjoining cloister-church of St. Mary lies, or rather once lay, interred Dyveke, the celebrated favourite of King Christian II.

Some historians relate that Dyveke died at Elsinore, otherwise it seems a strange place to have selected for her sepulture, when we consider the way in which her mother, Sigbrit, had treated the inhabitants of this city. Dyveke, from all accounts, was much too simple-minded a girl to think of bequeathing her body to be buried anywhere.

The walks in the neighbourhood of Elsinore are charming, particularly that along the Strandvei, by the shore of the Sound—a succession of country houses and fishing villages, and well-kept gardens bright with flowers: they have a well-to-do prosperous air, as everything has in Denmark. An hour's walk brings you to a maisonette called Dahlsborg, beyond

which you turn to enter the forest of Egebæksvang, a favourite summer drive of the Elsinorians.

A ten minutes' walk brings us to the Castle of Kronborg. We pass the draw-bridge and enter the second gate of the castle. Verses in the Danish tongue by the Scotchman, Bishop Kingo, and the more illustrious pen of Tycho Brahe, adorn the portals and celebrate the erection of the buildings.

The existing castle was commenced in the year 1577, and completed in the course of nine years. Bishop Kingo and Tycho Brahe both sung its praises, and the talents of Rubens were called into play—somewhat later, I imagine—for the decoration of the chapel. The castle is strongly fortified with double-bastion, moat, and rampart, after the manner of preceding ages.

Kronborg possesses one great advantage over the other Danish buildings of the sixteenth century; it is built of fine sandstone, the only specimen in the kingdom. Though quadrangular and four-towered, it is relieved from all appearance of formality by the quaint onion pagoda-like minarets by which its towers are surmounted. The lofty clock turret, too, rising from its centre, higher than those which flank the corners, adds to the dignity of the building. Few castles in the space of three hundred years have suffered so little from modern additions and improvement; one tower has, unfortunately, been destroyed. You enter the interior court through a richly ornamented gateway, guarded by statues and overhung by a beautiful oriel window, enriched with the arms and ciphers of its founders. Opposite to you stands the chapel (the works of Rubens have long since disappeared); the fittings of the time of Christian IV. have been lately restored, not too carefully. It is curious to trace—as you can by the turret to the right of the clock—the gradual transition from the Gothic to the Renaissance. The whole of the ornaments are of the latter

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period, but there is still occasionally a sort of feeling as if the architect was not quite decided in his views: whether he was or not, Kronborg is one of the most perfect specimens of its era—unspoiled, untouched, and unrepaid—to be met with in Europe. It has long ceased to be occupied as a royal residence. One side is alone retained for the use of his majesty; the rest is occupied by the general commandant, the officers, and the garrison. Above the entrance of the clock-tower, surmounting the ornaments, appears the head of a huge mastiff, holding in his fore-paws a heart-like shield, with the cipher of Frederic II., and below the favourite device of the king, "T. I. W. B., Treu ist Wiltbratt." The same Wildbratt, whose portrait is above, was the favourite of King Frederic, and bit everybody save his royal master. Over the other door appears the device of his queen—good Queen Sophia of Mecklenburgh—"Meine Hoffnung zu Gott allein" (My hope is in God alone). Within the dungeon of the corner tower, that of the restoration, adjoining the wine-cellars of Christian IV., where a jolly fat tun, carved in stone above the entrance, leaves no doubt of its identity, was situated the torture-chamber in days gone-by. In the centre of the court once stood a fountain, tossing the water high in the air. After the peace of 1659, when Skaane was lost to Denmark for ever, the windows of Kronborg Castle, which commanded a

view of the Swedish coast, were walled up, to exclude a sight which caused so many heartburnings.

The ramparts of Kronborg form our favourite walk of an evening. You require a "tegn" or card to visit them—your compliments to the general, and a dollar to the soldier who brings it. As I said before, the ramparts of Kronborg are charming: before them the fishers everlastingly ply their trade—flounders, and a fish called "green-bone," a horn-fish, are their prey. Had Shakspeare searched the world round, he never could have selected so fitting a locality for the ghost-scene. I can see the ghost myself—pale moon, clouds flitting o'er her, frowning castle, and the space necessary to follow him; but the romance of Kronborg is over; her bastions are redolent with deep-purple violets, and the roseate buds of a statice—Krigskarl, or the Warrior they here call it—which looks as if it should be something better, but will, I dare say, turn out common thrift after all. When the fishing-boats return at sunset, a little girl runs down to the shore-side and waits; as they pass by, a small flounder is thrown to her from each boat; she gathers them up in her apron, and then returns to the castle. I wonder if this be a relic of hereditary black-mail, exacted in former days from the fishermen who cast their nets under the shadow of the fortress.

XI.

CHRISTIAN ROSTGAARD AND THE SWEDISH OFFICERS—FREDENSBORG, OR THE CASTLE OF PEACE—FREDERIC THE HUNCHBACK, THE ARVEPRINDS—DEATH OF QUEEN JULIANA—NORWEGIAN AMPHITHEATRE—THE HELL-HORSE—ESROM, ITS CONVENT AND LAKE.

THIS morning we started for Fredensborg. Our road lay through the Maria-nalund Forest; the foliage golden green—uniform, unartistic, if you will—and most unpaintable.

But the carriage stops by the wood-side. We are at Rostgaard So. At the foot of the hill, fringed with the feathery flowers of the bukblad (bog-bean), lies a small blue taarn, of that peculiar blue unproduceable by Prussian, cobalt, or ultramarine, by Irish eyes, or the reflex on a raven's wing: a blue of its own; I must term it "mose blue,"—a tint pro-

duced by the reflection of the sun over the waters of a dark morass.

We stand by a circle of stones, the centre of which, of large dimensions, is inscribed with the cipher H. R., and the date 1659, denoting the scene of some unforgotten story. The initials are those of Rostgaard. He never saved Denmark, yet the story of his fair wife (the Danish Penelope) must not be passed over.

When in the year 1659 Kronborg was in possession of the Swedes, Hans Rostgaard, together with Parson Gerner,

student Tikjob, Steenwinkel the Danish engineer, and the English Colonel Hutchinson—who had been bribed by the Danes for the sum of 1000 ducats to desert from the Swedes—formed a plan to retake the castle. Student Tikjob endeavoured to gain Copenhagen in a boat, charged with letters and despatches relating to the proposed attack. He was, however, boarded by a Swedish vessel, when, to save the letters entrusted to his care, he fastened them to a stone and cast them into the Sound. As ill luck would have it, the string slipped, the stone sank, and the papers floating on the water were picked up, read, and the plot discovered. Hutchinson immediately took refuge on board an English vessel. Steenwinkel was taken and met with the just punishment of his double treachery. Rostgaard took horse, but finding himself pursued, when he reached the spot where this circle of stones now stands he killed his charger, slipped out of his clothes, cast his plumed hat and his sword into the lake—thereby deceiving his enemies, who imagining he had been killed, ceased in their pursuit—and he in disguise gained Copenhagen.

His fair and youthful wife inhabited her manor of Rostgaard, at a short distance from Elsinore, one of the most beautiful residences in the neighbourhood. A widow (for such she was supposed to be), young, rich, and pretty, was too great a prize in the matrimonial market to escape the notice of the Swedish officers. A company was now quartered at the manor-house, and the whole corps, from the colonel down to the beardless ensign, commenced paying their addresses to her. Kirstine Rostgaard was a *femme d'esprit*, and well she played her cards. Reveal her husband's existence she dare not: the soldiers would have no longer treated her house and gardens with the consideration they now showed, each hoping in course of time it might become his own possession.

When pressed by the most ardent of her adorers, she begged for time—she was so late a widow, and though she had her troubles with Rostgaard, still she owed it to her own self to wait till the year of mourning was expired; and then she coquetted so cleverly that each individual of the whole band imagined himself to be the favoured one. "How," she asked, reproachfully, to the colonel, "can you imagine I could look for one moment on that beardless lieutenant, with blue

eyes and pink cheeks, like a girl in uniform, when you, a proper man, are present? But be prudent; think of my good name." To the younger officers she termed the colonel "*vieille perruque*;" and so on, till the year elapsed and the peace was signed; she then made them a profound reverence, thanked them for the consideration they had shown to her goods and chattels, introduced to them her resuscitated husband, Hans Rostgaard, and showed them the door most politely. Such is the history of Rostgaard. Kirstine died soon after, and he married a second time. He is represented in his epitaphium with his two wives, a rose, and a skull.

The Esrom lake appears in sight; we arrive at the village of Fredensborg, halt at the inn, order dinner, and then proceed to visit the palace and its far-famed gardens, planted at the termination of the village, for the Danes have no conception of the grandeur of isolation in their country residences; provided one side looks on a wood, a lake, or a garden, the entrance-court may be "*cheek by jowl*" with the humblest cottage. A dozen clipped lime trees form their idea of an approach, with a pavement like the "*pitching*" of our Saxon forefathers. At Fredensborg the entrance-court is paved; the stones run up to the very lime avenue, to the pedestal of the statue of Peace, by Wiedewelt, now all blackened and lichen-grown, which cost—I am afraid to say how many thousand thalers to his Majesty King Frederic IV., founder of the palace. Stone—stone—stone! not an ell of verdant turf to refresh the eye. Then, too, the palace, of brick and stone copings, never boasting of any architectural beauty in its most palmy days, has been most ignominiously and glaringly whitewashed.

"Don't visit the interior," said the Elsinorians; "not worth seeing." I didn't dispute the point, but followed my own devices. There are rich old cabinets and mirrors, finely-carved sofas and consoles; a bureau of *marqueterie*, much used by our friend Juliana, an exquisite piece of furniture, falling to decay among the rest. The hall where the celebrated treaty was signed (though this has now become a disputed point) is grand and imposing. I was sorry to see the roof defective, and the water streaming in over the pictures painted to celebrate the event. The palace is a most habitable abode; the bedrooms have all separate exits into the

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gallery which surrounds the great hall—an uncommon luxury.

Of all extraordinary puzzle-brained inventions is a frame there arranged like a Venetian blind, with portraits of sovereigns of the house of Austria, painted on triangular pieces of wood. First, the Emperor Joseph; pass your hand, turning the wood, Maria Theresa comes out; turn again, and the Emperor Francis makes his appearance. We were pointed out the "growth" of King Frederic VI., pencilled on the door-posts, and, courtier-like, were profoundly astonished how his majesty had increased in stature from the year '78 to that of '83.

We next visited the Royal Chapel, fitted, in accordance with the date of the building, with closets and pews—no questions of sittings here—the royal household all arranged and marshalled according to rank and precedence, their offices registered on the doors; women on one side, men on the other; ladies of rank, maids, &c., down to the wives of the very stablemen. Then on the male division—hof-marshals and kammerjunkers, physicians, cooks, "the livery" of his Majesty, "livery" of her Majesty; the whole concluding with the stable-folk. The royal closet is situated on the floor at the end of the chapel, beyond the seat allotted to the grooms—a disagreeable vicinity; but years since—thanks to snuff-taking—noses were less sensitive than they are in the present generation.

Here, at Fredensborg, in her latter days, Queen Juliana held her court right royally, and, whatever may have been her faults, was kind and liberal to the poor and to those around her. She was by nature a queen, and loved the pomp and state from which sovereigns in the present age withdraw themselves as much as their position allows them. On the 4th of September, 1796, the queen celebrated her sixty-seventh birthday. Juliana was strong and robust, and, as far as human foresight could foretell, might live for years. Congratulations, offerings, arrived from all quarters; visitors from the court, from Copenhagen—all was gratifying; and when the banquet prepared in honour of the event was announced, never had she walked into the dining-room with firmer step or in higher spirits.

The toast of the day, "The Queen's health," was proposed, and drunk by the guests with enthusiasm; all appeared *couleur de rose*; but at that very banquet Juliana had signed her own death-warrant.

Each year, on the anniversary of her natal day, the queen caused to be served to her a national dish composed of apples, thick and glutinous, immersed in fresh warm sheep's milk—a dish she much affected. Of this she ate somewhat too freely. An indigestion ensued, from which she could never be relieved.

The palace has a melancholy, deserted air, and some of the rooms are lent out to poorer members of the nobility. Its gardens are renowned, laid out in the old French style. "How like Versailles!" we exclaimed; "with its statues and avenues of fragrant limes!" In the so-called Marble Gardens are many small statues, of no particular excellence, by Stanley, an English artist, the same who executed the monument of Queen Louisa in the cathedral of Roeskilde.

Then there is the lion of the palace, the Norwegian amphitheatre, in three tiers, round which are ranged a series of stone statues in Norwegian costumes. The appearance of this assembly is so strange I could not help laughing, but to a Norwegian they are most interesting. It is now one hundred and twenty years since they were placed there, and the peasant remains dressed as though it were yesterday—the drummer, the priest, the fisherman, and mountaineer from Tronyem, Bergen, and elsewhere; the bride—a crowned bride, too—all the wedding party. I should like to watch them by the pale moonlight; they must surely become animated from time to time, and hold dance and revel together.

The French garden amalgamates itself into the native woods, which run down to the lake's side. Here is situated the skipperhuus, where you may hire boats, sail or row, fishing-rods and hooks, with bait according to your fancy. Esrom lake is renowned for its perch.

We dined at the little inn in the open air *unter den Linden*; a good little dinner, served on old china—three marcs, coffee included.

At seven o'clock we started on our journey home, taking Esrom and Solyst on the way, through the woods by the bank of the lake. The foliage is somewhat relieved this evening by an admixture of larch and birch. Our road ran by a picturesque village, proud of its healing spring. In olden times there was a strange custom in Zealand of interring a living horse in every churchyard before any human being could be buried there. This horse re-appears, and is known under the

name of the "Hell-horse." It has but three legs; but ill luck to the man who sees it, for it foretells his own death. Hence it is said of one who has recovered from a dangerous illness, "He has given a bushel of oats to the Hell-horse." Farther on stands the rustic fishing-house of his Majesty, with a rude stone kitchen-range outside, sufficient to fry your perch, or boil them, if you like it better. Solyst is a small house on the lake-side, where strangers breakfast or drink their coffee on the terraces.

And now we approach Esrom. There stands the old black jail, and the antique farmhouse, whitewashed, once her kloster. Our horses stop to water, so we walk down to the farmyard gates, and enter

the court. Esrom was mother church to Soro, and also to others in the island of Rugen. Few and slight are the remains of her former glory. Here Queen Hedvig found her last resting-place, and two of the ill-fated offspring (Magnus and Erik) of Erik Menved and Queen Ingebord.

After the Reformation the lands fell to the crown; the materials of the church were used by that ruthless destroyer, King Frederic, for the construction of Frederiksborg. Some ancient iron cramps in the wall, *fleur-de-lisés* in honour of Mary, were all that remained of Roman Catholic times; the carved chairs of its abbots are preserved in the museum at Copenhagen.

XII.

THE PALACE OF FREDERIKSBORG—THE MERMAID, ISBRAND, FORETELLS THE BIRTH OF CHRISTIAN IV.—HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY OF CHRISTIAN IV.—PUNISHMENT OF HIS PECULATING MINT-MASTER—ROYAL BATTUES—THE RIDDESSAAL—DESTRUCTION OF THE PALACE OF FREDERIKSBORG BY FIRE.

It was high time to leave Marienlyst: the season had commenced—an army of waiters arrived from Hamburg. The restaurant was now open; visitors poured in by the steamers, called for bottled-beer and beefsteaks, and, what was more, smoked on the staircase: to add to our annoyance, a brass band commenced to play from six to eight every morning.

All this movement and bustle would have been well enough, had we not looked on Marienlyst as our own property for the last six weeks; so, though I was sorry to leave the glorious bathings in the Sound, we packed up and started for Fredensborg, where we passed one night, and the following evening made for Frederiksborg, a drive of three-quarters of an hour.

No palace existed on this spot previous to the reign of King Frederic II., who exchanged the lands of the suppressed convent of Skov Kloster with the celebrated Admiral Herluf Trolle for the manor of Hillerod, on which he caused the earlier castle of Frederiksborg to be constructed. Of this building little now remains; its site is occupied by the royal stables and outhouses; stout stumpy towers, one at each corner of the moat, it has, wreathed round with iron cramps bearing the date 1562, and the motto in German of the pious Queen Sophia.

Frederic II. was, when we consider the age he lived in, a right-minded, honourable man. In early life he was much attached to a young and beautiful girl, Dagmar Hardenberg by name, who, though of noble birth, belonged to no princely house; make her his queen he could not, and he was too high principled to take advantage of her youth, so he remained a bachelor until he was thirty-eight years of age, when, yielding to the entreaties of his advisers, he, much against his will, contracted an alliance with the Princess Sophia of Mecklenburg. Tradition relates how Dagmar was present at the coronation of the queen, which took place in the Frue Kirke of Copenhagen; but, overcome by her feelings, fainted away, was carried out of the church, and died shortly after broken-hearted. Two daughters were the produce of Frederic's marriage, and, in despair at the non-arrival of an heir to the crown, he began to regret he had yielded to the desire of his nobles.

During the celebration of the Whitsuntide festivities, in the spring of the year 1576, there appeared at court an aged peasant from the Island of Samso, who informed the king that, when ploughing his field by the sea-shore, he was accosted by a mermaid, who ordered him to go direct to court, and announce to the king

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that the queen should bear him a son within the succeeding year, adding, "Tell his Majesty my name is Isbrand, and I am granddaughter of the mermaid who protected the birth of his ancestress, Queen Margaret." When the king and queen heard this good news they were greatly rejoiced, and all the court with them, and the aged peasant returned to his home laden with presents. And now time rolled on, the hopes of the nation were verified, and great was the joy thereat.

It was the 12th of April, 1577, that Queen Sophia, when walking with her ladies of honour somewhere on the Roeskilde road, was suddenly taken ill, and before aid and assistance could be procured, the youthful Pagan, later Christian, heir to the crown of Denmark, made his appearance, not under the blue canopy of heaven, but under a hawthorn-tree, which of course happened to come into full flower just one month before its usual period of blooming—a very graceful compliment on the part of Dame Nature to the new-born princeling.

Well, great was the joy of the whole nation at the birth of the wished-for heir; but the hilarity of the court was somewhat disturbed by a second visit from the agent-peasant of Samso, with a message from the mermaid to the king, telling him that, if he did not at once cease from his habits of inebriety, he would never live to see his son a grown man: at which Frederic became exceeding wroth, and dismissed the messenger this time with no presents, but with threats and menaces.

The prophecy of the mermaid came to pass after all, for Frederic quitted this world a victim to his inebriety before the youthful Christian had attained his eleventh year. On the whole, he was one of the best and wisest sovereigns Denmark ever possessed. He is said, during the course of his life, to have read the Bible through twice "from Genesis to Revelation," which, considering what a deal he had to do, and that reading was somewhat of an effort in those days, was very much to his credit.

The earlier castle of Frederic II. was of small dimensions, and his son Christian IV. determined to erect on the same site a building of unprecedented splendour. When the plans were submitted to his council, they all exclaimed at the extravagance of the design, and prophesied that the king would never be able to put into execution so expensive an undertaking;

but Christian laughed at their fears, and not only completed his palace, but, with a sort of bravado, erected a summer-house in the adjoining forest, which he termed his "spare penge," the produce of his economies. There can be no doubt he did things at a cheaper rate than most sovereigns, for he was a practical man—saw to everything, even to the most minute details. He employed no master of the works; he every Saturday night paid his workmen their wages himself, seated on a stone in the wood hard by, which is still pointed out to the visitor. Louis XIV. of Denmark did not disdain to enter into the smallest details of household economy, turning everything to the best account; though, on the other hand, whenever he did anything, he did it well, and the monuments of his reign remain still untouched by the ravages of time, while those of his successors have long since passed away.

Who was the real architect of the existing palace none can say. It may be inferred that Christian employed many different artists to design plans, and adopted them according to his pleasure. In the church of the adjoining village of Slangerup hangs the epitaphium of John of Fribourg, which declares him to have been the architect of Frederiksborg, followed up with a modest remark that, when the palace no longer exists, his name would be remembered.

We arrived by the long avenue to the gate-house, passing to the left the old-fashioned garden which runs down to the edge of the lake, from which the palace rises imposing with its lofty towers. These towers of Christian IV.'s days are unique in Europe, with their lofty caps, half spire, half cupola, spitted with crowns, and surmounted by turning vanes.

The gate-house under which we now pass is of stone, and connected with the castle by a corridor supported on six arches, which traverses the moat, in the style of Chenonceaux: this is the only portion of the building constructed in stone-work. In a room close to the gate-house was situated the mint of Christian IV., for he coined his money under his own eyes; and, when struck off, the gold was brought in sacks to his own apartment, whence he saw it poured down a shaft, which still exists, into the treasure-room below. Monstrous sharp was King Christian, as his mint-master, John Engelbrecht by name, of peculating mind, found to his cost; for, convicted of cheating his

royal master, Christian made no trial, no fuss, but ordered out the culprit into the courtyard of the castle, and there on an improvised block of stone (which the custode will point out) chopped off his head with his own royal hands.

Passing along the moat-side, we arrived at another gateway into the outer court, built of red brick, stone mullions and copings, much in the style of Hampton Court Palace. To the right, in face of the castle, stands the lofty clock-tower; and then, turning to the bridge, you arrive at the splendid Renaissance gateway, richly ornamented and decorated with the shields and armorial bearings of Christian himself, and those of his queen, Anne of Brandenburg. A screen-work of brick, enriched with twelve niches, each containing a stone statue, separates the *cour d'honneur* from the moat. Very grand is the inner court: to the right stands the chapel, above which is placed the Riddersaal; in front an ornamented marble loggia, filled with statues of the same material, and richly ornamented with copper.

Turning to the right, we now enter the chapel through its highly-wrought doorway. The sacred edifice is long and narrow—too narrow, perhaps, for the beauty of its proportions—and is surrounded by a gallery: it is gorgeous in Renaissance fretwork, gorgeous in its gilding and colour, all of which tone down together, one with another, into a harmony which commands your admiration. The royal closets below are of exquisite marqueterie; the high altar a *chef-d'œuvre* of ebony, mother-o'-pearl, and goldsmith's work; the pulpit a gem of richness.

Above, adjoining the organ, richly carved, painted, and gilded, is the royal closet, lined with ebony, marqueterie, and empanelled pictures by Dutch artists of merit, chiefly sacred subjects, with the exception of one by Reinhold Timm, a drawing-master of Soro, in which Christian is represented clad in his shroud, praying before our Saviour, who appears in the clouds above. In this closet stands a table of Florentine mosaic, in which you will observe a round hole pierced on one side, the work of Czar Peter. He could not believe it was inlaid; so, practical and disagreeable, he bored a hole with his dagger, just as a child pulls to pieces the works of his watch, or some toy set in motion by simple mechanism. On the window you will see engraved, by the hands of King Christian VI. himself, the words—"Make haste and save your soul."

Here in this royal chapel is solemnized the coronation of each Danish sovereign. The silver lions from Rosenborg come down for the occasion, as well as the chairs of silver and the horn of the narwal. Along the gallery upstairs are suspended the shields of the knights of the "most noble order of the Elephant," one of the most ancient orders of chivalry existing, and of which all crowned heads, highnesses royal and serene, together with the leading diplomatists of Europe, are members; and farther down, those of the Grand Cross of the Dannebrog. After the deaths of the knights the shields are removed to the Riddersaal below, a fine oblong room of Christian IV.'s period, vaulted and supported down the centre with columns of marble, and hung with black and gold-stamped leather: this once formed the banqueting-hall, where after the great hunting parties King Christian dined, together with his brother huntsmen.

Mounting a winding staircase, you now enter the Riddersaal, like all rooms of this date, long and somewhat low; the ceiling a most elaborate work, and one of exquisite beauty—gilded and painted after the manner of the day. Twenty men were occupied during seven years before this work was brought to a termination.

One of the most beautiful apartments in the palace is that termed the council-chamber, gorgeously decorated in the taste of the last century, and hung with the portraits of the house of Oldenburg down to Christian V., by Daguerre. It is in this and an adjoining room that his present Majesty keeps his private collection of Scandinavian antiquities—a collection of great interest—the greater part being the produce of his own researches.

Externally the castle of Frederiksborg has suffered but little, and the good taste of the late king has caused to disappear the additions and alterations of succeeding monarchs. But the interior has fearfully suffered at the hands of the fair Madalena, who tore up the marble floors and removed the chimney-pieces to adorn her phantom palace of Hirschholm.

It was not a little singular that Marryat, to whom we are so largely indebted for one of the most lively and graphic descriptions of Copenhagen and its environs that has been yet published, should have been at Elsinore at the very time when the splendid palace of Frederiksborg was destroyed by fire, December 17th, 1859. On that day, too, he penned the last page almost in his journal.

I little thought to resume my pen to record so sad an event—a national misfortune to Denmark. I was sitting in my room at the Oresund, in Elsinore, busily and happily immersed in my books, when the chambermaid announced, "Slot brander in Frederiksborg!" (The castle's on fire!) On crossing over to the police-office the telegraphic despatch left no doubt that the story was too true. Engines and the members of the fire-brigade were hurrying off to lend their aid. In three-quarters of an hour's time I was myself *en route*, fast as Danish post-horses could carry me.

The day was cold, foggy; the snow lay thick upon the ground. As we descended the hill, from behind the woods to the left, which obscure the palace from view, rose volumes of black cloudy smoke, curling and dispersing itself in the misty atmosphere. Those glorious minaret-like spires capping the castle turrets were not. The gate-house stood before us intact, and then in one moment the whole building lay discovered before us, roofless, blackened, still burning, a ruin. It was a sad sight. There was the council-chamber, which spanned the waters—now a red Bridge of Sighs—gutted; those glorious towers, triumphs of the northern Renaissance, were there no longer—the last had fallen at eleven o'clock, shaking the very earth as it fell; of Caroline Matilda's window, too, not one vestige remaining; the fire still rising from time to time, licking away the woodwork around the stone-mullioned windows, as though it were grease: never was devastation more complete. Then, as we passed the gateway, there stood the chapel half consumed—the riddersaal, that gem of art, all fallen in—and, turning into the outer court beyond the moat, oh! what a sight it was! that splendid palace—unique in its style in Europe—a tottering, blackened ruin, and all around frozen. The court was heaped with furniture, pictures, and hundreds of objects besides, snatched from the fury of the devouring element; and what rubbish had been saved! what pots and pans, commodes and chairs, shields of the Elephant, shields of the Dannebrog. My first inquiry was after the fate of the gallery: all gave a different answer. The pictures from the riddersaal had been saved: strange fate, those portraits—they alone escaped the conflagration of Christianborg in 1796. But the billiard-room?—All lost. Queen Sophia?—Gone. I bowed my head. That

triumph of portrait-painting—that chef-d'œuvre of Jacob von Dort. I asked no more questions: time would show the extent of the evil.

In a country like Denmark this calamity will be deeply felt; for they live in the past, in the memory of their own glorious history. Still I fear many of the Danes really do not know the extent of the loss they have sustained—not in the castle of Frederiksborg itself—that was their pride, their glory—but in the splendid history gallery, of which so few pictures will be again seen.

The fire had burst out early in the morning in the room lately restored by the king for his own private collection—a room on the upper story adjoining the tower, towards the riddersaal. The workmen were occupied in repairs. Whether it was a flue, whether a misplaced stove, in which the evil originated, matters little: the result is the same. The lake was frozen over: this had added to the difficulties; the pipes of the engines, themselves far too short, were frozen, and could not at first be worked; and the fire, which at five o'clock was scarcely looked upon as dangerous, in the space of a few hours had reduced this beautiful monument of Christian IV.'s taste to its present sad condition.

Towards three o'clock the royal carriages were ordered round to convey the court to Copenhagen. The king had retired to one of the buildings of the outer court when all was over, having remained at his post till the very last, superintending the removal of the valuables. As His Majesty descended the steps on his way to the carriage he stayed for one moment to greet me, and, as I expressed to him my sympathy at the terrible misfortune which had overwhelmed him, he kindly pressed my hand. He could only utter the words "*Quel malheur irréparable—quel malheur irréparable!*" And it was so indeed, for Frederiksborg can never be again what it once was: it was his pride, his hobby, and he had done, by judicious reparation, much to restore it to its pristine condition.

Before leaving I again sought out my good friend Gyllick—he who, during the last twenty years, had, as castellan, done more towards the restoration of Frederiksborg than any human being alive. "I wish you good-bye for ever, Gyllick; I shall never return. I have passed too many happy days in that dear old gallery, studying the history of Denmark in the

portraits of her rulers, ever to bear the sight of its desolation. I have visited Frederiksborg in its glory, I have seen it under the excitement of its flames—I can never again look on it as a ruin.” “But,” he replied, “do not say that: come again in the spring-time; we may again build up the church, and perhaps some of your old friends may still be spared to us.”

The palace is still, however, a place of fairy-like beauty. The façade remains entire, and the interior of the chapel is still full of the coats of arms of the Knights of the Elephant. But Frederick VII. laments his palace, as do also all true Danes and all lovers of art and history throughout the wide world. Frederiksborg was not merely a royal palace, it was also a national palace.

SALVATOR ROSA:

PAINTER, SATIRIST, AND MUSICIAN.

THE embers of the arts of design, which had been kept alive during the Dark Ages by the monks of the Greek and Latin churches, were kindled into a clear and steady flame by Giotto and his successors soon after the Revival of Literature. Painting reached its meridian splendour at the end of the fifteenth century—the age of Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Correggio. But in the career of Salvator Rosa, the last of the great, earnest Italian painters, we seem to see the convulsive strivings of a far-spent flame, that leaps up with an angry glare, and after a few triumphant flashes, sinks down into darkness.

Salvator Rosa was born in 1615, in the little Neapolitan village of Renella, where his father, Vito Antonio Rosa, had for many years struggled to maintain his family by the exercise of his calling as an architect and surveyor of land. The name SALVATOR, which was supposed to secure to its owner the special protection of Heaven, was bestowed upon the infant Rosa with all due solemnity; and at a very early age he was put through a course of Latin prayers and saintly legends, as a first step in his education for the Church, to which his parents intended to devote him; for they had determined that he should not be an artist, and, above all, that he should not be a painter, their family having already furnished too many examples of the close connexion of painting with poverty. This discipline of beads and catechisms, however, was a torment to the young Salvator. He fled from his parental persecutors, and wandered for days together among the rocks and caves and classic haunts by

which his native village was surrounded; or, if shut up within the house, he covered its walls with bold and romantic sketches. He even, on one occasion, took his burnt sticks to church, and was caught in the very act of scrawling on the walls of the cloisters. A severe flogging, administered by the monks, followed this sacrilegious proceeding; and his parents, in order to keep him out of further mischief, as well as to promote their original scheme of education, procured his admission into a monastic seminary in Naples.

His progress during his confinement in this scholastic prison-house proved that, while he hated everything that had an ecclesiastical flavour, he keenly relished those literary treasures that fed his fancy with poetic images or enriched his memory with the records of noble deeds. The first portion of the collegiate course, which included classical literature, afforded him infinite pleasure; but when the time came for him to turn to the barren regions of casuistry and dialectics, he stopped short. Neither threats of punishment nor promises of reward could induce him to weary his brains with subtleties that he believed to be worse than useless; the hopes of his priestly instructors, who had expected great things of him, were disappointed; he left the college and returned home.

Like a bird set free from its cage, he for a time gave himself up, heart and soul, to the delights of song. His musical compositions, many of which were produced at this period, have been pronounced by a modern musical authority* to be “not only admirable for a *dilett-*

* Dr. Burney.

tante," but "in point of melody superior to those of most of the masters of his time;" and by means of his brilliant playing and singing he soon became one of the most successful serenaders of Naples.

But he was on the eve of turning his face steadfastly towards that path in which he acquired the most enduring fame. A habit of associating with, and copying portions of the pictures of his brother-in-law, Francesco Francanzani, confirmed the predilections he had always felt for painting. Francesco encouraged his kinsman, and directed his efforts; and Salvator, to the dismay of the rest of his relations, announced his determination to become a painter by profession.

It was the custom in those days for the young art-student to roam through the richly-stored galleries and churches of Italy, to study and work a little in each, and, on his return home, to adopt the "manner" and become the avowed follower of that master whom it was easiest or most profitable to imitate. But Salvator Rosa, disdainful to plod on in the road trodden by the multitude, betook himself to the savage coasts of Calabria and the crags and pine groves of the highest and wildest mountains of the Abruzzi, and there, with the congenial accompaniment of the rumbling earthquake and foaming torrent, flashes of lightning and gleams of volcanic fire, he studied Nature face to face. During these wanderings, beset with perils that stimulated rather than checked his enthusiasm, he fell into the hands of the banditti, with whom he seems to have voluntarily associated for some time, charmed with their picturesque and unrestrained mode of existence, which presented in many respects a refreshing contrast to the state of things amidst which he had been born. The circumstances under which he returned to civilized life are not made clear by his biographers; but it appears that a few days after reaching his poverty-stricken home his father died, leaving him—a youth of eighteen—the sole support of the family. He therefore laid aside all his recreations, and, with dogged resolution, began to paint for bread.

From early morning till late at night his pencil was in his hand, and, with wonderful rapidity, he dashed off picture after picture, each one distinguished, even at that early date, by a masterly boldness and originality, and by that partiality for the gloomy and terrible that clung to him

all his life. But boldness and originality were no recommendation in the city of Naples. Indeed, they were very much the reverse; for it was considered unfashionable to notice the works of any man who was not the professed follower of the painter who happened to be in favour at court. Spagnuololetto, a fellow-countryman of the Spanish Viceroy, ruled public taste at this time; and for all who were not in league with him there was nothing but hindrance and discouragement, or death by knife or poison if they attempted to push their rivalry too far. The poor and friendless Salvator, therefore, had to make the best of the only opening within his reach—the stall of a *rivenditore* (what we should call a "marine-store dealer;") and works which, after his death, would command *any* price, were sold for a pittance that hardly sufficed to keep famine from his door.

This struggle had continued for some time, when a picture by him of "Hagar in the wilderness of Beersheba" attracted the attention of Lanfranco (known also by the name of Parmegiano), who had just been invited by the Jesuits to execute some grand designs in the new church, Il Gesù, at Naples. The great painter bought the picture, and it afterwards became one of the chief ornaments of his gallery at Rome. Very little immediate service, however, was done to Salvator by this mark of appreciation. It brought out the envy and malice of his less fortunate rivals, whose calumnies he repaid with those well-pointed darts of sarcasm of which he always had a full command; and it gained him one friend, in the person of Falcone, a famous painter of battles, and captain, in later revolutionary times, of the "Compagnia della Morte"—a man after Salvator's own heart. But Falcone could give him nothing but instruction. For the sale of his works he was still dependent upon the *rivenditore*; and, as he had raised his prices, purchasers were not easily found. At last, in a fit of impatience, he turned his back on his native country, and went to Rome.

The arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, in that capital, at the time of his arrival, were under the arbitrary control of Bernini, the clever but conceited favourite of the pontifical court; so that Salvator, who was determined to bow down to no idol that mere fashion had set up, stood as little chance of patronage there as at Naples. He made a number of spirited sketches of the architectural

relics of the old empire, and sold them at prices that hardly paid for the canvas on which they were painted. At length, incessant toil, anxiety, and privation, in an atmosphere infected by the ever-prevailing malaria, laid him helpless on a hospital bed. As soon as he was able to bear the fatigue of the journey, he returned to his native air, in order to re-establish his health.

Poverty having by this time scattered his family, he had no home that he could call his own; he set to work, however, with more energy and cheerfulness than might have been expected. But his utmost industry failed to procure anything like an adequate reward, and he was on the point of giving up painting in despair, when an old college-companion, who was going to Rome to take charge of the household of Cardinal Brancaccia, invited Salvator to accompany him. He accepted the invitation, and worked for some time under the shelter of the cardinal's ample roof, disposing of his productions through the customary agency of the Roman *rivenditori*. At length the cardinal commissioned him to paint the portico and loggia of the episcopal palace, and a grand altar-piece in the principal church at Viterbo, of which diocese he had been appointed bishop. By the time these works were completed, the proud and fiery Salvator began to feel disgusted with his position of dependence upon his patron; he therefore returned no more to the Brancaccia palace at Rome, but with strange perversity, went to Naples—a place where his enemies were far more numerous than his friends.

During his absence from Rome, an exhibition of paintings by ancient and modern masters, which attracted the *connoisseurs* of all Europe, was held in the Pantheon. To this exhibition Salvator's friends sent one of his finest and most characteristic works—his "Prometheus chained." Its success was immediate. The hitherto despised name of Salvator Rosa became thenceforward a household word. He returned to Rome before the excitement had subsided, and sought admission into the Academy of St. Luke. But quite other considerations than mere *merit* weighed with the guardians of this institution, and, to his intense mortification, Salvator was rejected. His improved fortunes, however, enabled him to take a house in the Via Babbuina; and his brilliant conversational powers soon drew around him a select circle of *litterati* and

artists whose tastes and habits coincided with his own.

Among the revellers in the Carnival of 1639 there appeared an ornamental car, drawn by oxen, and occupied by a masked troop, whose chief, in the character of a quack doctor, displayed such astonishing wit and humour, that every other show was neglected, and everybody ran to listen to him. On the last day of the Carnival the curiosity of the multitude to know the fascinating mountebank's name was gratified by his raising his mask and disclosing the swarthy and expressive features of the painter of the "Prometheus."

Salvator instantly became "the fashion." Invitations were sent to him from all quarters, and he went from one *conversazione* to another, delighting his audiences with his singing, lute-playing, and improvised recitations. In accordance with the prevailing mania for amateur theatricals, he opened a theatre at the Vigna de' Mignanelli, and took occasion to satirize the performances of the papal favourite Bernini at the Vatican; whereupon a literary hireling of Bernini's retaliated by bringing out, at the theatre of the Palazzo Sforza, a scandalous burlesque of the history of Salvator Rosa. His zeal, however, outran his discretion, and exposed him and his patron to ridicule. In one way or another, therefore, Salvator's notoriety increased daily. His rugged, storm-swept landscapes were as eagerly sought after as the serene and classical compositions of his illustrious contemporaries, Claude Lorraine and Gaspar Poussin. He became the favourite of the people, who named him, emphatically, "the Signor." No longer oppressed by poverty and neglect, he now walked abroad, says one of his biographers, "with a certain dignified deportment, followed by a servant with a silver-hafted sword, while all who met him gave way to him." His evening *conversazioni* were frequented by men of rank, learning, and refinement, whom he entertained with recitations, spiced with those pungent sarcasms which were afterwards published in his Satires. But amidst all his social and professional successes he was consumed by vexation at being unable to obtain any of the great public works in which he could set forth, on a grand scale, some of those "moving incidents" of history or mythology that illustrated great principles or embodied a deep philosophy. His landscapes and small figure

subjects afforded too narrow a scope for the display of his powers. Like our Benjamin Robert Haydon of later times, he panted after "High Art," and fiercely denounced, with tongue and pen, all who could not or would not enter into his views. But his independent and aggressive spirit had mortally offended the dispensers of government patronage. He has himself written, "The austerity of my deportment has thrown me out of the pale of common sympathy, and the freedom of my speech keeps me in the shade." Occasionally, however, he received commissions for historical pictures from some of his wealthy friends; and for them he painted his "Sorceress," "Socrates swallowing Poison," "Prodigal Son," "Purgatory" (an altar-piece), "Death of Regulus," "St. Jerome in the Desert," "Death of Polycrates," "Diogenes Flinging away his Cup," "Democritus Meditating among the Tombs," and "Pindar and Pan, or Satire dictating to Poetry." The "Pindar," in the last subject, was a portrait of Salvator himself. While painting his "Sorceress," he composed his poetical "Incantation," a piece made up of the same weird and terrible imagery as the spells of Shakspeare's Witches in "Macbeth."

In 1647 the people of Naples were driven to rebellion by the outrageous tyranny of their Austro-Spanish governor. Salvator Rosa no sooner heard of the outbreak than he shut up his house, hurried to his native land, joined his friend Falcone's "Compagnia della Morte," (fraternity of death,) and became the associate and counsellor of the popular leader Masaniello. Upon the assassination of the latter, and the collapse of the revolutionary movement, Salvator returned to Rome, deeply chagrined, and in a powerful poem entitled "La Babilonia," depicted the hopeless degradation—moral and political—into which his country had fallen. He painted, at the same time, "The Frailty of Man," a pictorial satire upon the perishable elements of human happiness; and "Fortune," bestowing holy orders upon asses, mitres upon swine, and crowns and coronets upon wolves and vultures, while patriotism and philosophy are trampled in the dust. These two pictures, after attracting a crowd of distinguished persons to Salvator's gallery, were sent to the Pantheon, to the great delight of the Roman people. But Rosa's enemies, ever on the alert for mischief, professed to trace the features of certain

well-known ecclesiastics in the unclean beasts who were receiving Fortune's gifts, and declared that an old goat, reclining on a bed of roses, was intended for no other than the Pope himself! The outcry thus raised against the daring painter soon reached the ears of the inquisitor, and Salvator was in hourly danger of being dragged off to the dungeons of the holy office, when the Prince Giovanni Carlo de Medici, one of his warmest admirers, prevailed upon him to fly, while it was yet possible, to Florence.

He was very cordially received by the Grand Duke of Tuscany (Prince Giovanni's brother) and the Florentine nobles, who were glad to secure the services and the society of the man whose fame as painter, poet, and musician had preceded him. He took a large house, furnished it handsomely, and spread his table with the most costly banquets for the entertainment of men of rank and genius, the *crème-de-la-crème* of Italian society. Dramatic representations, given by Salvator and his friends during several months of the year, were followed by "Simposi," or classic suppers, in apartments carpeted with moss and lined with sweet-scented plants. His house became, says his biographer Baldinucci, "an academy of wits, the habitation of hilarity, and the mart of gaiety."

The expenses of these nights of festivity had to be met by days of incessant toil. A great "Battle-piece," "Heraclitus and Democritus," "A Sage Flinging Treasures into the Ocean," and other figure subjects, were produced at the same time with a great number of landscapes, the latter being dashed off with a rapidity that is sometimes rather too apparent.

After retiring for a short time to the villa of a friend in the richly-wooded solitudes of Volterra, where he revised his Satires and prepared them for publication, he took leave of his Florentine associates and returned to Rome, the fury of his clerical enemies having, in the lapse of years, burnt itself out. He established himself on the Monte Pincio, in a lordly mansion standing between the houses of Nicholas Poussin and Claude Lorraine, and received orders from all parts of Europe. His prices had for some time been enormous; but being persecuted (or fancying himself persecuted) by a number of ignorant and envious people who infested the Capital of the Arts, he resolved to take vengeance on the whole world by

demanding such extravagant sums for his works that no one could purchase them! While he continued in this savage mood he sent pictures to the public exhibitions, and afterwards withdrew them to his own gallery. Funds having at length become low, he again condescended to receive commissions from princes and rulers of the church, and painted "Mercury and the Woodman" (now in our National Gallery), "Moses found by Pharaoh's Daughter," and two "St. John's," for the Constable Colonna; "Jonas Preaching at Nineveh" for the King of Denmark; and a magnificent "Battle-piece," intended as a present from the Papal Nuncio to Louis XIV., it having been decided that a picture by Salvator Rosa would be the most acceptable offering to lay at the French King's feet. His satirical poem "L'Invidia," published about this time, brought a new hornet's nest about his ears, and rendered him more irritable than ever. In a letter to an intimate friend he says, "Peace is, I believe, for ever banished from my mind, in consequence of those same blessed Satires, which ere I had written I wish I had broken my neck. In fine, everything now concurs to render me wretched, even in defiance of all the prudence and all the virtue in the world." While in the humour indicated by these words he produced his remarkable picture of "Job." In 1660 he commenced etching on copper, an art in which he displayed great vigour and originality, and which occupied him during a visit to Florence on the occasion of the marriage of the heir-apparent of Tuscany with Marguerite d'Orleans. The Archduke Ferdinand of Austria gave Salvator a pressing invitation to the Court of Innspruck, but he declined an honour which he felt would compromise his independence. He went, instead, on a pilgrimage (of an artistic rather than a devotional nature) to the holy city of Loretto, and, on his return to Rome, resumed his pencil with fresh ardour. In the spring of 1662 he sent to the Pantheon three pictures—"Pythagoras on the Seashore," "Pythagoras in the Cave," and "Jeremiah thrown into a Pit;" and in the following year he exhibited his masterpiece, "The Catiline

Conspirators pledging each other in Wine mingled with Human Blood." In 1668 he produced "Saul and the Witch of Endor," and "St. George and the Dragon," which were admitted to the Pantheon, although the works of all other painters then living were excluded. Soon after this triumph he was permitted to execute (for the first and last time in his life) a public work in the city of Rome—an altar-piece—"The Martyrdom of St. Cosmus and St. Damian," in the church of San Giovanni de Fiorentini.

As a painter, Salvator Rosa had now reached the summit of his ambition; in the sister arts of poetry and music he had greatly distinguished himself; into

"Philosophy and science, and the springs
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,"

he had deeply dived; he had entered eagerly into the business of life, and of its pleasures he had taken his fill; but the silver cord of existence, now drawn to its extreme tension, was ready to snap. His energies had been kept up throughout life by the excitement of striving after the *something unattained*; but having now nothing left to clutch at, he sank, mentally and physically exhausted, into despondency and gloom. He produced no more great works. His remaining days were spent in drawing caricatures full of grim humour, or in painting now and then a landscape or a rustic group, till the pencil at last dropped from his hand, and he gave himself up to the physicians. When told that his case was hopeless, he shut himself in his study, refusing to take food or drink or to communicate with any one: and when, after two days, he re-appeared, his friends hardly knew him. He at once took to his bed, and on the 15th of March, 1673, his struggle for fame and his sufferings from envy were terminated by death, which "opens the gate of fame and shuts the gate of envy after it."

In the evening of the day on which he died, all Rome flocked to the church of Santa Maria degli Angioli alle Terme, to see his body as it lay in state; and his funeral took place on the following night.

LADY LORME.

CHAPTER V.

THE UNSELFISH WISH.

"Well, peace to thy heart, tho' another's it be,
And health to thy cheek, tho' it bloom not for me."

WHEN Moore wrote these lines he had ceased to care for, or at least to *love*, the apostrophised one. We don't wish the one—the cherished one—all manner of good things as the bride of another, while we still retain desires that she should have been our own. Peace to the heart that has been false to us may be wished, but *not* while that heart is still the dearest image on earth to us. Health to the cheek is a thing that men don't pray for when the owner of the cheek has first proved fickle or meanly jilted them; they do that when the lady is superseded in their hearts and imaginations, but not before—not while the wound is young.

Lord Evesham had prepared for the interview with the woman who had once had the power to sway his soul powerfully with mixed feelings. He had dreaded the display of any lingering feelings of tenderness towards himself on the part of this lustrous-eyed Venus; he had writhed under the thought that possibly she might display tenderness towards her lord. Now this last was a very wrong thing, and he soon killed it; but he found himself so wrought upon by Audrey's story of Leonie's devotion to Robert, that he did not care to have Leonie herself come and hammer the fact down harder. Leonie was not a woman that you could love one day and leave off loving the next; she was formed to hold as well as to win, and though Lord Evesham was very loyal in his soul to Audrey, he had loved Leonie very dearly in the days that were gone by.

He had met her under romantic circumstances, and these had first roused his interest and then excited his love. Staying one night at an hotel in Marseilles *en route* to the East, he had been disturbed by a wild commotion and a general uproar amongst which the shrill voices of his countrywomen were terribly apparent. As a rule, Fred Compton troubled himself little and cared less as to the affairs of his compatriots abroad; but on this occasion he happened to ask what had caused the row, and from information received he gathered that an

English milord and his lady had quarrelled on account of a cousin of the latter. Pursuing the subject further, that the lady was querulous, middle-aged, and plain—that the lord was gay and gallant to the cousin, who was young and lovely. The lady, he heard, had gone off in a rage, carrying with her husband, courier, luggage, in fact, all her belongings save and except her cousin, whom she had left behind her in a fit of jealous frenzy and weak spleen, penniless, helpless, and alone.

When a mean, cowardly, cruel wrong is wrought upon a woman, you will generally find, if you search into the case, that another woman is at the bottom of it. When a blow in the dark falls on a feminine head, be sure that it is dealt by a feminine hand. When a condemnatory tone pervades a speech that is uttered relative to a girl who has neither of those mighty barriers, "care and cash," surrounding her, doubt not for an instant that it is spoken by a woman. Men never descend to such depths of base bitterness as do the ministering angels of our hearts, homes, and lives.

The being meanly suspected of a vile wrong by the only relative she had left in the world to claim kith and kin with, turned the milk of human kindness sour in the breast of poor Leonie Powers. Young, beautiful, an orphan, and—harder than all else to endure—poor, she had sweetened the bread and water of dependence on her ungenial cousin by a sort of half-friendly, half-sisterly intercourse with that cousin's husband. The intercourse was harmless enough, God knows, and poor enough in its compensating powers for the numerous trials, hardships, and mortifications of her life; but it was the brightest thing she had in her gloomy daily path, and its brightness was soon sullied therefore, and clouded.

The man was a fool—a vain, handsome, weak fool, but nothing worse; the wife was a hard, ugly, vain, selfish woman, nothing better. The result was that through masculine folly and feminine unkindness and low, pettifogging jealousy, suspicion fell upon one whose heart and life was pure and open then, and perverted the nature formed for better things.

She was left alone—alone in Marseilles—alone in the world, for the wife was rich and the husband poor, and he liked his bread buttered thickly too well to

risk angering his wife by asking for justice for poor Leonie. Alone, with little money and fewer friends; alone in a foreign land and in a fashionable place.

But the girl had a spirit that quailed at nothing, and dreaded nothing, and dared anything—a spirit that had made her race noble and feared in the days when they had a name in the green isle from whence she came—a spirit that misfortune could not daunt, that loved difficulties and dangers for the sake of overcoming them, but that burned to be revenged upon one who had cast the semblance of the shade of dishonour on her—that seethed to take a higher place in the world than the woman who had spurned her could boast—that panted and throbbed to attain a position from whence she could look in scorn on the cold, heartless cousin who had steeped her soul in the waters of bitterness.

She wanted no help, she claimed no protection; she told her story with haughty frankness, and defied censure. The consul came to see her, and she was polite, but not grateful; the consul's wife called, and Miss Powers was affable, but absorbed; the fact was, she explained, that she "was anxious about getting music lessons." And very soon she got them, and when she had given them long enough to establish a claim to recommendations, she left Marseilles and came back to London; and all this time Fred Compton, instead of being in the land of the cypress and myrtle, was following her like her shadow, and worshipping her in silence.

They met at last, and then he spoke, and she listened eagerly enough, for by marriage alone could she gain the place she wanted, and the power to sting socially the one who had stung her. He was young, clever, handsome, well-born, well-bred, well-connected, but alas! he was not *rich*. She accepted him, and determined to wait for awhile and take the goods the gods gave her, in the interim; and so for a time Fred Compton was happy and contented, and believed his betrothed to be the same. And it was during this calm that the miniatures were taken, and the diamond and opal bracelet purchased.

At last she tired, not so much of the lover as at the poor prospects that lover could offer. He began to feel that she was interested; he strove to keep her heart by freely showing her his love and trust and confidence in her, and without

any appeal to certain faint hopes he had of succeeding to a title and estates and wealth, and all the rest of the things she longed for—and he failed. With words of prudence she counselled the closing of their intercourse, the cancelling of their vows. She was cold, cautious, calculating. He could not win her from her purpose of parting with him, so he left with his heart wrung and wounded, and his faith in womankind considerably weakened.

Now the tables were turned. When he heard from Audrey Lorme that her brother had married a Leonie Powers his heart had gone quicker than was well at the thought of this woman from whom he had parted in anger five years before. He had even avoided seeing her till he had used himself to the fact of her being another man's wife; with a touch of the old romance he had bought a trinket like one he had given her when he had deemed himself dear to her, half hoping that it might awaken kindly, tender thoughts in her breast towards himself. He had no intention of rousing the torrent of passion that he had aroused; the woman frightened him with her vehemence and her wildness, and her power of subduing both when others approached; he turned with a feeling of fatigue from her to the calm haven of rest a union with Audrey would afford. Altogether, Lord Evesham felt that she was a dangerous woman to deal with, this once adored, grey-eyed Venus, and to wish that he was safely clear of Combhurst with his own wife.

Meanwhile my lady was chewing the cud of disappointed mortification; she had whistled Fred Compton down the wind because he was poor and unimportant; and now here, after she had married a baronet for whom she was beginning to entertain a mild feeling of distaste, Fred Compton came on the surface again, and crossed her path with all that this world has to bestow of titles and riches and honours.

"If I had only been free," she muttered, fiercely; "if I had not been plodding along my sordid way so grovelingly, I should have known him—heard of him as an earl; but I never cared to look at papers, and I, a music-mistress, was never thrown with any of his friends. I should have been a countess if I could have waited. I could have put my foot on the necks of those who slighted and stung me in old times."

And then Lady Lorme clenched her little hands together till the veins stood up like cords on their backs, and ground her glittering teeth till Dickson suffered from "goose-flesh."

Then a more composed stage followed; she sat down on the couch and indulged in dreams of what she would have been if she *had* been a countess. With her beauty and her grace, her talent and wit, her rare accomplishments and matchless fascination, these dreams were not absurd. She pictured herself leading the fashions, and being queen of the most select *coterie* in London; she saw herself ruling in that world of *ton* at which she had gazed as an outsider. She fancied the "sensation" that she would have caused when first that world saw her in the coronet of a countess. And then she thought of the humdrum life that would be hers probably in Warwickshire, and she loathed her position and her husband.

Inordinately ambitious, extravagantly beautiful, extravagantly vain, and fond of display and splendour, brilliant as a diamond, and hard as one, Lady Lorme as she sat on the couch with her dainty fingers twisting the bracelet round and round her fair white arm, was as much to be dreaded as a hungry panther. Utterly fearless, utterly unscrupulous, with a mind capable of planning much, and a will capable of carrying out unflinchingly whatever she planned, with such beauty as an angel might have envied, and a horrible gnawing at her soul, she sat there a thing to be admired, feared, and fled from.

The flickering firelight fell on her head and brow as she sat there brooding over her fancied wrongs and disappointments; the sheeny, silvery light of the wax candles in the toilet-glass fell on her rich white robe and made it silvery, too; and in the mingled light the embroidered jacket sparkled and glittered with gorgeous effect. An Eastern queen! Not even Cleopatra could have been fairer, for she could do no more than make "defect perfection," and that did Lady Lorme.

At last—what thought could have crossed her mind?—she started from her seat with a low cry of almost horror; a gasping, stifled cry it was, and it seemed to rend her lips asunder, and to come fraught with agony from her heart. Heaven help the woman who utters that kind of cry, for either a horrible crime or a horrible fear oppresses her.

She started up with her hands spread out before her face, as if she would shut out some horrible vision; and then she tore them down with an effort, and looked at her face in the glass, and shuddered, and trembled, and panted. The face she saw was livid, the lips were bloodless, the brow livid, and the eyes—those soft, grey, velvet eyes—were flaming like coals of fire. No wonder that seeing such a face as this my lady should shudder, and tremble, and pant. It was a face that it is not well to see.

"What *can* I do?" she muttered to herself, after a minute or two, and Dickson, in the next room, heard the mutterings, and thought her mistress called her; so she came, and was dismissed with a sharp reprimand. But the break to her thoughts had been sufficient, they would not disorder her again now they had been interrupted in such a common-place manner.

"*She* shall never rule in the place that ought to have been mine—of that I'm fully determined; so I must *do* the best I can and befriend myself, since I am not likely to get any one to aid me in such an undertaking. Oh! that something would happen that I could be free to claim his promise before the next maddening fortnight has passed, at the end of which I shall lose (or gain) Lord Evesham *for ever*!"

It was evident that Lady Lorme could *not* wish "health" to Lord Evesham's "cheek," and "peace" to Lord Evesham's "mind," under the circumstances by which he was surrounded. Her ladyship did not pause to reflect, or if she did, the reflection brought no comfort to her, that she herself was to blame for all that was unpleasant to herself in her life. If she had not banished Fred Compton, she would have married Lord Evesham. Her principal rage was directed against Audrey, for that young lady having had the audacity to step into her place; and next in order of hatred, after Audrey, came Audrey's brother.

He had been kind to her, and generous and loving to a degree; and now not one of these things softened her bitter feeling against him for standing in the way of her attaining the heights she would have pawned her soul to gain. She had nourished ambition, and hatred, and revenge in her heart so long that they had blackened it, and made it dense to the perception of the line between right and wrong. In fact, fair and soft, gentle and sweet as she was outwardly, she was un-

sexed by the cruelty of her own heart and feelings, and was a woman no longer in her soul.

When the clock struck seven my lady rose, and now she could gaze in the glass with pleasure again, for the wild-rose bloom had come back, and the lustre of her face had renewed itself. Once more the full sweet lips pouted rosily; once more the smooth brow and cheek were unruffled; once more the light came softly shaded by the long lashes from those glorious eyes. Once more the tension was removed from the lip and the mind; and once more lovely Lady Lorme was herself again.

She had dressed to some purpose; she saw that the moment she entered the drawing-room where Sir Robert, and Audrey, and Lord Evesham awaited her. Her husband came to meet her with unchecked pride in her radiant grace and tastefully set-off beauty. Audrey complimented her upon her appearance in the *piquant* little jacket; and a sort of half-frightened admiration came into Lord Evesham's eyes, and made the arm on which the hostess leant on her way to the dining-room a trembling one.

All through the dinner my lady never flagged. How gay she was!—how witty, and bright, and vivacious! She startled Audrey, and enchanted Sir Robert, and puzzled Lord Evesham.

"Well, since she can carry on like *this*," he thought, "I *may* hope, I suppose, that she won't attack me anymore;" and like a wise man he prayed most fervently to be delivered from the temptation. "She's made me tell one falsehood," he thought; "for if she was free fifty times over, I wouldn't change Audrey for her." And Lord Evesham pitied his friend profoundly for having such an excitable wife, instead of envying him for having such a charming one.

They might have known that one chord was wrongly strung, if they had only paused to think of those three luckless ones who were so unconscious. In a party of four something must have been false for the evening to seem sombre and dull as it did, when a bridegroom and his bride, a lover and his betrothed made the quartette. My lady seemed to lull down as the hours passed on, and at last she took refuge in the assertion that she had a nervous headache. So Sir Robert piled the cushions up comfortably on the most luxurious couch in the room, and placed thereon with the tenderest care the richly robed form

of his enchantress, and she lay there with her filmy handkerchief pressed against her brow, weaving her spells still more strongly around him as he sat by her side. Sir Robert was happy enough, but somehow or other the atmosphere seemed oppressive to both Audrey and Lord Evesham.

CHAPTER VI.

BRAVE HEART.

HAS a period ever been passed by you, reader of these pages, which, without being absolutely unfortunate, has been provokingly unlucky—a period when the friend you liked best in the world was either sent to the other end of it on a special mission to the most unscrupulous of cannibals, or went into those paths of life at home into which many things forbade your following him—a period when the run of luck was constantly on the *noir*, while you, in pursuance of some pertinaciously followed plan, betted as constantly on the *rouge*—a period when your boot crushed your foot ruthlessly whenever you wanted to walk the earth, without any visible cause—a period when all the gloves you became possessed of split up the centre, leaving the palm of your hand exposed when you did not want the palm of your hand exposed—a period when the letters from the friends you loved went to enlighten the minds and enliven the tedium of the clerks in the dead-letter office, while the ones from the friends you hated arrived with maddening regularity—a period when your pet pug strayed from his home, and caused you much anguish—a period when your dinners were perpetually under or over cooked; and your richest relations, from whom you had expectations and who were also fastidious to a degree, were always coming in to dine with you—a period when the boldest, blackest, and most legible of caligraphy could not keep things "right side up." If such a period has ever been passed by you, you will understand and sympathize with the anger and annoyance of Audrey Lorme when the different days appointed for the arrival of the different articles of her trousseau came round, and the millinery itself came not.

There was dire wrath and confusion and commotion at Comhurst; not alone on the part of Audrey, but on the part of

Lord Evesham. He was livid with fury when the special messenger despatched to Swan and Edgar's, to Eagle's, to Howell and James's, and Harry Emanuel's, brought back from each and every place the same answer, which was to the following effect:—That a gentleman, looking like a lawyer, had been shown Miss Lorme's written direction that the things should be handed over to him, and paid the sum due for them on the spot. There had been no robbery; for the articles in every case that had been handed over to him, full payment had been made, but there had been a forgery, for no such document had ever been signed by Audrey Lorme.

Lady Lorme was voluble in her prettily uttered regret that such an unforeseen circumstance should have arisen to delay the marriage; Sir Robert was savagely indignant with the originator of so bold and daring a robbery. "But it had not delayed the marriage, I should think," he added, when the special messenger had narrated and re-narrated all he had heard. "Audrey can get up a wardrobe after her marriage, as well as before."

"Yes," Lord Evesham interrupted, eagerly, "in Paris."

But this my lady would not hear of for an instant. What! *her* sister-in-law go from *her* house to be married in aught but the garments befitting the bride's future high station and her (Lady Lorme's) own! No, no; the wedding must be put off. New things must be ordered. All could be re-arranged by the first week in January. The end of it was, that the husband conquered the brother, and Sir Robert came round to his wife's view of the case.

In vain Lord Evesham grumbled and protested; there was no appeal for him, for Audrey was too indignant with my lady to interfere.

"For the sake of *us all*, let it be when we always meant it to be, Robert," said Lord Evesham; "you don't know what cursed mischief may come out of it if you don't. Audrey, *be firm*."

But Audrey looked at her brother, and saw her brother weakly consulting the eyes that were so eloquent in their grey velvet depths; and Audrey turned and left the room in a passion of womanly disappointment and sisterly jealousy.

"You must consent to wait, Fred, till my sister can go from my house as *my* sister ought to go. Leonie says all can be ready by the first week in January;

and in the meantime I'll put a detective on the track of the clever thief."

"For God's sake don't do that," cried Lord Evesham, starting to his feet.

"Why not?" asked Sir Robert; "extraordinary fellow you are, to be sure. Why not? Don't you think it would be better? in fact, only right, Leonie?"

Leonie, lovely Lady Lorme, doubly lovely in her graceful part of the peace-maker, rose also from her seat with rather less than usual of her languid ease; how brightly, too, the wild-rose bloomed in her fair cheeks as she crossed the room and clasped her pretty white hands over her future brother-in-law's arm.

"You must not get angry with each other, Robert; and you," she said, plaintively, "if you think it better to let the matter drop I will not raise my voice to urge Robert to carry it on. *You* shall decide, Lord Evesham."

Lord Evesham's arm trembled like a leaf in the clasp of his friend's wife. He kept his face averted from her, crossly, Sir Robert Lorme thought; and when he did speak it was with an effort.

"I have been bothered and worried quite enough," he said; "I shall take it unkindly, Robert, if you moot the affair again; let it drop."

"Let it drop!" echoed my lady. "Robert, dear," she continued, quitting Lord Evesham's side, and lightly laying her hand on her husband's arm, "now that I see he really wishes it, I join my request to his; take no further notice of it—promise me."

"Well, on my word," exclaimed Sir Robert, pettishly, "you two people take the greenest view of things; first, Evesham's frantic with rage and all that sort of thing against an insolent, bold scoundrel who could be traced out and hunted down in no time if only proper steps were taken. It is dead against my principles to shield a thief—a dirty, low, unscrupulous thief and forger, as this fellow must be."

Lady Lorme laughed; her little, trifling, bell-like laugh ran round the room, and then she put both her slender white hands up to her hair and pushed it back with a free, almost a childish action of impatience. Her face looked so freshly fair as she did it—so young, and unsullied and pure.

"Robert," she said, growing grave again suddenly, "what a regular John Bull you are to be so dense, and to force your poor little wife to explain things a

little, if she would not see a quarrel. I may be wrong, but I fancy Evesham would not care to have things traced perhaps, because——”

She paused, and flung a half-frightened, half-defiant glance at Lord Evesham, who sedulously kept his eyes turned away from her.

“Because what?” asked her husband, angrily.

“Because—now be quiet, and good, and calm, Robert, and above all things avoid a scene and a disturbance which will do nothing but aggravate Audrey—because, good boy as Evesham is now, he may have loved and ridden away, and left some fair, unscrupulous damsel in the lurch who has dared to pay herself for his defection by appropriating his bride’s dresses. *That* is my solution of the affair.”

“By my soul this is too much!” And so it seemed, for Lord Evesham’s voice was thick with passion. “Let me pass, my lady. Lorme, it was not for my own sake that I urged tolerance; hunt the forger down to the death—I will not be the man to stay your hand.”

“How theatrical he is!” exclaimed Lady Lorme, as the enraged lover and insulted Lord left the room. “You see, Robert, I was right; it was very imprudent of me to say it before him of course, but I wonder you were stupid enough not to read the truth in his unwillingness. You *must* now, for Audrey’s sake, let the matter rest. He *has* been very gay, you know, and a worthless woman will stop at nothing.”

“True, true,” said Sir Robert, rather absently. “I could have wished though you had not enraged him so. At any rate say nothing to poor Audrey about it, for they are uncommonly attached to each other.”

“Oh, uncommonly!” replied Lady Lorme; “don’t be distressed about Lord Evesham’s indignation with me—I think I can make it up with him. Are you going out?”

Sir Robert was not sure; he was uncomfortable about Evesham; he did not like any ill-feeling of that kind rankling in a fellow’s mind; it *was* annoying for a fellow to have a thing of that sort dragged into notice before the brother of the girl he was going to marry, just when he was going to marry her.

Lady Lorme had another plan, however, than Sir Robert’s going to seek Lord Evesham.

“You go out for a ride or something, Robert, as you had intended, and leave me to deal with the ‘wounded proper feeling’ of this reformed Don Juan. You must seem to have forgotten it when you come in, and you will find him soothed. But do have sufficient regard for him to drop all idea of making a stir in an affair that when sifted might not redound to his credit. Will you?”

When could my lady’s solicitations fail of having their due effect on her husband. Certainly not now when she brought all her beauty, and grace, and charm of manner, and exquisite devotion—wifely this last, but very delightful—to bear upon him. Sir Robert sealed his promise with a kiss, and forgot his annoyance at Audrey’s disappointment and its cause, in admiration for the eyes whose grey unclouded depths were turned towards him, courting perusal, or sounding rather.

“Then as I am not permitted to bear him the olive-branch myself, as you (my darling) resolve upon being mediatrix-in-chief between us, I will do the next best thing under the circumstances, go out for an hour on the Leprechaun and quiet him.”

Sir Robert Lorme was holding both the little white slender-fingered hands of his wife, holding them in his own strong loving clasp, and bending down over them with the sort of uncontrolled admiration men sometimes display towards the wives of their bosoms—an admiration that comes of mingled pride of possession and loss of reasoning powers—and as he stood thus with his eyes riveted on her fair face, he was in a position to see that the wild-rose tint resigned suddenly in favour of a deadly pallor.

Those who have seen a sort of pale yellow quiver gradually creep over and cover a blushing face beloved by them, the gazers will alone understand the sort of revulsion of feeling that came over Sir Robert Lorme when the face before him altered, and so to speak, from the *couleur de rose* of love to the greenish blue of fear.

“What is the matter, Leonie?” he asked, suddenly. “My darling wife! these scenes are too trying—too much altogether for you. What a brute I am,” he continued, tenderly winding his arm round the fragile round waist as he spoke with aught but ‘brutish’ instinct, “to subject *you* to all these—to all the—in short, to allow anything unforeseen to be brought under your notice annoyingly. Evesham ought to have known better—

Audrey might have had some little feeling—the fact is, the deuce is in it if *my wife* is to be upset with impunity.”

He was just in the frame of mind in which a man can be most successfully “worked.” His love for her was alarmed; so was his pride for himself. That *she*, Leonie, should have been perplexed, harassed, and overwrought was abominable; that all these sensations should have been caused to His Wife—to Lady Lorme—was disgusting in the extreme. He was evidently angry with Audrey for not putting by any small feeling of disappointment that she might have experienced when her *trousseau* made to itself wings and flitted away with her prospect of matrimony for a fortnight. He was angry in a sort of undefined way with Lord Evesham for not falling in with all his views respecting the steps to be taken in the affair immediately. And he was more angry still with both Audrey and Lord Evesham, for being the cause remotely (and for not expressing more sympathy with the efforts) of his wife having an unbecoming yellow-hued tremor pass over her frame and face.

Lady Lorme, with a woman's quick comprehension of the state of mind of the man—no matter how astute—who loves her, read in a moment the thoughts and feelings that were making the tour of her husband's brain, as he stood and looked at her, and raged against his sister and his friend. Now, while the iron of anger was hot to white heat, was the moment to strike; Lady Lorme saw that it was the moment, and—struck remorselessly.

“I—I am very *foolish*, I fear you will think, in my engrossing affection for you, Robert; ascribe it to everything but selfishness and affectation, dearest; and forgive me when I say that I tremble for Audrey's—for *your* sister's happiness, if this marriage is urged on by you in any way just at present.”

She dropped her words, her cutting words, to a man who had brotherly and family pride raging in his soul, out slowly, sweetly, softly. They fell, rounded and distinct, like polished pebbles on his ears, and they caused a smarting, bruised sensation to ensue on falling.”

“Good heavens, Leonie! folly, selfishness, and affectation would die from off the earth speedily enough if they were compelled to try for quarters in your bosom; I know that well enough; I shall never accuse you of anything of the sort.

But you are too tender for me; for my honour—the pride, and honour, and name of the man you've blessed with your love. There is no hauling back, no wishing to get out of it, no lukewarmness on Evesham's part, believe me; had there been, Audrey would have seen and resented it, and Audrey's brother would *have known the reason why*.”

“A woman's pride weighs lightly in the scale against a woman's love, Robert,” she said, with the piquant accent softened into a most mournful cadence. “Audrey *loves him*—in that you have the solution of much forbearance; you are the soul of honour yourself, and so, naturally enough, are not on the look-out for baseness and cowardly trickery; while I bring all the wit of my sex to bear on the subject, sharpened up to the point of divination by my consuming love for—*you*. The marriage of Lord Evesham with your sister, unless you force it on immediately, will *never take place*.”

She rang out her ill-omened sentence with the thrilling force of a prophetess; he could not doubt her loving acumen when the lovely face he adored grew white with emotion, and the eyes dilated and the lips trembled with anger for the slight she supposed was to be put upon *him*. He could not doubt her when she sank back on a couch gracefully, breathing hard, but with her *toilette* entirely uninfluenced by her emotions, looking like a fashionably costumed fairy queen remarkably well got up. He could not doubt the woman whom he had married a month ago for love, and whose every look, and tone, and gesture betrayed soul-fraught devotion to himself. In fact, he could not doubt the creature his imagination had conceived dwelt beneath that peerlessly lovely form; so, he really was wrought upon by her statement, and still felt it to be a profoundly unpleasant thing to distrust Evesham and to take the preliminary steps towards making the pet sister whom he had always cherished from boyhood miserable, he did what a man is pretty sure to do under such or similar circumstances, stood still and pulled at the ends of his moustache.

“I think you are wrong, Leonie, 'pon my word I do; it's no honour even for Evesham to marry a Lorme, you know; and even if you are right, what *am* I to do—what *can* I do, now things have gone so far? It is quite a different thing seeking any fellow's alliance, and proclaiming to the world the fact that your

sister is jilted—that you're thrown over in fact."

"Patience, patience is the only thing, Robert; don't urge on the marriage by making those suggestions about her getting her *trousseau* in Paris; he can but agree when you suggest, you know. Leave it to time the great prover, and chance the great providence of us poor mortals. In the meantime I promise you that all *I* can do I will do to bring things to that end I would see them brought to."

And having made this gratifying promise to her lord, Lady Lorme dismissed him to the hour's "gentling" of the Leprechaun that he had contemplated, and then betook herself to the dark, cosy old library, where, as she had anticipated, she found Lord Evesham.

All that passed during the interview shall not be chronicled here; suffice it to say that the last words uttered by Lord Evesham, when my lady was leaving him to array herself in fresh millinery triumphs for dinner, were—

"The old legends about selling one's soul seem to be verified in my case; for the sake of us all—for your own sake—for the sake of a poor wretch who feels even now the horrors of the perdition you are hurrying him into—stop."

"On the road I am taking?" she asked, with a brilliant smile flashing over her face like lightning. "Never, for you love me, Lord Evesham."

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH SIR ROBERT LOOKS SOLEMN,
AND THE ANCESTRAL EVESHAMS SAD.

AUDREY LORME would have laughed, and considered it no more than a semi-annoying, semi-amusing *contretemps* a month ago, had her *trousseau* been appropriated by another, and her countess-ship delayed awhile. She would have been vexed in her taste, because she herself had made her selections of robes, and bonnets, and *bijouterie* with the care and thought a pretty woman will lavish on the adornments which are destined to enhance her beauty in the richest bloom of life—her young married days. But her *heart* would not have been affected by the occurrence at all, and she would have been the first to soothe Evesham's impatience and side with Robert's view of things, that it would be unbecoming for his sister to leave Sir

Robert Lorme's house while aught that could be considered proper for *his* sister to leave, remained unsupplied.

But now the case was different. Clearly there was something unpropitious in the air; she could not account to herself for the fierce pang that shot through her heart when she caught the interrogatory glance levelled by her brother at his wife, and read the answer shot back by the gloriously lovely and only too eloquent grey eyes.

She saw that that answer counselled delay. Had she simply felt indignation at such interference she would have been happier; but she could not take comfort to her heart with the thought that it was only indignation which she felt; it was a sudden, hot pang of sickening fear that the deferred marriage was a blow at the chain which bound the man she loved and herself together. She looked at her brother and saw a weak expression of waiting on his wife's award; she looked at her lover, and saw in his face an expression of profound discomfort and a pallid excitement; and then she remembered that though had the wretched trifle which conventionality was making a thing of magnitude not occurred, she would have been in a week bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, one with him in sickness and health, in sorrow and joy, till death parted them; she remembered, I say, that now it was his to speak, and hers—to be silent; even though a word from her might settle all these wavering scruples, and bid the happy end come on speedily. And remembering this—her love and her pride up in arms against each other—sorely distrustful of "something," she knew not what, Audrey Lorme left the room in a sorrowful rage.

When one has been labouring for a couple of hours under the delusion that the organ, ye!pt a heart, has sunk to the lowest ebb of despair, it is astonishing what a shock it administers to the whole system when something unexpected occurs, and the heart goes down with rapidity to even more hopeless depths.

Audrey, during her hour's cogitation over her dressing-room fire, had declared to herself that she was profoundly miserable, under the influence of some intangible possible evil which she dreaded, she did not know why. That hour over, she roused herself sufficiently to dress, and to submit to a daintily becoming organization of her fair luxuriant hair being achieved, still at intervals repeating to

herself the declaration, that it was "so unpleasant that she almost wished she was not going to see Evesham until she felt in better spirits and better temper." Nevertheless, when she went down into the drawing-room and found her brother and his wife there alone, and heard from the latter, in a tone of much sympathy, that "Lord Evesham had not felt very well, so he had gone home and left a little note for Audrey," the latter felt even more than heretofore that grief was gathering in the clouds, and that she would be drenched in the waters completely before—what?

The note was common-place and matter-of-fact enough. Audrey reading it in the light of her indignation at his abrupt departure, could little guess what an effort it had cost him to pen those words. His soul was tossed in a whirlwind of passion as he wrote; a love that he felt to be guilty, and to be liable to lead on to even greater guilt if not checked—thrown out with scorn for ever—was crushing his heart. A terrible fear of a something terrible that might, that surely would come on, seized him even before Lady Lorme had left him, and it reigned triumphantly when he was alone. He could not sit through an evening with the silent reproach of Audrey's pure noble beauty, and Audrey's loyal, frank, open heart before him, and beating in imaginary response to his own (he loathed himself as he acknowledged it) *false* one. He invoked a curse on the syren, whom still with all the fierce ungovernable heat of his hot heart, he was growing to love again. And this was the frame of mind in which he had to write the few following lines, all properly kind and calm, to Audrey:—

"DEAR AUDREY,

"Why have you kept away all the afternoon? leaving me to battle alone against my old enemy, neuralgia, which has reached maddening point in my head. I am useless, socially, when an attack comes on; so I am off to Evesham, hoping that the sharp ride will do me good; it often does in such cases. Of course I shall see you in a day or two;" and then, with the customary termination, he signed himself, "hers always, Evesham." And the lie as he wrote it did not wither him up.

The pleasures of domesticity are very great, and a quiet winter evening at home with one's "natural friends," *i.e.* rela-

tions, is the truest bliss this world can offer, say the story-books of that good old fading-out class in which all the mild goodnesses of life were carefully but prosily inculcated. Many people have found out that the pleasures have been rather overrated, and the bliss overstated; but no one deemed them greater fallacies than did Lady and Miss Lorme on the evening in question.

Sir Robert was not quite happy either. Leonie's loveliness was something superb, but the flush on Leonie's cheek bespoke a mind ill at rest, and Sir Robert thought that Audrey might have noticed it, and attempted to subdue it by showing herself less enwrapped and displeased about something. Considering how carefully Leonie was keeping her suspicions as to the "cause" of the appropriation of Audrey's "effects" to herself, thus striving to save Audrey a foolish little feminine pang of jealousy at a thing *no* woman can ever be brought to understand; considering Leonie was doing all these magnanimous things, even though Audrey didn't know it, Audrey ought to be good, and grateful, and cheerful, and not try to make their paradise boring and tedious to my lady. Sir Robert did not say all this, but he looked it; and Audrey being far from opaque, understood perfectly well what was going on in his mind, and forthwith had this pang superadded to the other, *viz.*, that her brother, whom she most dearly loved, was learning to be indifferent to *her* hopes and fears, pleasures and disappointments.

My lady was hot and restless, and her heart though not full of care, was full of wild schemes and wilder passions; the burden laid upon her of not being as great and as grand as she might have been had she only been gifted with patience, was greater than she could bear. Besides, now that she was bound legally, and Evesham bound honourably, to another, she felt that the strongest love of which her nature was capable—and it was capable of not a trifle—was given to this man to whom, in the order of things, her husband's sister would be shortly married. No wonder her cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright, and her gestures fraught with a more impassioned panther-like grace than ever.

Is it well that we do not know the thoughts of those who are around us always; or should we gain much safety through the loss of a little peace of mind? Surely the former; the pang the know-

ledge that we had the hearty contempt of the friend we loved would cause, would more than counterbalance the knowledge that by taking an arduous course we might escape being socially garotted by the friend we hate. The Palace of Truth would be a hideous dwelling-place for the majority of mankind.

So on the whole I am inclined to think it well that when Sir Robert stood with his hands resting on the velvet-covered shoulders of his most lovely wife, the while she was playing him the melodies he loved, he did not know that the active brain contained in the bright head before him was planning how she could leave him, win a higher rank, and yet save her fair fame for the sake of the place she wanted in the world. "I wish he'd clasp me to his heart!" the little fury thought as she turned from him with impatience, "and bruise my arm in doing it; I would have him up at the Divorce Court for cruelty, and swear my way to freedom and Evesham." At least if these were not the identical words in which her sentiments were framed, these were the very ideas that passed through her mind as she rose up and—no, she *had* few redeeming points, if any—not freed herself from, but responded to, her husband's embrace.

Who does not know—who has not experienced at some period or another of his or her existence, an aching sense of despondency at being undervalued, and unquestionably not wanted in the society which one may be chancing to adorn at the time? Sometimes this feeling is born of an overweening sense of one's own importance; sometimes of a long series of slights and insults that makes one see a foe behind every bush, and a steel blade ready to fall and cut in every look. In both of these two cases the feeling is more blameable than deserving of sympathy; it should be fought and battled against—conquered, if possible; but it is when the feeling rushes upon us in connexion with those who have hitherto loved, and valued, and cherished us, that the sting once felt cannot be uprooted; then no struggling against, no explaining away will avail, for we feel that distrust of them could not have arisen had they loved us as fondly as heretofore.

By which prosing route I come gradually round to the statement of the following plain unvarnished fact. Audrey learnt with a bitter pang that night that she was less dear to her brother than she had

been—learnt that he could be harsh and unsympathetic in his judgment of her, when he viewed her through the glamour his wife had thrown over him.

The evening passed drearily after the pretence of tea had been gone through. Wool-work is a delightful institution, but it requires two or three animated conversationalists round the frame, or one devoted and absorbing holder of skeins to prevent its palling upon one. As Audrey placed stitch after stitch in the crimson rose which she had begun under Evesham's auspices a few evenings before, she felt that wool-work brought no great comfort to a heart ill at ease. Lady Lorme treated her with a sort of pitying good-nature, and Sir Robert with a sort of angry forbearance; and neither of these modes of treatment agreed with Audrey Lorme.

"This is the last evening I spend in this way," she thought. "Robert's intention of sacrificing not alone his own dignity, but mine, at the feet of the wife who rules him with a magic that is not love, becomes more painfully apparent every hour that we live together. Robert!" she exclaimed aloud, "Christmas is coming on fast; there will be no wedding festivities to stand in the way of the usual gaieties of the season; can't you, with Lady Lorme's leave, arrange something to while away the time pleasantly?"

Sir Robert Lorme was a good, noble-hearted man; sensible, and well educated, and a gentleman; but for all that he was one of those distressing people who take their ill-temper solemnly. Now it is very possible to forgive any one for frightening you out of your life with a burst of passionate anger without reason, but it is barely possible to forgive the one who maintains a solemnly reprehending demeanour to you for a lengthened period, whether you have done anything to deserve it or not. Sir Robert Lorme had not the great art of being affable soon after being angry. He deemed Audrey "unreasonable," that was the way he framed it in his mind, though what poor Audrey had done to deserve such a sentence it would be hard to say. And deeming Audrey unreasonable, he thought it would be only right to let Audrey know that "them was his sentiments." So he did it as unpleasantly as a man and a brother could do it, and that was neither slightly nor lightly.

He was sorry, he said stiffly, that she found it so dull with only himself and

Leonie. She would soon doubtless be in a position of so much higher rank and greater wealth (Lady Lorme's eyes flashed fire, and Lady Lorme's pouting, dewy mouth wreathed itself into a bitterly insulting smile as he said it) than they were, that a distaste for the quiet pleasures with which they were contented would be only befitting her exaltation. But in the meantime he thought it would be only kind of her *not* to show such utter weariness and *ennui* in the home that had been hers—he had hoped *happily*—for so many years. He wound up by saying that it would have shown better taste and better temper if Audrey had not been so palpably put out by the postponement of her marriage.

"That speech was never dictated by your own heart, Robert," his sister cried, haughtily pushing the work-frame from her with a quick, proud gesture of scornful impatience; "it is meanly unkind, and, more than that, it is meanly untrue."

"Do you think that I prompted him, Audrey? Oh! how can you be so unjust? But no—I will not resent what you say now. I pity you too much."

"What for?" asked Audrey; "really, Lady Lorme, one requires the patience of Job, or a donkey, to deal with Robert and you to-night. I know of nothing connected with myself individually that can claim your pity. Is it the loss of the *trousseau* that you sympathize with? or is it Lord Evesham's neuralgia? or were you so nervous when your own matrimonial prospects were on the *tapis* that you think, of necessity, delay means defection?"

"No, I had no fear, for Robert loved me; but by your asking me that question, poor unhappy girl, you evidently fear it yourself. *Don't* doubt him yet, Audrey dearest; you hate *me*—I know that; but let me plead for your happiness against yourself. Wait; don't distrust him yet, Audrey, and all may be well."

She said it all in her sweetest tones; there was nothing in lip, or eye, or manner, or tone that could be found fault with; it sounded like an outburst of nervous affection and anxiety for Audrey; and yet if the woman had been practising for ten years instead of ten minutes she could not have put words together more deftly that would surely go well home to the heart and wound. To be told by one you hate not to "doubt and distrust" one you most dearly love, is the very refinement of feminine cruelty. The gauntlet

was thrown down now, and Lady Lorme and Audrey knew that they were enemies—to the death.

"Have I gone too far," thought my lady, as she sat by the fire, one hand clasped in her husband's and the other shielding her cheek from the blaze. "Have I put her on her guard, or only incensed her? If she comes to an explanation with *him* before my plans are matured, I am ruined as far as obtaining freedom (and a place) is concerned."

And while these two women, the one lofty souled, good, trustful, and pure—the other madly ambitious, passionate, and recklessly unscrupulous, were both aching at heart for him, what was the "young lord lover doing to pass away the hours of that long December night?"

He had ridden Cock Robin home at a terrible pace, but black care was faster, and was at Evesham ready to receive him when he entered. Then—it may seem an undignified thing to mention in connection with a man who is meant to be a hero, but these minor things are very important in the great drama of life—then his dinner was hurriedly prepared (it had been supposed that he would dine at Comhurst, and the cook was disgusted at the interruption his return caused to a convivial party she was entertaining) and badly cooked. The room he elected to take his wine in was cold, for the fire had been suffered to go out, and now when it was lighted hastily it burnt under protest. The *Cornhill* was given to him, smelling of *patchouli* from the handkerchief of the housemaid, who had been reading the "Roundabout Papers" and wondering what such rubbish meant, when the serial was demanded from her aggrieved hands in haste for her impatient master by a sympathetic flunkey, who opined in strong language that it was a wrong thing of anyone to come home and make a bother when it was reasonably anticipated that he would stay away and leave folks to enjoy themselves. All these things militated considerably against Lord Evesham passing even a comfortable evening as far as externals were concerned.

The room in which he was sitting, before the fire that wouldn't burn well, was the library. Every library has its speciality, and from it generally better than any other room in a house may you gain an insight into its owner's mind. Some rush recklessly into rich bindings and huge, gorgeously emblazoned tomes. Some

go in for ponderosity, others again for prettiness, while the majority stick to what is legitimate, and get properly supplied with the right kind of books wholesale. The speciality of the Evesham library was not in its books, strangely enough, but in its pictures. The bookshelves merely ran a few feet up the walls, and the space between the tops of them and the ceiling was filled entirely with fine but sombre and fly-blown ancestors of the dark, gloomy man who sat by the fire and glanced round on them occasionally, with a look half scornful, half mournful.

There were refined Vandyke beauties and cavaliers; there were voluptuous dames, whose charms had been immortalized by Lely, and bird-and-dove carrying shepherdesses of a later date. They were all handsome, those Eveshams, men and women too, but the thing about them which attracted most—which struck their descendant painfully to-night—was the deep shade of melancholy which lived in the steady dark eyes and on the broad resolute brows of all.

"They all—all came to bad or sad ends," he muttered; "we are doomed, we Eveshams, to be wicked or unhappy."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PARSIMONIOUS EARL.

PERHAPS the next worst thing to a beggarly nobleman is a parsimonious one; I should be inclined myself to give precedence in badness to the mean man, but I know the way of the world is to regard the moneyless one as the greater sinner, therefore I will only claim for the Earl of Corbyn second-rate honours in the contempt of my readers.

Mention has been already made of his wife in these pages; she was the lady who tried her noble hand at "putting down" Lady Lorme, when that estimable woman first came into the neighbourhood. She was the lady whose failure in that womanly attempt was duly chronicled.

When she, the second daughter of the Duke of Oldmaynham, married the Earl of Corbyn, she knew that though from a financial point of view she was not doing a very brilliant thing, still it was the best thing she could do. Her father had nothing but his blessing to give his children, and that, taking into consideration

what a character he had borne from the time he could speak plain, was scarcely worth having. However, as it was all he had to give, his daughters took it when they married, and between them made up an income for him, and pensioned him off at a London hotel while he lived; his son declined the honour of contributing to the filial purse; he regarded his father with the warm feelings sons of expensive habits are apt to have towards the fathers who have ruined them. Lady Corbyn's early married career was one struggle between the promise she had made to her sisters, and the difficulty she experienced in getting possession of a pound. The earl's income was not colossal—his care of it was; the result was a style of living that was imposing when seen from a distance, but very uncomfortable to those within its circle.

The blood of the Corbyns was as blue as it is possible to conceive anything short of indigo could be; and the Oldmaynhams were blessed with a fluid circling in their veins of an equally orthodox hue. Nevertheless the daughters of the house of Corbyn, Lady Julia, Lady Grace, and Lady Margaret, showed more bone than blood, and were consequently spoken of even by the warmest admirers of their rank as "fine girls, but not pretty."

This last fact not even their father being an earl and their grandfather a duke could alter. They were tall, they had mealy faces, rather fine blue eyes, and more than rather sandy hair; their figures were not good, and they were not graceful; but for all that they were not cast in the mould of beauty, they were plentifully gifted with feelings of profound admiration for themselves, and of the loftiest matrimonial aspirations.

The youngest—Lady Margaret—had been destined by her fond parents from her cradle to be Lady Evesham; she had accepted the fate they proposed to her with a readiness that spoke as well for her taste as it did for her dutifulness, for Evesham was unexceptionable. Those little peccadillos of his which got noised abroad she paid no manner of attention to—not because, like Audrey Lorme, she loved him, but, on the contrary, because she didn't love him, and hoped that the more "scrapes," as she called it, that he got into the less likely he would be to marry anyone else before he came in the way of her net. It had been a hard and a horrible thing to endure, when at the grand ball they (the Corbyns) gave in his

honour on his return from the continent after coming to the title, to see him palpably fall at once a willing victim to Audrey Lorme. It had been wofully painful to endure that interval of surmising and uncertainty before the match was proclaimed as a thing that really *was* to come off. But when the match was settled, with the beautiful bravery that comes of "blood" they made the best of it, pressed the thorn of envy closely home in secret to their right honourable bosoms, kissed Audrey in the course of a morning call of congratulation, and determined that as Margaret was *not* to reign at Evesham, it would be only wise to make an ally instead of a foe of the lady who *was*.

I have hinted that the Earl was parsimonious; the Countess, I may as well state here, was worse—she was a pretentious screw. She had given her daughters cheap French, Italian, and German governesses, and these had not imparted the best of either accents, morals, or manners to their aristocratic charges—but with that my story has nothing to do. She would give them splendid silks—thousands of yards of ethereal *tulle* to hang about their gaunt persons—and the most elegant and becoming bonnets that Madame Thoumal's taste and ingenuity could devise *when they were going out*; but she grudged them flannel enough to keep them warm, and was severe upon their appetites down at Corbyn; and that tradesman was unlucky who chanced to have a "remnant" on his counter when the Countess sailed into his shop, for she was sure to have it for next to nothing.

That matter of the postponed marriage was soon carried to them by that wonderful little bird who is perpetually going about with its venomous whisper. They talked it over, the mother and her three daughters, in the dressing-room of the former, before they went down to their early luncheon, which was the first meal at which they found it convenient to make their appearance, for "any old *robe de chambre* did for upstairs and saved dressing till it was time to go out." So now in their dingily draped, crinolineless, unadorned ugliness they sat and discussed the affair, and naturally enough—for were they not of the softer sex?—accused Audrey in ten minutes of every crime and folly in the calendar of feminine crimes and follies.

The extraordinary thing about a broken engagement is, that no matter what the

circumstances, the woman always gets blamed as well as pitied. Those of her own sex heave huge sighs of compassion over her blighted prospects, but at the same time they contrive to depreciate her claims to that compassion by elevating their eyebrows and screwing up their lips.

The Ladies Corbyn had not come to their matutinal meal in good spirits or good tempers, any more than they had in dresses. They dropped in one after the other with their sandy hair pushed away unbecomingly under nets, their cheeks leaden-hued from over-sleep, and eyes dull from lack of excitement. The tea "was overdrawn," Lady Julia declared pettishly as she poured out a cup and prepared to drink it; the remark roused the Countess from the perusal of a letter she had just received, and her speech when she was aroused infused new life into the whole party.

"Put the eggs in," she exclaimed, "they'll be boiled by the time we've had prayers" (she was a very pious woman, and never omitted heating up prayers and thanksgivings every morning). "I have such news girls! there's a scandal of some sort come out at Comhurst, and Lord Evesham has started off to the Continent."

"I always thought Audrey Lorme a detestable girl," said Lady Margaret, energetically. "I am glad, though, whatever it is, that it has come out before poor Evesham was indissolubly tied up with her."

"It may not be Audrey, after all," said Lady Julia, who had not quite such good grounds for hating Audrey as her sisters had: "most probably something has been discovered about that horrid woman Sir Robert picked up in London. I always thought she was a mere adventuress—I always said so. *Too* bad of him to thrust her upon society in the way he has done, contaminating other people."

Lady Julia had at one time thought of marrying the baronet herself; therefore her virtuous indignation against the possible past of his wife was a genuine thing.

"Do let us have prayers; the eggs will be too hard," said Lady Grace.

"What a bore it is that Buckle always will carry my soft hassock away to her own room," remarked the Countess, picking up the volume of "Family Devotions" in a casual kind of way. "Suppose

I sit in the easy-chair, and read them. I can't kneel down—it makes me sick.”

“Suppose we have breakfast first,” said Lady Grace. “You have not given me the food for my mind that you have Julia and Margaret; you see, I never wanted to marry either Evesham or Lorme.”

“And I never heard that either of them wanted to marry you, my dear,” snapped Lady Margaret.

“Precisely the remark that I was about to append to my former sentence respecting yourself, my love,” replied Lady Grace. “Let us give Audrey Lorme the benefit of a doubt, and hope that it's not so bad as mamma's letter has led her to imagine; you know how these things always get exaggerated.”

“My correspondent is reliable,” said the countess, buttering some cold toast; “but I tell you what we will do—send out invitations for a dinner-party to-day, and call on the Lormes to-morrow; we owe them both a dinner and a call, and we may get at the truth that way a little.”

“That nasty little wretch, his wife, is capable of braving anything out, if it's about herself,” said Lady Julia. “Who had better go with you, mamma, to-morrow?”

“Margaret and yourself, I think. Tiresome it is that the Gospel Propagation subscription is due, for we *must* have new lace and buttons on the liveries before a dinner. I think I shall write and say that I disapprove of the principles on which it is conducted; your father as a politician, considers christianizing the heathen a mistake. I am very sorry for it, of course; but as a wife, my first duty is to consult my husband's scruples.”

“Well, you needn't waste your reasons for doing what is convenient on us, mamma. No more tea, thank you, Julia. I sha'n't wait for prayers now; for if the invitations are to go out to-day, they ought to be filled up and sent. I will give O'Brien the list, mamma; I suppose the usual people are to be asked?”

Lady Grace rose as she asked her question, and put, with something like feminine coquetry, her net on more becomingly.

“Yes, the usual people,” said the countess; and then she added, in a crosser tone, “Your father insists that his secretary, librarian, whatever he may be, is always to be invited properly, and treated like a guest at our formal dinner-

parties. For my own part, I don't see *why* he should be; he chooses to sit by himself and nurse his fallen grandeur in his own study at other times, when we really would be glad of him to amuse us; but your father is so full of whims about the wretched Irishman, that you must invite him, Grace.”

“I don't fancy myself that Grace will object to that part of the mission at all,” said her eldest sister, as Lady Grace left the room. “It's a fortunate thing for *us* that Grace is no beauty, otherwise I am very much mistaken if we should not have to bewail a *mésalliance*.”

“Oh, nonsense!” said the countess. “No one with the blood of the Oldmaynhams in their veins would think for a moment of marrying a *servant*.”

And then they finished their eggs, and being now quite warm and comfortable, said their prayers with much unction.

The late Earl of Corbyn had been a great bibliomaniac; with much care and at much expense he had collected together, from every quarter of the globe, books and manuscripts, pamphlets and parchments. Not being anything of a philologist, he had been rather imposed upon in many of his transactions; and as his son and heir was possessed of even less learning and greater vanity than himself, the state of the Corbyn library (to which was usually prefixed the epithet of “great”) was chaos.

That it was so had been pointed out to him during the shooting season of the year of my story, by a devoted but indiscreet friend; and it was to remedy all its defects, and get it in the order which it behoved the great Corbyn library to be in, that the services of Dillon O'Brien, Esq., had been secured.

Now, all kinds of persons may be expected to answer when a “nobleman of literary tastes” advertises for “a librarian and amanuensis.” Broken-spirited, conscientious English scholars, with care on their brows and holes in their gloves, are sure to appear; so are mournful-eyed Italians, who call themselves counts, and have been couriers—German barons of noble lineage, wearing a professional aspect and large boots, assist to swell the list—Frenchmen, who skip and gesticulate, and wind up with a shoulder-shrugging confession of their ignorance of all matters in heaven and earth, and under the latter, offer their animated services. But it is rarely indeed that a son of Erin can be found ready to enter

into the ranks of drudgery of the great army of learnedom.

Lord Corbyn knew little enough, heaven knows; but he did happen to have that much knowledge of the law of chances, viz., that if the handsome, refined young Irishman who presented himself with a card and without a single letter of introduction, was *worth anything*, he would be worth much as librarian and literary slavey to himself.

The interview was satisfactory so far to both parties, that Lord Corbyn agreed to take, and Mr. O'Brien to give, his services. "What they were worth," O'Brien said, "could be better determined at the end of the year." It was a very loose and unpractical kind of arrangement, but Lord Corbyn was just gentleman enough to resolve upon one thing—that *noblesse oblige* should not be the cause of the proud, chivalrous young Irishman losing anything.

It is one of the cries of this practical age that *noblesse oblige* "does not pay." I hope it is not true; I hope that it is fashionable cynicism alone which utters and endorses such sentiments. I lack faith in many an old tradition; I have learnt to laugh and deride at things which I once held to be true and great; but I have not learnt, and I trust I never shall learn, to doubt the gentle feeling that springs from gentle blood. At any rate, even if I doubted it, Dillon O'Brien did not; he resolved to trust for his treatment to Lord Corbyn's *honour*, and Lord Corbyn knew this, and resolved that his honour should not fail him.

On the morning when the countess and her daughters discussed the broken troth—as they hoped it might prove—between Lord Evesham and Audrey, Mr. O'Brien, my lord's secretary, sat alone in his study, smoking (I am sorry to say it) a pipe of Turkish tobacco.

Had he been standing instead of sitting, you would have seen, if you had entered that room, reader, that the sword had had more to do with his early days than learned tome or pictured page. He was a soldier every inch of him; a tall, firm, upright figure, a graceful, lithe gait and bearing; a face that was not strictly handsome when taken line by line, but that had a marvellous charm in its mobility. Eyes that would flash one moment with ungovernable temper, glitter the next with the wildest fun, and soften the next with an indescribable pathos that is never seen save in Irish eyes; bright,

curling, dark-brown hair; a complexion southern in its dark warm pallor, and the finest cut mouth out of which the matchless accents of Erin have ever fallen. A handsome man altogether you will admit it, and felt to be so by the Lady Grace Corbyn.

"I am tired of this life," said the gentleman, starting up and going to the window; "old Corbyn's books are dry and dusty, and his daughters are worse. After all, though I *have* been kicked out of the service for no fault of my own, it is a mean thing of me to come here and pretend to catalogue these books with anything like understanding." Then he paused and whistled the first few bars of a pathetically sweet melody, his eyes the while taking that steadfastly absent look eyes will have when their owners are looking back into the past; and then he softly sang, in a rarely sweet, full, luscious voice,—

"Give a sigh to those times,

And a blessing for me to that alley of limes."

"Give a sigh to those times," he repeated, bitterly. "Why should she give a sigh for the time when that bleak, cold, Chesterfield walk on dull Blackheath was as fraught with golden fancies, as full of love's young dreams to *us*—*she*, the frank, unsullied schoolgirl—I, the not less frank cadet, as ever that 'alley of limes' was to Moore in Bermuda. That's all past and buried, and I was a fool to come into the neighbourhood for the sake of trying to resuscitate it. I can't even catch sight of her."

It was at this moment that Lady Grace entered with the invitation list.

"Oh, Mr. O'Brien," she said, "we have a dinner-party on the 20th; will you be kind enough to help me with the invitations?"

Mr. O'Brien's answer was all that a polite Irishman's is sure to be. His thought was—

"Why couldn't she have left me the list, and rid me of her company, the sandy-haired old coquette?" but he did not express that in his mother tongue.

"You will be sure to give us your company on that evening I hope, Mr. O'Brien; it will be very unkind and unfriendly of you if you will not."

He was just going to refuse and plead a previous engagement with an imaginary old regimental friend who would be in the neighbourhood; but before he could speak his eye caught the next names on

the list, and he saw they were those of "Sir Robert, Lady, and Miss Lorme."

"Thank you, Lady Grace; since you are kind enough to wish it, I will be sure to do myself the honour," he said.

And Lady Grace's cheek flushed to a corresponding hue to the one which overspread his face as he bent down and continued his task.

(To be continued.)

MEMORY AND THE MENTAL FACULTIES.

THIS noble faculty, the proudest attribute of mankind, justly called the mother of the Muses, is subject to be impaired by various physical and moral causes, while a similar agency can sometimes restore it to its pristine energy, or develop its powers when sluggish and defective. Memory may be considered as the history of the past chronicled in our minds, to be consulted and called upon whenever circumstances or the strange complication of human interests demand its powerful aid.

The recollection of things or facts can alone bring forth a sound judgment. It implies a regular co-ordination of ideas, a catenation of reflections, in which circumstances are linked with each other. The chain broken, no conclusion can be drawn. Newton was wont to lose the thread of an important conversation when his mind was in search of an idea. This is the reason why the society of the learned is seldom entertaining to the generality of men.

The brain is considered to be the seat of memory. When it is injured, remembrance is impaired; and, on the other hand, an accident has been known to improve the recollective faculties. A man remarkable for his bad memory fell from a considerable height upon his head; ever after he could recollect the most trifling circumstance. The effects of different maladies will also produce various results on this faculty. In some instances names of persons and things are completely forgotten or misapplied; at other times, words beginning with a vowel cannot be found. Sudden fright and cold have produced the same effects. An elderly man fell off his horse in crossing a ford in a winter's night; ever afterward he could not bring to his recollection the names of his wife and children, although he did not cease to recognise and love them as fondly as before the accident. Cold has been at

all times considered injurious to memory; hence Paulus Æginus called Oblivion the child of Cold.

Philosophers have endeavoured to fix the seat of memory in various portions of the brain. The ancients fancied that it was lodged in the posterior part of the cranium; having observed that when persons endeavoured to recollect anything they usually scratched the back part of the head. The Arabian physicians entertained a similar belief. Gratarola maintained that a great protuberance of the occiput indicated a good memory. Gall places it above the orbitary cavity of the eye, and even behind it. It has long been thought that persons with protuberant eyes had quick recollections. The physical condition of the brain has also been considered as materially affecting memory. What physiologists have called a moist brain was looked upon as unfavourable to its development; and it was therefore owing to the soft and pulpy condition of the cerebral organs in young children that the difficulty of impressing anything upon their minds arose; the same stupidity being observed in cases where water was supposed to be lodged in the brain. While this humid state was considered as injurious to memory, dryness of the organ was also esteemed an obstacle of a similar nature; and in old age it is by this state of siccidity that failure in memory was attempted to be explained. This failure of memory as age advances may, however, be explained in a much more rational manner. Old people will bear in lively recollection the events that attended their childhood, their youth, and manhood; it is only recent occurrences that shed a transient impression on their minds. The cause of this may be considered to arise from the extreme *impressionability* that prevails in early life, when every organ is prompt in responding to each call upon its powers; when the charms of novelty

tinge with a brighter, yet a more lasting lustre, all our pleasurable sensations; when grief had not yet wrung the young heart till its fibres became callous to future pangs, when perfidy and ingratitude have shown us that all is vanity, and calm philosophy has tutored our passions in the school of adversity. Reason now sits upon the judgment-seat, and all that we then can wonder at is, that at any time we could have wondered at anything.

We have, moreover, convincing proof that the brain may be materially affected without any deterioration of the mental faculties. Dr. Ferriar mentions a man in whom the whole of the right hemisphere, that is, one half of the brain, was found destroyed, but who retained all his faculties till the very moment of his death. Diemerbrook states another case where half a pound of matter was found in the substance of the brain. O'Halloran relates the history of a man who had suffered such an injury of the head that a large portion of his brain was removed on the right side; and extensive suppuration having taken place, an immense quantity of pus, mixed with large masses of the substance of the brain, was discharged at each dressing through the opening. This went on for seventeen days, and it appears that nearly one half of the brain was thrown out, mixed with the matter, yet the man retained all his intellectual faculties to the very moment of his dissolution, and through the whole course of the disease his mind maintained uniform tranquillity.

Amongst the many curious doctrines that have been started to account for the operations of memory, some philosophers have compared it to the art of engraving; pretending that on those subjects where it requires much time and trouble to work an impression it was more durable, while it was only traced in a superficial manner on those brains that were ever ready and soft to receive this plastic influence. These several faculties they therefore compared to bronze or marble, to butter and to wax. Descartes, following up the phantasy, compared recollection to etching, and said that the animal spirits, being passed over the lines previously traced, brought them more powerfully to the mind; thus comparing the brain to the varnished copper-plate over which the engraver passes his mordants. Malebranche endeavoured to establish another doctrine, and compared our cere-

bral organ to an instrument formed of a series of fibres, so arranged that when any recent emotion agitated one of these chords the others would immediately be thrown into vibration, renewing a past chain of ideas. As these chords became less flexible in old age, of course these vibrations were more difficult to obtain. Recollection was also considered an attribute of each molecule of the brain; and Bonnet endeavoured to count how many hundred ideas each molecule was capable of holding during a long life.

The controversies of learned psychologists on the relation of memory and judgment, indeed on the analogies that exist between our several mental faculties, have been as various as they are likely to prove interminable. Without offending these illustrious controversialists, we may endeavour to enumerate these faculties, which, despite the ingenuity of theorists, appear in a practical point of view to exercise a wonderful influence upon each other. The first may be considered the faculty of *perception*, assisted by that of *attention*, to which we are indebted for our *ideas*. These are preserved and called into action from the rich stores of the mind by *memory*, justly called by Cicero the guardian of the other faculties. *Imagination* is the faculty of the mind that represents the images of remembered objects as if they were actually present. *Abstraction* forms general deductions from the foregoing faculties; while *judgment* compares and examines the analogies and relations of the ideas of sense and of abstract notions. Finally, *reason* draws inferences from the comparisons of judgment.

It is from the combination and the workings of these wonderful powers that *appetency*, *desires*, *aversions*, and *volition* arise. *Appetency* occasions *desires*, and these, when disappointed or satiated, inevitably usher in *aversions* and *antipathies*; although our antipathies are frequently instinctive, and not arising from any combination of the faculties I have enumerated.

Dr. Gall has considered these mental faculties as fundamental; and in this view he was certainly correct, since they may be considered the source whence all other distinct capacities are probably formed by particular habits of study and the nature of our pursuits, independently of those specific capacities which appear to be innate, and, according to the system of the phrenologists, organic. Every man pos-

sesses these fundamental faculties in a greater or less degree, according to the obtuseness or the energies of his mind; but it is absurd to conceive that specific capacities can be brought into action without the agency of those which are fundamental. Let us take the instinct to destroy life, the sentiment of property, metaphysical sagacity, or poetic talent,—in short, any one of Gall's various faculties; can we for one instant conceive that they are not under the influence of *perception*, *memory*, *imagination*, and *abstraction*, although they may not be properly ruled by *judgment* and by *reason*? Instincts are equally under a similar influence, and are, according to circumstances, regulated by judgment in the various modes of life of animals. Phrenologists deny that instinct is a general faculty, and assert that it is an inherent disposition to activity possessed by every faculty, and that there are as many instincts as fundamental faculties. This is a postulation by no means clear. Instinct is an inherent disposition possessed by every animal, but not by every faculty. It is a disposition dependent upon the combination of all the mental faculties, according to the degree in which the animal may possess them: the reminiscences of animals prove it. The horse starts when passing by the same spot where he had started before. But here the memory of facts, *memoria realis*, and probably of words, *memoria verbalis*, are superadded to the *memoria localis*. The horse recollects the tree, the carrion, the object that startled him, whatever it might have been; but to this reminiscence are associated the chiding, the punishment he received from his rider. If this horse had possessed the faculties of *abstraction*, *judgment*, and *reason*, he would not have started, to avoid a reiteration of punishment; but he started under the impression of *perception*, *attention*, and *memory*. Wherever there does not exist a combination of the faculties, the intellectual ones may be considered imperfect. We certainly may have a greater perception and memory of one subject than of others. Thus, a man with a musical organization will recollect any tune he may have heard, though it may not have attracted the *attention* of one who "hath no music in his soul." We daily perceive different talents in children educated together. This is, no doubt, a strong corroboration of the doctrine of organic dispositions, which in reality no philosophic observer can deny;

but to assert that these several dispositions are not regulated by what have been called the fundamental faculties, is, I apprehend, a position that cannot well be maintained; and we may be warranted in the conclusion that a particular faculty may be the result of the combined action of several faculties, if not of all; for, whether a man be a poet or a painter, a miser or a spendthrift, an affectionate father or an assassin, every one of the mental faculties that I have enumerated will to a certain extent be brought into action, however morbid that action may be.

All these disquisitions, however attractive they may be, when decked out with the fascination of the fancy, are the mere wanderings of metaphysical speculation, that never can be proved or refuted until we attain a knowledge of the nature and quality of the perceptions which material objects produce in the mind through the medium of the external senses. But while some of these speculations are idle and harmless, others may be fraught with danger, and occasion much misery to society. Let us for one moment conceive the possibility of our resolves and actions being dictated by a supposed phrenological knowledge—a knowledge earnestly recommended to statesmen, and indeed to mankind in general; what would be the result? A diplomatic bungler would be sent on an embassy, because a minister, or a sovereign, with a phrenological map before him, may fancy that he displays the faculty of circumspection, or the sense of things; and a chancellor of the exchequer be found in some needy adventurer who possessed the organ of relation of numbers!

I do not at all presume to invalidate the statements of Dr. Gall. The profession is highly indebted to him for his accurate description of the brain; and physiology must ever consider him as one of the brightest ornaments of science: but I do maintain, that to recommend his conclusions as a guide to society would be the most rash of visionary speculations.

The memory of various persons is amazing, and has been remarked in ancient times with much surprise. Cyrus knew the name of every soldier in his army. Mithridates, who had troops of twenty-two nations serving under his banners, became a proficient in the language of each country. Cyneas, sent on a mission to Rome by Pyrrhus, made

himself acquainted in two days with the names of all the senators and the principal citizens. Appius Claudius and the Emperor Hadrian, according to Seneca, could recite two thousand words in the order they had heard them, and afterwards repeat them from the end to the beginning. Portius Latro could deliver all the speeches he had hastily written without any study.

Esdras is stated by historians to have restored the sacred Hebrew volumes by memory when they had been destroyed by the Chaldeans; and, according to Eusebius, it is to his sole recollection that we are indebted for that part of Holy Writ. St. Anthony, the Egyptian hermit, although he could not read, knew the whole Scripture by heart: and St. Jerome mentions one Neopolien, an illiterate soldier, who, anxious to enter into monastic orders, learned to recite the works of all the fathers, and obtained the name of the Living Dictionary of Christianity; while St. Antonius, the Florentine, at the age of sixteen, could repeat all the Papal Bulls, the Decrees of Councils, and the Canons of the Church, without missing a word. Pope Clement V. owed his prodigious memory to a fall on his head. This accident had at first impaired this faculty; but by dint of application he endeavoured to recover its powers, and he succeeded so completely, that Petrarch informs us he never forgot anything that he had read. John Pico de la Mirandola, justly considered a prodigy, could maintain a thesis on any subject—*de omni re scibili*—when a mere child; and when verses were read to him, he could repeat them backward. Joseph Scaliger learned his Homer in twenty-one days, and all the Latin poets in four months. Haller mentions a German scholar, of the name of Muller, who could speak twenty languages correctly. Our own literary annals record many instances of this wonderful faculty.

To fortify this function, when naturally weak, or to restore it to its pristine energy when enfeebled by any peculiar circumstances, has been long considered an essential study both by the philosopher and the physician. Reduced to an art, this pursuit has received the name of *Mnemonia*; and at various periods professors of it, more or less distinguished by their success, have appeared in the several capitals of Europe.

It has been justly observed that remembrance is to the past what our sen-

sations are to the present, and our busy conjectures to futurity. Memory gives a lesson to mankind, by stripping past events of their *prestige*; thus enabling us to view what passes around us with a more calm and philosophic resignation, while at the same time it tends to protect us, in the career lying before us, against the many contingencies that are likely to impede our path. Although it might appear desirable that we could obliterate from the mind the painful scenes of our past life, yet the wisdom of the Creator has deemed this faculty as necessary to our happiness as our utter ignorance of our future destiny. For let us mistake not by a hasty glance on this most important subject; the remembrance of past sufferings is not always painful. On the contrary, there is that which is holy in our past sorrows that tends to produce a calm, nay a pleasurable sensation of gratitude. St. Theresa beautifully expressed this hallowed feeling when she exclaimed, "Where are those blissful days when I felt so unhappy!"

Memory depends in a great measure on the vivacity with which these past scenes are retraced—I may say re-transmitted to the mind, in ideal forms "as palpable" as those that may be present. Therefore reminiscence may be said to result from a connexion between ideas and images recalled into being by a regular succession of expressive signs that the brute creation do not possess. Those characteristic signs and images that are generally circumstantial are co-ordinated and classified in the mind, and tend materially in weak memories to produce an artificial mode of recollecting the past. This faculty is therefore matured by habit. A literary man, whose library is properly classified, will find the book he wants in the dark. The classification of his books is ever present to his mind. These circumstantial signs are always remembered by a sort of association in our ideas. Thus Descartes, who fondly loved a girl who squinted, was always affected with strabismus when speaking of her. When we first see a person in any particular costume, the individual is clad in the same apparel whenever brought to our minds, even after a lapse of many years, when fashion has banished even from general recollection the costume that memory thus retraces individually. From these observations it has been concluded that the most probable method of improving memory would be to regulate these

associations by a proper classification. One link of this ideal chain will naturally lead to another. Many military men, to recollect any number, will associate it with that of a regiment, so far at least as the number of regiments extends; and the recollection of this particular regiment will not only bring to his mind the number of the house he seeks, but various other circumstances connected both with the regiment and the number. For instance, I wish to recollect No. 87 in a certain street. I had, when the number was mentioned to me, attached it to the 87th regiment; and instantly I not only recollect that the 87th regiment are the Irish Fusiliers, but that they took an eagle at Barossa, where they distinguished themselves, and that the figure of that eagle is borne upon all the appointments of the corps. At the same moment, with the rapidity of lightning I recollect all the circumstances of the battle of Barossa; the different conversations I may have had at various times with the officers of the 87th; the town, the camp, the bivouac where I last had met them. Thus are innumerable circumstances instantaneously converging in a mental focus while simply seeking for the lodgings of an individual. This may be called the memory of locality, since it is locality that revives the recollection of it.

This train of thought has also been called the memory of association, and associations have been referred to three classes:—

- I. Natural or philosophical associations.
- II. Local or incidental associations.
- III. Arbitrary or fictitious associations.

Dr. Abercrombie has admirably treated this subject, and I refer the reader to his interesting work.* The poet Simonides is said to have been the founder of the mnemonic art. Cicero informs us, that, supping one night with a noble Thessalian, he was called out by two of his acquaintance, and while in conversation with them the roof of the house fell in, and crushed to death all the guests he had left at table. When the bodies were sought for, they were so disfigured by the accident that they could not be recognised even by their nearest friends; but Simonides identified them all, by merely recollecting the seats they had held at the banquet.

Cicero and Quintilian adopted his sys-

* *Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers &c.*

tem, connecting the ideas of a discourse with certain figures. The different parts of the hilt of a sword, for instance, might regulate the details of a battle; the different parts of a tree associate the relations of a journey. Other mnemonic teachers recommended the division of ideas to correspond with the distribution of a house; while some of them refreshed the memory by associations connected with the fingers and other parts of the hand.

The celebrated Feinagle, who delivered lectures on memory, had adopted the system of aiding the memory by dates, changing the figures in the dates into the letters of the alphabet corresponding to them in number. These letters were then formed into a word to be in some way associated with the date to be remembered; for instance, Henry IV., King of England, was born in the year 1366. This date changed into letters makes *mff*, which was very easily changed into the word *muff*; the method is not so obvious of establishing with this a relation to Henry IV., but Henry IV., says Mr. Feinagle, means four hens, and we put them in a muff, one in each corner, and no one after hearing this is in any danger of forgetting the date of Henry IV.'s birth.

Learning poetry by heart in infancy and youth is perhaps one of the best methods of improving memory, since it lays the early foundation of a classification of words and ideas. To abridge, resume, and analyze what we have read or heard, is another practice highly beneficial; for, the more clearly we comprehend a subject, the deeper will it remain engraved in our memory. Reading what we wish to recollect before going to bed will materially assist the memory. We sleep over the impressions we have received, and dreams alone can weaken them. From this very reason we can write with more facility upon subjects that require much mental exertion in the morning, fasting, when the mind has not been disturbed by the events of the day, and when the functions of digestion have not drawn upon our faculties, too frequently with the lavishness of a spendthrift. It is somewhat singular, but, despite the interruption of dreams, our ideas are matured during our sleep.

Memory is subject to be variously disturbed in certain maladies. There is an affection called *amnesia*, in which it utterly fails, and another termed *dysmnnesia*,

when it is defective. Failure of memory is generally more manifest on some subjects than on others. Salmuth relates the case of a man who had forgotten to pronounce words, although he could write them. Another person could only recollect the first syllables. An old man had forgotten all the past events of his life, unless recalled to his recollection by some occurrence; yet every night he regularly recollected some one particular circumstance of his early days. A curious anecdote is recorded of an elderly gentleman who had fallen into the meshes of an artful courtesan, and who frequently took his own wife for this insidious acquaintance, frequently saying to her, "Madam, I feel that I am doing wrong by devoting to you so much of my time, for, when a man has a wife and children, such conduct is unpardonable;" and, after this polite observation, he took up his hat, and would have walked off, had not his wife, wise enough not to manifest displeasure, contrived to undeceive him.

Dietrich mentions a patient who remembered facts, but had totally forgotten words; while another could write, although he had lost the faculty of reading. Old men are frequently met with who confound substantives, and will call their snuff-box a cane, and their watch a hat. In other cases letters are transposed, and a musician has called his *flute* a *tusle*. Dr. Abercrombie relates the case of a gentleman who uniformly called his snuff-box a hogshead. In Virginia he had been a trader in tobacco, so that the transition from snuff to tobacco, and from tobacco to a hogshead seemed to be natural. Another person, affected in a similar manner, always called for paper when he wanted coals, and coals when he needed paper. Others are known to invent names and unintelligible words. Some curious anagrams have been made by these irregularities. John Hunter was suddenly attacked with a loss of memory, which is thus related by Sir Everard Home: "He was at the time on a visit at the house of a friend. He did not know in what part of the house he was, not even the name of the street when he was told, nor where his own house was. He had not a conception of anything existing beyond the room in which he was, and yet he was perfectly conscious of the loss of memory. He was sensible of impressions of all kinds from the senses, and therefore looked out of the window, although rather dark, to see if he could be made sensible

of the situation of the house. The loss of memory gradually went off, and in less than half an hour his memory was perfectly recovered."

Corvinus Messala lost his memory for two years, and in his old age could not remember his own name. This is an occurrence by no means uncommon; and I knew a person in perfect health who could only recollect his name by writing it. We frequently see individuals who, although they are generally correct orthographers, cannot sometimes spell a simple conjunction. An anecdote is related of a German statesman, who having called at a gentleman's house, the servants of which not knowing him, was asked for his name, which he had, however, so totally forgotten, that he was under the necessity of turning round to a friend and saying with great earnestness, "Pray tell me who I am, for I cannot recollect."

Cases are recorded of the forgetfulness of a language constantly spoken, while one nearly forgotten from want of practice was recovered. A patient in St. Thomas's Hospital, who had been admitted with a brain-fever, on his recovery spoke an unknown language to his attendants. A Welsh milkman happened to be in the ward, and recognised his native dialect; although the patient had left Wales in early youth, had resided thirty years in England, and had nearly forgotten his native tongue. Boerhaave relates a curious case of a Spanish poet, author of several excellent tragedies, who had so completely lost his memory in consequence of an acute fever, that he not only had forgotten the languages he had formerly cultivated, but even the alphabet, and was obliged to begin again to learn to read. His own former productions were shown to him, but he could not recognise them. Afterwards, however, he began once more to compose verses, which bore so striking a resemblance to his former writings, that he at length became convinced of his having been the author of them.

Dr. Abercrombie relates the case of an aged gentleman who, in an attack of the head, had almost forgotten the English language, and expressed himself in a mixed dialect of French, Italian, Spanish, German, and Turkish. Having been some time afterwards severely burnt about the head, by setting fire to the curtains of his bed, he was observed to make use of some English words; this being followed by a course of blistering, he continued to speak more English, but only occasionally,

and in very short sentences. These were sometimes correctly applied, but at other times most erroneously; for instance, having been taken to see a small house, he observed, "it is very neat, but it is a very little child."

Dr. Beattie mentions the case of a clergyman who, on his recovery from an apoplectic attack, had exactly forgotten a period of four years; and Dr. Abercrombie records a lady who had thus forgotten ten or twelve years of her life. Wepfer mentions a gentleman, who on recovery from an apoplectic attack, was found to know nobody and remember nothing. After several weeks he began to know his friends, to remember words, to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and to read a few words of Latin, rather than German, his native language. When urged to read more than a few words at a time, he said that he formerly understood those things, but now did not. After some time he began to pay more attention to what was passing around him, but while thus making slight and gradual progress, he was, after a few months, suddenly cut off by another attack of apoplexy. Dr. Beattie relates the case of a gentleman who, after a blow on the head, lost his knowledge of Greek, and did not appear to have lost anything else.

Loss of memory has been observed as a frequent occurrence after the prevalence of pestilential diseases. Thucydides relates, that after the plague of Athens several of the inhabitants forgot their own names and those of their parents and friends. After the disastrous retreat of the French army in Russia, and the disease which swept away so many of their troops at Wilna, many of the survivors had no recollection of country or of home. Injuries of the head appear to occasion different results. This circumstance was observed by the ancients. Valerius Maximus relates the case of an Athenian, who, being struck on the head with a stone, forgot all literary attainments, although he preserved the recollection of other matters. A man wounded with a sword in the eye completely forgot Greek and Latin, in which he had formerly been a proficient. A young man, having fallen off his horse and contused his head, lost his memory to such an extent that he would repeat a question a hundred times over, although the very first interrogation had been answered. He had not the slightest recollection of his accident. Epileptic and paralytic attacks frequently usher in this melancholy result, which

has also been often observed after childbirth.

Dr. Abercrombie knew a lady who was seized with an apoplectic fit while engaged at cards; the attack took place on a Thursday evening—she lay in a state of stupor on Friday and Saturday, and recovered her consciousness rather suddenly on Sunday. The first words she then uttered were, "What is trump?"

Dr. Conolly mentions a young clergyman who, when on the point of being married, suffered an injury of the head, by which his understanding became impaired. He lived in this condition to the advanced age of eighty, and to the last day of his existence, spoke of nothing but his approaching wedding, expressing impatience for the arrival of the happy day.

A singular instance of forgetfulness is related of a lady who had been united to a man she loved, after much opposition on the part of her family, and who lost her memory after the birth of a child. She could not be made to recollect any circumstance that had occurred since her marriage; nor could she recognise her husband or her infant, both of whom she maintained were utter strangers to her. At first she repulsed them with apparent horror, but was at last, by the entreaties of her family, induced to believe that she was a wife and a mother; and although she yielded to their solicitations, yet for years she could not persuade herself that their assertions were correct, as she actually was convinced "against her will." In this instance disease not only destroyed memory, but affection.

The case of Dr. Broussonnet was remarkable. An accident he had met with in the Pyrenees brought on an apoplectic attack. When he recovered, he could neither write nor pronounce correctly any substantives or personal names either in French or Latin, while adjectives and epithets crowded in his mind. Thus, when speaking of a person, he would describe his appearance, his qualities, and, without pronouncing the word "coat," would name its colour. In his botanical pursuits he could point out the form and colour of plants, but had not the power of naming them. A Parisian merchant, after severe losses, experienced such a failure in recollection, that he was constantly guilty of the most absurd anachronisms;—would talk of the battles of Louis XIV. with Alexander the Great, and describe Charles XII. ascending triumphantly Mount Valerian.

Sudden fright has also obliterated this faculty. Artemidorus lost his memory from the terror inspired by treading on a crocodile. Bleeding has produced the same effects; while, on the other hand, blood-letting has restored an absent man to perfect recollection. Various venenose substances have also been said to produce amnesia. History records several instances of the kind. The soldiers of Anthony, on their return from the Parthian war, were attacked with loss of memory after eating some poisonous plants on their march. Bamba, king of the Goths, was suddenly deprived of all recollection after taking a draught presented to him by Eringius. Plater and Baldinger attributed a similar accident to the use of hemlock and arsenic. Narcotics, no doubt, may produce similar effects, but they will be of a transient nature.

The cause of these affections will most probably ever be unknown. Equally futile have proved all the endeavours to ascertain in what part of the brain memory is seated, since we have found some

physiologists lodging this wonderful faculty in the posterior, and others in the anterior portion of the cranium. I apprehend that we might torture the brute creation, from the elephant down to the lowest reptile, for centuries, without being able to ascertain this point; and even could we attain this information, *cui bono?* Would it protect this privileged quarter of the cerebral organ from the action of external agency, or restore it to its healthy functions when diseased? The mode in which our mental faculties are developed is an impenetrable mystery; and, instead of vainly endeavouring to raise the mystic veil to gratify our curiosity, or rather our vanity, let us endeavour to apply these functions to the use for which they were intended by the all-wise Creator, and exert them for the purpose of increasing the prosperity, or at any rate in endeavouring to diminish the sum of sufferings of his creatures, whether they be our fellow-men or the divers races that are submitted to our capricious power.

THE STEPS OF TIME.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

I.

THREEFOLD are the steps of Time:
Future cometh lingeringly,
Present passeth wearily,
Past remains eternally.

II.

No impatience hasteneth on
Those steps, if ling'ringly they come;
Fear and doubt may ne'er delay
Those steps, if swift they pass away:
And the bitterest anguish never
Moves the Past! It 'bides for ever.

III.

Wouldst thou calm, and free from sorrow,
End thy life? Trust not the Morrow;
Deem thou not too long To-day,
All too swift 'twill glide away.
Live thus, and thou th' eternal Past
Shalt find no foe to thee at last.

PARLOUR OCCUPATIONS.

PAINTING ON VELVET.

NUMEROUS inquiries have been addressed to us for some instructions in the elegant art of painting on velvet, and we have at length prepared an article on the subject, which, we think, will satisfy our readers. Papers on ornamental work are exceedingly useful, when, by the aid of practical experience, they convey simple and precise directions which can easily be learned.

Among the various accomplishments of the present day, no fancy work is perhaps more elegant, produces a better effect, and is, at the same time, more easily and quickly performed, than painting on velvet. Possessing all the beauty of colour of a piece of wool-work, it is every way superior, as the tints used in this style of painting do not fade; and an article, which it would take a month, at least, to manufacture with the needle, may be completed, in four or six hours, on white velvet with the softest and most finished effect imaginable. Another recommendation greatly in favour of this sort of work is, that it does not require the knowledge of drawing on the part of the pupil, being done with formulas, somewhat in the manner of the old Poonah paintings, except that in this case the colours are moist. If these formulas be kept steady, a failure is next to impossible. The colours, of which there are twelve, together with a mordant for diluting them in case they become dry, may be procured at 65, York Place, Edinburgh, or of Miss Sharpley, Abbey Roads, Torquay.

The first thing necessary to be done, after obtaining the colours and the velvet (which should be cotton, or more properly velveteen, as most common cotton velvets are not sufficiently thick, and silk velvet, besides the expense, is not found to answer), is to prepare the formula for the group intended to be painted. Get a piece of tracing or silver paper the size of the cushion, mat, or screen you wish to paint; then lay it carefully upon the group you wish to copy, and trace through. Should the paper slip, the formula will be incorrect; it will be therefore well to use weights to keep all flat. Having traced your flowers, remove the thin paper, and laying it on a piece of cartridge paper the same size, go over the pencil

marks by pricking them out with a fine needle, inserted in a cedar stick. Now that you have your whole pattern pricked out clearly upon a stiff paper, take eight or nine more pieces of cartridge paper, of the same size as the first, and laying them, one by one, in turn, under the pricked pattern, shake a little powdered indigo over, and then rub with a roll of list or any soft material. The indigo falling through the punctures, will leave the pattern in blue spots on the sheet of paper beneath; then proceed in like manner with the remaining formulas until you have the self-same pattern, neatly traced, in blue dots, on them all. Next, with a sharp penknife, you must cut out the leaves, petals, and calices of the group, taking care to cut only a few on each formula, and those not too near together, lest there should not be sufficient room to rub between the spaces, and that, for instance, the green tint intended for the leaf should intrude on the azure or crimson of the nearest convolvulus; for it must be kept in mind that in this sort of work erasure is impossible.

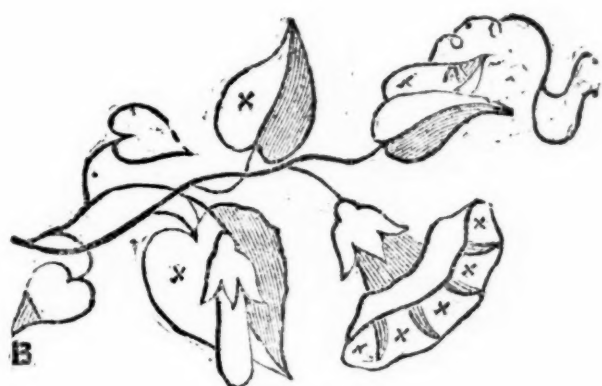
The following diagrams will show how the formulas should be cut, so as to leave proper spaces, as above-mentioned. The shading denotes the parts cut out.



Formula 1.

Some leaves may be cut out in two halves, as the large ones in the pattern; others all in one, as the small leaf: but it is chiefly a matter of taste. The large leaves should, however, generally be divided. In each formula there should be two guides—one on the top of the left hand side, the other at the bottom of the right hand corner—to

enable the formulas always to be placed on the same spot in the velvet. For instance, as in Formula 2, A and B are the two guides, and are parts cut out, in Formula 2, of leaves, the whole of which were cut out in No. 1; and therefore, after No. 1 is painted, and No. 2 applied, the ends of the painted leaves will show through, if No. 2 be put on straight; if, when once right, the formula is kept down with weights at the corners, it cannot fail to match at all points. Care should, however, be taken never to put paint on the guides, as it would necessarily leave an abrupt line in the centre of the leaf. While cutting out the formulas, it is a good plan to mark with a cross or dot those leaves which you have already cut out on the formulas preceding, so that there will be no confusion. When



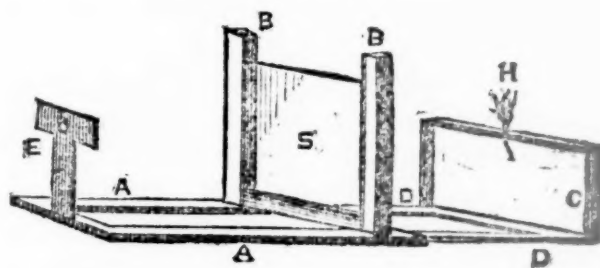
Formula 2.

your formulas are all cut, wash them over with a preparation made in this manner: put into a wide-mouthed bottle some resin and shell-lac—about two ounces of each are sufficient; on this pour enough spirits of wine or naphtha to cover it, and let it stand to dissolve, shaking it every now and then; if it is not quite dissolved as you wish it, add rather more spirits of wine; then wash the formulas all over on both sides with the preparation, and let them dry. Now taking Formula No. 1, lay it on the white velvet, and place weights on each corner to keep it steady; now pour into a little saucer a small quantity of the colour called Saxon green, shaking the bottle first, as there is apt to be a sediment; then take the smallest quantity possible on your brush (for if too much be taken, it runs, and flattens the pile of the velvet; the brush should have thick, short bristles, not camel-hair, and there ought to be a separate brush for each tint: they are sold with the colours). Now begin on the darkest part of the leaf, and work lightly round and round in a circular motion, taking care to hold the brush

upright, and to work more as it were on the formula than on the velvet; should you find the velvet getting crushed down and rough, from having the brush too damp, continue to work lightly till it is drier, then brush the pile the right way of it, and it will be as smooth as before. Do all the green in each formula in the same manner, unless there be any blue-greens, when they should be grounded instead, with the tint called grass green.

Next, if any of the leaves are to be tinted red, brown, or yellow, as Autumn leaves, add the colour over the Saxon green, before you shade with *full green*, which will be the next thing to be done; blue-green leaves to be shaded also with *full green*. Now, while the green is yet damp, with a small camel-hair pencil vein the leaves with ultramarine. The tendrils and stalks are also to be done with the small brush. You can now begin the flowers: take, for instance, the convolvulus in the pattern. It should be grounded with *azure*, and shaded with ultramarine (which colour, wherever used, should always be mixed with water, and rubbed on a palette with a knife); the stripes in it are rose-colour, and should be tinted from the rose saucer. White roses and camellias, lilies, &c., are only lightly shaded with white shading; and if surrounded by dark flowers and leaves so as to stand out well, will have a very good effect.

Flowers can easily be taken from nature in the following manner:—A A,



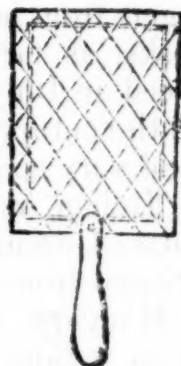
D D, is a frame of deal, made light, and about two feet long, and eight or ten inches in width. The part D D is made to slide in a groove in A A, so that the frame may be lengthened or shortened at pleasure. A vertical frame C, is fixed to the part D, and two grooved upright pieces, B B, fixed to the other part. These uprights should be about nine inches high, and C half that height. There is also a piece of wood at the end A of the frame, marked E, with a small hole for the eye, and there is a hole in the top C opposite to it. S is a piece of glass, sliding in the grooves in B B. In

the hole H is placed the flower or flowers to be copied. If a group is wished, more holes should be made, and the flowers carefully arranged. The eye being directed to this through the hole in E, it can be sketched on the glass by means of a pencil of lithographic chalk. It is afterwards copied through by sliding the glass out, laying it on a table, and placing over it a piece of tracing-paper. When traced on the paper, proceed as before to make the formulas.

Of course, so delicate a thing as white velvet will be found at length to soil. When this is the case, it can be dyed without in any way injuring the painting. For this a dye is prepared by England, the manufacturer of the colours, and can be procured with them.

Dye in this manner:—Get an old slate-frame, or make a wire frame; add to it a handle, thus; then tie over it a network of packthread; next cut a piece of cardboard the exact size of your group, so as completely to cover it, the edges of the cardboard being cut into all the ins and outs of the outer line of the group; then placing it carefully over the painting, so as to fit exactly, lay a weight on it to keep it in place. Then dip a large brush into the dye, hold the frame over the velvet (which should be stretched out flat

—to nail the corners to a drawing-board is best), and by brushing across the net-



work, a rain of dye will fall on the velvet beneath. Do not let the frame touch the velvet; it should be held some little way up. Then just brush the velvet itself with the brush of dye, to make all smooth, and leave the velvet nailed to the board till it is dry. Groups, whether freshly done, or dyed, are greatly improved, when perfectly dry, by being brushed all over with a clean and rather soft hat-brush, as it renders any little roughness, caused by putting on the paint too wet, completely smooth and even as before. Music-stools, the front of pianos, ottomans, banner-screens, pole-screens, and borders for table-cloths look very handsome done in this manner.

A CHAPTER ON KNIVES AND FORKS.

At the present time, knives and forks form so necessary a part of the furniture of the dinner-table amongst most civilized people, that the mere idea of eating a meal without them would excite disgust. The introduction of the fork, however, is of comparatively recent date; and the knife, too, as a dinner-knife alone, is not very much older.

It should be recollected that the ancients could much more readily dispense with forks than we can. All their meat, as is still customary in the east, was dressed in such a manner as to be exceedingly tender, and therefore could be easily pulled to pieces. It appears, however, that people, though not in the earliest periods, employed the same means as our cooks, and suffered meat to lie some time that it might be easier dressed. We often read that cooks, in order to provide an

entertainment speedily, will kill an animal, and having cleaned and divided it, wash it immediately, and then serve it up to the guests. But it is well known that the flesh of animals newly killed, if cooked before it has entirely lost its natural warmth, is exceedingly tender and savoury, as we are assured in many books of travels.

Fruits, vegetables, and honey, having formed a very considerable portion of the diet of many of the nations of antiquity, must also have had something to do with the late invention of the fork, and of the use of the dinner-knife.

Neither the Greeks nor the Romans had any name for forks; and no phrase or expression which, with the least probability, can be referred to the use of them, occurs anywhere in their writings. The Latin word *ligulia*, it is true, signified an

instrument similar to our spoons. It meant merely an instrument employed by cooks to take meat from a boiling pot to prevent their fingers from being scalded.

The use of forks, as far as we know, was first introduced in Italy towards the end of the fifteenth century; but at that time they were not very common. Galeatus Martius, an Italian, resident at the court of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, who reigned from 1458 to 1490, relates that in Hungary, at that time, forks were not used at table, as they were in many parts of Italy; but that at meals each person laid hold of the meat with his fingers, and on that account they were much stained with saffron, which was then put into sauces and soups. He praises the king for eating without a fork, yet conversing at the same time, and never soiling his apparel.

The knowledge of the use of forks in England is popularly supposed to have been derived from the Italians; but we know for certain that they were in use here at the royal table as early as towards the close of the thirteenth century. Mr. Hudson Turner informs us, that among the valuables found in the wardrobe of Edward I., after his death at Burgh-on-the-Sands, in 1307, were six silver forks and one of gold. This fact, however, proves no more than that forks were known at that period; it is clear for various reasons that they were by no means in common use. The fingers, and knives, or daggers, of folks served for many centuries afterwards to enable them to eat their several meals. Meat was at that period often brought to table on a spit, and served round by the attendants, when each guest, as he pleased, cut a portion with his knife. This fashion of serving is shown on the Bayeux tapestry, and in numerous illustrations of a later date. Among princes and nobles these spits were usually formed of silver. Henry III. had one of gold in which a "serpent's tongue" was set.* The knives used at meals by the wealthier classes at this time had frequently handles of silver enamelled, or of agate or crystal.

Among the reasons for our assertion that forks were scarcely known in England till the reign of James I. we will

* The serpent's tongue was a shark's tooth. These fossils for many centuries were brought by pilgrims from Malta, the supposed site of the shipwreck of St. Paul, under the belief that they were the petrified tongues of vipers, and that they were possessed of talismanic properties.

quote a passage in a work by Thomas Coryate. "Here I will mention," says he, "a thing that might have been spoken of before in discourse of the first Italian town. I observed a custom in all those Italian cities and towns through the which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels, neither do I think that any other nation of Christendom doth use it, but only Italy. The Italians, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, do always at their meals use a little fork, when they cut their meat. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they eat the meat out of the dish, they fasten the fork which they hold in their other hand upon the same dish, so that whatsoever he be that, sitting in the company of any others at meal, should unadvisedly touch the dish of meat with his fingers, from which all at the table do cut, he will give occasion of offence unto all the company as having transgressed the laws of good manners, insomuch that for his error he shall be at the least browbeaten, if not reprehended in words. This form of feeding I understand is generally used in all places of Italy, their forks being for the most part made of iron, steel, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike clean. Hereupon I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meat, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home: being once equipped for that frequent using of my fork, by a certain learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, M. Laurence Whitaker, who in his merry humour doubted not to call me at table *Furcifer*, only for using a fork at feeding, but for no other cause."*

Even when Heylin published his *Cosmography* in 1652, forks were still a novelty. After having spoken of the ivory sticks used by the Chinese, he adds: "The use of silver forks with us, by some of our spruce gallants taken up of late, came from hence into Italy, and from thence into England." Their use was much ridiculed, as an effeminate piece of finery, in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays. "Your fork-carving traveller" is

* *Coryates Crudities*, p. 90-91. 4to. London. 1611.

spoken of with much contempt; and Ben Jonson has joined in the laugh against them in one of his plays.

Meercraft says to Gilthead and Sledge:—

“Have I deserved this from you too? for all My pains at court, to get you each a patent.”

Gilthead. “For what?”

Meercraft. “Upon my project of the *forks*.”

Sledge. “*Forks*! What be they?”

Meercraft. “The laudable use of forks, Brought into custom here as they are in Italy, To the sparing of napkins.”

Formerly those articles of food which required it, were cut into small morsels before they were served up; and this was the more necessary, as the company did not sit at table, but lay on couches turned towards it, consequently could not well use both their hands for eating.

For cutting meat, persons of rank and fortune kept in their houses a carver, who had learned to perform his duty according to certain rules. This person used a knife, the only one placed on the table, and which frequently had an ivory handle, and was commonly ornamented with silver.

Posidonius relates that the Gauls used to take roast meat in their hand and tear it to pieces with their teeth, or to cut it with a small knife, which each carried in his girdle. This was told as a thing uncommon to the Greeks.

Bread was never cut at table. In former times it was not baked so thick as at present, but rather like cakes, and could easily be broken; hence mention is so often made of the “breaking” of bread. Juvenal, when he wishes to describe old bread, does not say that it could not be cut, but that it could not be broken. The ancient form of bread is still retained in the paschal cake of the Jews.

Among the Scotch Highlanders, as Dr. Johnson asserts, knives have been introduced at table only since the time of the Revolution. Before that period, every man had a knife of his own as a companion to his dirk or dagger. The men cut the meat into small morsels for the women, who then put them into their mouths with their fingers.

Webster, in his *Travels through Guinea, Turkey, and Egypt*, gives an account of a visit which he paid to Achmet Cachef, Governor of Fouah. “Pleased with the acquisition of his three bottles,” says our traveller, “he invited us to remain to supper, which was served up about midnight. A large, circular tin tray was brought in, round which we seated our-

selves, and having washed our hands, commenced the meal in the Turkish fashion. A spoon, but no knife or fork, was given to each guest, who helped himself to the soup, all eating out of the same tureen. This was followed by about twenty different dishes, amongst which was a saddle of mutton, which we were invited to claw to pieces with the rest of the party—our host showing his attention by tearing off every now and then a large piece of mutton with his fingers, and placing it before us.”

Mrs. Lane, in her very interesting work—*The Englishwoman in Egypt*—says, “We have gone so far as to adopt their manner of eating; and here I must digress to beg you not to say, ‘How very disgusting!’ but read *how* we do it, and then you may confess that it is not so unpleasant as you thought. The dishes are prepared in a very delicate manner; for instance, small cucumbers, and other vegetables of a similar kind, are scooped out and stuffed with minced meat and rice; mince meat is wrapped in vine leaves, and so dexterously cooked, that each leaf, with its contents, continues compact, and is easily taken in the fingers. Fried meat in cakes, and the same in form of sausages, are equally convenient; and all I have mentioned, and a hundred others (for there is great variety in their cookery), may be taken almost as delicately as a slice of cake.”

And, further on, she describes a dinner-party at which she was present in Mehemet Ali’s harem:—“Soon after noon, dinner was announced, and the widow of Toosoon Pasha led the way to a room adjoining the saloon, where a most elegant dinner was arranged, on a very large round silver tray. . . . The tray was covered with small silver dishes, filled with various creams, jellies, &c., and most tastefully garnished with exquisite flowers. In the centre was a fore-quarter of lamb, on pillau. I was truly glad, on this occasion especially, that my home-habits had been Eastern; had the case been otherwise, a joint of meat to be eaten *without knife or fork* would have been a formidable object; for, under any circumstances, I should not have anticipated that the widow of Toosoon Pasha, who, being the eldest, was the most honoured at table, would have distinguished me as she did, by passing to me, *with her own fingers*, almost every morsel that I ate during dinner.”

The Chinese use, instead of forks, small sticks of ivory, which are often of very

fine workmanship, and inlaid with silver and gold. A couple of these are placed before each guest, who employs them for putting into his mouth the meat which has been cut into small bits.

In a work published in 1524, we find some curious references to the use of the knife at table:—

"Of thy bread no sops it thou make,
Loud for to sup it is again gentleness;
With mouth embrued thy cup thou not take,
In ale and wine with hand leave no fatness;
Foul not thy napery for no recklessness,
Neither at meat beware begin no strife,
Thy teeth, also, pick not with thy knife.

* * * * *
And where so be thou dine or sup,
Of gentleness *take salt with thy knife, &c.*

* * * * *
Of courtesy also again the law,
With sown dishonest for to do offence;
Of old surfeits atwyte not thy fellow,
Toward thy sovereign have always thy adu-
'tence;

Play not with thy knife, &c.

* * * * *
Drop not thy breast with sauce ne potage,
Bring no knives unsoured to the table," &c.

A book printed by Wynkyn de Worde, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, supplies some curious particulars respecting the dinner-table, &c. The terms of carving were singular:—

Break that deer.	"Trassene" that eel.
"Lesche" that brawn.	Tame that crab.
Rear that goose.	Display that crane.
List that swan.	Disfigure that peacock.
Sauce that capon.	Unjoint that bittern.
Spoil that hen.	Untach that curlew.
"Fruche" that chicken.	Alay that "felande."
Unbrace that mallard.	Wing that partridge.
Unlace the cony.	Wing that quail.
Dismember that heron.	Mince that plover.
Thigh that pigeon.	Border that pastry.
Thigh that woodcock.	Timber that fry.
Thigh all manner of small birds.	"Tyere" that egg.
Chine that salmon.	String that lampree.
Splat that pike.	Sauce that plaice.
	Splay that bream.

Sauce that tench.	Tusk that herbell.
Side that haddock.	Fine that cheven.
Culpon that trout.	Barb that lobster.
"Under-traunch" that porpoise.	"Traunce" that stur- geon.

It next treats of the duties of the butler and pantler:—"You shall be butler and pantler all the first year; and you must have three pantry knives, one knife to square trencher loaves, another to be a chipper, the third shall be sharp to make smooth trenchers; then chip your sovereign's bread hot, and all other bread let it be a day old, household bread three days old, trencher bread four days old; then look your salt be white and dry, the planer made of ivory, &c."

Of the carver's duties it gives the following explanation:—"The carver must know the carving and the fair handling of a knife, and how ye shall fetch all manner of fowl; your knife must be fair, and your hands must be clean, and pass not two fingers and a thumb upon your knife. In the midst of your hand set the haft sure, 'unlapyng' and 'myorsyng' with two fingers and a thumb, &c. Take your knife in your hand and cut brawn in the dish as it lieth, and lay it on your sovereign's trencher, and see there be mustard. Venison with fermenty is good for your sovereign. Touch not the venison with your hand, but with your knife cut it, twelve drafts with the edge of your knife, and cut it out into the fermenty; do the same wise with 'Peson' and Bacon, Beef, Chine and Mutton, &c."

A German traveller, in 1598, wrote an account of the dining-in-state of Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich, in which, amongst other ceremonies, it is stated that "there came an unmarried and a married lady, bearing a *tasting-knife*, and having stooped three times gracefully, they rubbed the table with bread and salt."

BIBLE WOMEN.

No. 1.—JEHOSHEBA.

"As for my people, children are their oppressors, and women rule over them."—ISAIAH iii. 12.

MAN calls himself the Lord of Creation; yet, powerless and fragile as woman may appear, she hath ever borne equal sway with him over the destinies of the world.

At the period of our story, Judea was divided into two kingdoms,—Israel and Judah. Each kingdom saw itself under the despotic sway of a woman. Jezebel reigned in Israel, and Athaliah, her daughter, in Judah—both women of lawless passions and haughty spirits, and, withal, idolatrous worshippers of Baal and Astaroth.

These were only queens dowager—for, Joram, the son of Jezebel, was sovereign of Samaria; and Athaliah's son, Ahaziah, governed Jerusalem. Being much engaged in wars with Edom and Syria, their country was left to the tender mercies of these fierce and cruel women. They were universally detested; but the people, knowing there was no redress, submitted in silence. Jezebel's persecution of the holy prophet Elijah, after his signal defeat of the prophets of Baal, is well known. "So let the gods do to me, and more also!" said Jezebel to Elijah, by a messenger, "if I make not thy life as the life of one of the prophets thou hast slain, by to-morrow morning!" Elijah fled into the wilderness, and threw himself down beneath a juniper-tree,—where he prayed to die, rather than to live under the sway of that cruel woman. Her wicked and unjust conduct towards Naboth united all classes against her, and accelerated her doom.

Naboth possessed a vineyard, which joined the grounds belonging to one of Ahab's palaces, in the vicinity of the city of Jezreel. This vineyard Ahab offered to buy, that he might make it a garden; but Naboth, unwilling to sell, refused. Ahab persisted: Naboth continued firm, telling the king it was contrary to law to sell his land, as it was said in Leviticus, "The land shall not be sold for ever, for the land is mine." Ahab was not used to disappointment—and, being a weak man, it preyed upon him until he was quite ill. His wife, Jezebel, sought him while lying in this mood upon his bed. "Why is thy spirit so sad, Ahab?" she said; "why eatest thou not?"

"I am sore vexed," he answered sullenly. "I have asked Naboth for his vineyard, and he refuses, because, forsooth, he will not sell the inheritance of his fathers."

Jezebel gazed upon him with the utmost scorn. "What! art thou the ruler of Israel, or is Naboth?" she said. "Arise! eat bread and be merry—I will give thee the vineyard of this insolent Naboth." Jezebel swept haughtily out of the room to issue her cruel orders.

That day she caused a fast to be proclaimed, because wrong had been done in the city, which needed punishment. Naboth was then brought forth before the people, accused by two of the hirelings of Jezebel of blaspheming God and the king. He was, of course, convicted, and carried without the city and stoned to death. Ahab took possession of the land of the murdered Naboth.

God sent Elijah to Ahab and Jezebel, to reproach them for their wickedness, and uttered prophecies of their downfall, which, we shall see, were afterwards fulfilled.

Upon the side of a hill, in the land of Syria, stood an ancient man, leaning upon his staff, apparently resting after a toilsome march. He wore a mantle of goat's skin, while a long white beard fell down to the leathern girdle which bound his waist. He gazed sadly upon the scene which lay stretched out beneath him; although it was lovely enough to raise a smile of admiration from even him, anchorite as he was. He stood upon one of a large circle of hills, bearing every hue and altitude, and enclosing a vast plain, watered by the two lucid streams, Abana and Pharpar, and bearing in its centre a large and glorious city;—it was Damascus, which reposed upon the centre of the green plain, like a snowy water-lily, wafted upon its verdant leaves. Temples and palaces of marble and ivory, adorned with gleaming gold, arose within its walls, and were reflected in the brilliant stream below. Towards this city was Elijah, the prophet, sent to fulfil the mission of God.

"O, Damascus!" he said sadly, "beautiful art thou to behold; but out of thee

shall come a sword, which shall bring my country low. Alas! Israel is ripe for punishment, and the wrath of the Lord cannot be stayed." A young man arose from beneath an olive-tree, where he had been reposing, and approached the prophet. "My son," said Elijah, "thou seest before thee Damascus, the city of Ben-hadad, king of Syria. Here I am sent to anoint Hazael king, that he may be God's avenger upon Israel, who worship Baal and the golden calf, instead of Jehovah."

"God's purpose is not, then, to send Ben-hadad?"

"No, my son; he is so convinced of God's power, by his forced flight from before Samaria, that he fears the God of Israel."

"Unhappy land! will thy sufferings never cease?"

"Never! until it throw away its idols, and serve the living God."

The rumour, that the celebrated prophet Elijah had taken up his abode upon the hill of Damascus was soon carried to the ears of the king. He had ever held the holy man in reverence since his memorable defeat, prophesied by him; and now, being ill, sent to know if he should recover or not.

One morning Elijah left his cave, and gazed abroad. A long procession of camels and men were crossing the plain, from the city, towards the hill upon which he dwelt. Elijah knew it was sent to him, and awaited the train's approach. A man, richly clothed, alighted from a camel, and threw himself at the prophet's feet. It was Hazael, one of the principal lords of Ben-hadad, king of Syria.

"O Elijah!—holy prophet!" said Hazael, "I came from thy son, Ben-hadad, king of Syria. He lieth in bed ill, and hath sent me to ask thee if he shall recover of this disease. See! here are forty camels, loaded with all that is rich and rare of Damascus, which my master lays at thy feet, hoping thou wilt deign to look into the future for him."

Elijah looked for a long time mournfully upon Hazael,—for, by his prophetic power, he saw in him the ruthless conqueror of Israel: "Go, tell thy lord he will not die of this disease," at last he said; "and yet I foresee he will die a more cruel death."

Elijah gazed upon Hazael until the tears ran down his aged cheeks; and then, turning from him, the man of God wept bitterly.

"Why weepest thou, my lord?" asked Hazael, rising.

"Alas! Hazael, it is because I can foresee all the evil which thou wilt do to the children of Israel. Thou wilt burn their strongholds, and slay men, women, and even children, in the cruellest manner."

"What! am I a dog, that I should do this thing?"

"Yea, Hazael. The Lord hath shown me thou shalt be king of Syria in place of Ben-hadad." We know not what spirit we are of until we are tried. Solomon saith, "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool."

As Hazael returned over the plain, he sank into deep musing. He should be king of Syria!—how his ambitious heart leaped within him at the thought! And the conqueror of Israel!—but he would be a merciful conqueror, and Elijah should find he was not so wicked as he imagined. Elijah had prophesied Ben-hadad should die, and he would quietly await that event.

"What said the prophet?" asked the feeble Ben-hadad.

"He told me, thou shouldst surely recover of this disease."

This joyful news so excited Ben-hadad as to act favourably upon him, and before the night he was nearly well. Hazael began to grow uneasy. He doubted the truth of Elijah, and forgetting his resolution of awaiting his master's predicted death, and not willing to rely upon God's will, he determined to murder the king. Early on the morrow, ere day had yet appeared, and while all in the palace were asleep, Hazael crept softly into the king's chamber. The old man lay in the heavy slumber of an exhausted invalid. Hazael dipped a thick cloth in water, and pressed it upon the king's face until the spirit had fled. Then, when the murderous deed was executed, and Hazael was gazing upon his victim, did the words he had spoken to Elijah the day before occur to him—"Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"—and Hazael saw he had not read his heart aright. "But now that I have begun, I must go on!" he said, bitterly. "Away to my soldiers!—they must proclaim me king!" Hazael was anointed king of Syria.

The words of Elijah regarding Hazael were soon proved to be prophetic. He ravaged Israel with fire and sword, and brought upon the country all the evils which Elijah had predicted. Joram, the

son of Jezebel, and Ahaziah, Athaliah's son, united their forces and besieged Hazael in the city of Ramoth Gilead, which he had lately conquered. Various skirmishes took place; in one of which Joram was severely wounded, and returned to his mother, at Jezreel, to be cured of his wounds. Ahaziah followed him, leaving the army in command of Jehu, a man of great valour and a skilful soldier. God's purposes were not yet fulfilled upon the wicked house of Ahab; by his humility, he averted the evil from himself; but the time was come to destroy the rebellious race from the land. Elijah was commissioned to anoint Jehu king of Israel, in place of Joram. He sent the young prophet, who had attended him to Damascus, to fulfil the mission.

According to his instructions, the youthful prophet repaired to Ramoth Gilead. Jehu and the other captains were feasting in the guard-room when the prophet entered. "I have an errand to thee, O captain!" he said.

"Unto which of us?" asked Jehu.

"Even unto thee, Jehu, son of Jehoshaphat!"

Jehu arose, and followed the prophet into an inner room. The prophet opened a horn of perfumed oil, and poured it on his head, saying—"Thus saith the Lord God of Israel: 'I have anointed thee king over Israel. Thou shalt be my avenger, to smite the house of Ahab. And thou shalt avenge me of Jezebel, who hath shed the blood of my servants. The dogs shall eat her in the portion of Jezreel!'" His mission over, the prophet opened the door and disappeared.

Jehu returned thoughtfully to the feast.

"Is all well?" asked one of the guests.

"What said this mad fellow to thee?"

"Surely ye know him and his communication," said Jehu: "ye have sent him."

"Indeed, we know not. Tell us what he said."

"He hath anointed me king over Israel, in place of Joram, my master."

Jehu was a favourite with the soldiers, and the son of Jezebel was hated; so that they joyfully received the news, and determined to proclaim him at once. For want of a throne, they covered the stairs, which ran up outside the house, with their scarlet mantles, and placing Jehu on high, sounded upon their trumpets, and proclaimed Jehu king of Israel.

The warder upon the watch-tower of Jezreel reported to Joram the approach of

a body of horse and chariots. Joram knew not whom they were, or if they came in peace or war.

"Let some one go out to meet them, and ask the leader if he come in peace," said the king.

The horseman approached Jehu, who was standing in his chariot. "Thus asks king Joram," he said: "Is it peace?"

"What hast thou to do with peace?" replied Jehu. "Get thee behind me."

The messenger did as he was ordered, and joined the train of Jehu. A second messenger was despatched, who also remained with the approaching party.

The city now became alarmed, and gathered upon the walls to watch the troop. Joram sent for the watchman to inquire more particulars. "I know not who they be, my lord," he said; "but their driving is like that of Jehu, the son of Jehoshaphat, for he ever driveth furiously."

"It is Jehu," said the king; "and perhaps bearer of news from the army. Make ready the chariot, and I will ride out to meet him."

Joram and Ahaziah, each in his chariot, left the city, and met Jehu just by the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite. Then sank the heart of Joram within him when he recollected it, for many prophets had denounced judgments against him and his house, for the great iniquity of his father and mother. The chariots stopped.

"Is it in peace thou comest, Jehu?" asked Joram.

"What peace is there for any," said Jehu, "when the wickedness and witchcraft of thee and thy mother, Jezebel, are so many?"

"Treason! Treachery!—O Ahaziah!" cried Joram, and turned to fly; but an arrow from Jehu the avenger brought him low, and he sank down dead in his chariot.

"Throw him upon the field of Naboth," said Jehu to his captain, Bidkar. "Now have the words of the Lord come to pass, which thou and I heard when we rode behind Ahab: 'I have seen the blood of Naboth,' said the prophet; 'and I will revenge me here, in this very field,' saith the Lord."

When Ahaziah, king of Judah, saw the deed, he fled; but was pursued by the people of Jehu.

"Smite him also in his chariot," cried the avenger; and Ahaziah was soon dead. "Bury him," said Jehu, "for he is the son of the good Jehoshaphat, but deserves

death for his mother's sake, and because he joined himself with the ungodly Joram." The news of the king's death spread consternation over Jezreel, and they beheld the conqueror's entrance with fear and trembling. His errand, however, was not to the people, but to their rulers. He sought the palace of Jezebel.

Jezebel inhabited the ivory palace which her husband, Ahab, had built. She had decked herself out, and painted her face, in order to dazzle the conqueror, and stood at the window awaiting his approach. Upon her head she wore a golden net, or caul, surrounded by a gauze shawl as a turban, while chains and ornaments of gold hung over her cheeks, her neck and arms, and little golden bells tinkled at her feet. But in vain were all these mufflers, crispin-pins, and rings, and jewels called in play; they could not avert her fate. In spite of her design to win Jehu, her natural evil temper broke forth, and, in a taunting accent, she cried out, "Thou wilt repent this deed, Jehu! Had Zimri peace who slew his master?"

Jehu looked up at the windows, which were crowded with slaves and attendants. "Who is on my side?—Who?" cried Jehu. Many voices called out their willingness to join him. "Throw down, then, that wicked woman. Let the dogs eat her, according to the words of the prophet." They threw her down—and Jehu rode over her. "Go and bury her," he said afterwards, "for she is a king's daughter." And the words of the prophet were fulfilled!

Eager for sovereign power, and devoid of natural feeling, Athaliah resolved, when she heard the death of her son, to seize upon the throne. The natural heirs, however, stood in her way; and these, although they were her own grandchildren, she doomed to death.

Jehosheba, the sister of Ahaziah by another mother, was a woman of great and good qualities, and tenderly attached to her brother. She wept sorely for his death, and acted a mother's part to his young orphans. She was wife to Jehoiada, the high-priest of the temple, and lived with him within the precincts of the holy house.

"Ahaziah hath been some time dead," she said one day to her husband, "and I have not seen any preparations towards anointing his son as king in his stead. Canst thou tell me, Jehoiada, why it is not done?"

"Hadst thine illness not prevented

thee from visiting the palace, Jehosheba, thou wouldst have known," replied the high-priest, in a sad accent.

"What! is the young Zezron dead?" she asked in alarm.

"Not yet," said her husband, gloomily. "Now that thou art strong enough to hear the terrible news, know that Athaliah hath seized upon the sovereign power, and imprisoned the young princes in the palace."

This was a great shock to the tender heart of the princess. "Alas! my sweet young nephews!" she said, while tears bedewed her face, "they are in the hands of a cruel tigress! Can we not do something, Jehoiada? Let me go to Athaliah, and surely she will listen to my prayer, and let them depart to their uncle's, or to my care—for I fear me she will not yet be satisfied with this cruelty."

"No, Jehosheba, seek not Athaliah; thy prayers, be well assured, cannot soften the heart of that accursed woman."

"She surely will not imprison all those noble young princes for life."

"Alas! their lives will not be long, I fear!"

Jehoiada turned from his wife's tears, and retreated to the temple. Here he bent in prayer to God that he would look in pity upon Judah, and avert from it the threatened evil; for Jehoiada had not revealed to Jehosheba the fact of the intended massacre of the innocent princes, which had been told him in confidence that morning by the captain of the royal guard.

That night Jehosheba, unable to sleep, arose and walked in the marble court before her apartment. There she remained some time, reflecting upon the situation of her nephews, to whom, particularly the young Joash, then just a year old, she was very much attached. She could not rest easy without doing something for them; and was busily resolving plans for their benefit, when she was aroused by the sound of trampling horses and the rattle of armour. She ascended the wall, and beheld a troop of soldiers enter the palace-gate. Soldiers at midnight!—her heart sank, and she fell back against the parapet in a cold tremour.

What could it mean? Some deadly event was in progress, and her thoughts turned with affright towards the royal children. But Athaliah could not be so cruel—so wicked! A sudden shriek as from a death-stroke awoke the silence of night. Jehosheba started as if her own

heart had been pierced. She turned toward the palace, where a miserable scene met her view; from the balconies and terraces of the women's apartments were children and females rushing apparently in the wildest affright. Some soldiers ran in pursuit of them—whom the wretched princess recognised as the queen's own band, who were notorious for performing every bloody deed which the queen might dictate.

The cries of children and women almost aroused the princess to madness; for she doubted not the cruel Athaliah had given over the young princes to slaughter. Could she stand there and look on without helping them? But what availed her feeble arm against those ruthless men? Jehosheba rushed from the wall, and had nearly regained her apartment, when another loud wail arrested her steps, and she determined, at whatever risk, to seek the palace, and endeavour to save one of her nephews. There was a private way, built by Solomon, which led to the palace; and over this Jehosheba wildly rushed, resolving to die with or save her nephews. She sought the women's apartments, and found the court filled with soldiers.

"You cannot pass in, lady," said one.

"Away!—I am the Princess Jehosheba!"

At the majestic wave of her hand, the soldiers gave way. A dreadful sight met her eye on entering the rooms. Dead and dying children, and nurses who had faithfully defended them, were lying around. Bloody and brutal soldiers opposed her path, but Jehosheba struggled through; for she had thought of the infant Joash, and sought to conceal him, at least. The deadly deed would have been over ere this, but there were a few devoted servants of the house of David who resisted the soldiers' bloody purpose. All were killed, except those in the last apartment. At the door stood two faithful eunuchs, disputing the soldiers' entrance. Jehosheba endeavoured to force her way through.

"Forbear, princess," cried one of the eunuchs; "the fiends will kill you also."

Jehosheba was not to be daunted. She pushed aside their swords, and entered the apartment. She gazed wildly around; there were several children and young persons there of the royal blood, all weeping and clinging to their attendants in the greatest terror.

Cowering in a corner sat a nurse, press-

ing in her arms an infant; it was the young Joash, now the only living child of Ahaziah. Jehosheba seized the infant, and concealing it under the wrapper she wore, beckoned the nurse to follow; and rapidly left the room. The faithful eunuchs were dead; and the soldiers, busy with their prey, cared not to stop her, for they were not ordered to murder any except the royal children. Struggling through blood and ribald soldiers, and severely wounded, the heroic Jehosheba at last saw herself in the temple-court.

Jehoiada was awakened from his slumber by sobs of anguish. He arose hastily, and beheld his beloved Jehosheba covered with blood, lying senseless upon the floor, while a strange nurse and infant were weeping over her.

Six years was Joash concealed in the temple; the secret of his escape from the massacre being only known to his aunt, uncle, and nurse. In the temple there was more security than in any place in Jerusalem, for it was then only frequented by a few faithful Jews; the remainder of the people repairing to the idol fanes, which Athaliah had reared in many places. The glory had departed from the house of God; its gold was stripped off—its walls broken down, and the golden utensils decorated the altars of Baal. At the end of these six years, Jehosheba thought the favourite moment had arrived to restore Joash to the throne of his fathers. Athaliah, by her rapacity, her cruelty, and unlicensed passions, was universally detested, and the people began to sigh for release from her tyranny. The measure of her iniquities was full, and God had commanded her downfall. Jehoiada, as a preliminary step, called to his counsel some of the Levites whom he could trust, and some officers who he knew were disaffected towards Athaliah. After swearing them to secrecy in the temple, he revealed to them the fact of the existence of one of the royal princes. They were all rejoiced at the news, and vowed to serve him, and place him upon the throne. These were commissioned to go to the several towns and cities of Judah, and collect all the Levites who had been dispersed, and send them to the temple. All the nobles of Judah who had fled from Athaliah's tyranny were also to be informed of the conspiracy. All was ready. The day arrived, and the people summoned by the High Priest, on pretence of an unusual fast, crowded the courts before the temple. Each one who was in the secret was in-

structed in his part. They were divided in three bands—one was placed at the court gate, and one at the outer gate, while the third encircled the young prince. The courts were filled with people, who awaited in silence the commencement of the religious ceremonies of the day. Jehoiada, the High Priest, entered the upper court from a side cloister, leading by the hand a young boy of seven years, and followed by the Princess Jehosheba and his nurse. The High Priest advanced to the head of the steps leading to the lower court, that all might behold him.

"Ye men of Judah," he said, "ye have heard how our God hath sworn he will establish the throne of David for ever, and hath said David shall never want an heir to his throne; then why suffer ye the daughter of Jezebel, the seed of Sidon, on the throne of our glorious king?"

A murmur of astonishment interrupted Jehoiada.

"Men of Jerusalem, I have called ye here this day to know if ye will serve Baal or Jehovah!"

"We will worship the Lord our God!" cried several voices.

"And I have called you here to know," continued Jehoiada, "if ye will serve the daughter of Jezebel or a son of David?"

"Down with Athaliah!" exclaimed a few who were in the secret.

"Behold, then, this youth. It is Joash, your lawful prince, the son of Ahaziah; saved from the massacre by the heroism of his aunt, the Princess Jehosheba, who is here to corroborate the tale."

Loud acclamations of joy, which seemed to come from the hearts of all, resounded from the throng. The High Priest then placed the prince against the marble column, the usual stand of the king when in the temple; and after anointing him with the holy perfumed oil, placed the diadem of David upon his head. Then the silver trumpets sounded, and the sweet singers of Israel burst into hymns

of praise, and the joyous multitude shouted, "God save the king!"

Athaliah, like all tyrants, was of a very suspicious nature. Her spies had informed her of the unusual concourse in the temple, and she had been uneasy the whole morning. Aroused by the shouts and clangour of trumpets, she repaired to the temple through the king's passage, and when there, a blasting sight met her view. Placed in the centre of that spacious court was a crowned king, around whom stood a circle of armed guards; while the people were crowding to do homage to the son of David. The striking resemblance of the noble child to her son, Ahaziah; the presence of Jehosheba and his nurse, whom she recollected, revealed to her the truth—the boy had been secretly reared, and the people had conspired to place him upon the throne. The most demoniac passion took possession of her. She stamped and tore her robes.

"Rebellious wretches!" she cried, "tortures shall follow this! Ho! my guards! treason!"

"Take that accursed woman hence!" said the High Priest, "and slay her without the temple."

Athaliah was slain, and Joash reigned in her stead.

THE MORAL.

May we all imitate the heroism of Jehosheba when called upon to undertake any difficult or dangerous achievement. She turned from the gaieties of a court to live in a retired and humble manner within the temple, where she practised a faith then despised by all. At the cry of innocence she rushed to the rescue, heedless of the assassin's sword or the queen's displeasure. This her generous devotedness was of the greatest benefit to her country, for in her nephew's reign the idols were overthrown, and the true worship prevailed. Let us not think of our own peril when we may succour the poor or the oppressed.

FLOATING DOWN THE OHIO.

SEATED around a camp fire on the banks of the Ohio, in the year 17—, were four mountaineers, lazily smoking their pipes and telling stories. They were a party of hunters which had gone out on a bear-hunt. They had killed two bears that day, the hides of which lay at their feet. Joseph Swift, a hardy old mountaineer, volunteered to tell a wolf story, which was something like the following:—

“Once upon a time I left the settlement to go upon a bear-hunt, and I had wandered far from home, for I had been absent two or three weeks. I was a venturesome lad in those days, and never better satisfied than when alone in the wild woods. I had worked my way down the fork formed by the emptying of the Cumberland into the Ohio river, and I had worried the bears right badly. I had rare sport.

“It was at the close of a nice day; the sun I suppose was about an hour high, and I was sitting under a big tree thinking what a nice time I had had for the last two or three weeks, when, looking up, I seen five darned black Ingens coming right to’rds me, and not more than thirty rod off either.

“They were loaded (*i.e.* their guns was), and I knew at once they had been down upon the settlements, and were now making their way to the river that they might cross over and get clear. Although I saw them, I knew they hadn’t seen me; so I gathered up and started off; getting a tree between me and the Ingens, I streaked it. You ought to have seen me run, to know how fast a man ought to move when Ingens is after him.

“Well, after streaking it awhile, I thought it would never do to go off that way, and know nothing about ’em; so I began to haul in my horns and back a little. I got behind a tree and kept a sharp look-out; presently I seen ’em coming straight to’rds me; so I buckled off again, and went for some distance like a bear through a cane-brake, and then stopped and took a stand. I hadn’t been there long before I seen ’em coming again. The reason why I saw ’em so often was that I kept before them, knowing that they were making straight for the river. I watched them narrowly,

looked at ’em with both eyes wide open, and saw they didn’t seem to have any notion of me, but were putting it down fast and heavy that they might get across.

“It was now getting dark, and I knew under cover of the night, as they did not suspect anybody was near ’em, I could keep close enough to watch ’em without their knowing it, and this I determined to do, thinking that by possibility something might happen to pay me for my trouble. You all know I never spared an Ingen; no, there don’t breathe one who can say I ever showed him any favour.

“Well, I kept on before ’em until I got down the river bank. It was then quite dark, and growing more so every minute, for a fog was rising from the surface of the water. I looked about to see if they had a boat there, thinking if they had one I would take it and let them get across the best they could. I was searching longer than I thought for, and didn’t know how time passed, for suddenly I heard them coming down to the river at the very point where I was.

“I was now skeered, and looked about to see if I could get out of the way; but there was no place to hide, and it was too late to escape, either up or down the bank. ‘I am a gone case,’ thought I—‘used up at last;’ but, just at that moment I saw a large log, or tree, which had been lodged by some high freshet; for one end of it still rested on the bank, while the other extended out into the stream.

“Said I to myself, ‘I’ll get upon this, for it is so dark they can’t see me, and I can keep a bright look-out upon their movements.’ So I stepped on it and crawled along to the far end. I found that the log was floating, and, getting as near the small end as I could, I straddled it, putting my legs in the water to steady me, and laid my rifle across my lap. ‘Oh! that it would but float off,’ said I; but it wouldn’t.

“Well, down to the water they all came, and stood within fifteen or twenty feet of me. ‘It’s all over now,’ thought I; ‘if discovered, I am used up as fine as powder.’ Well, there they stood in good humour, laughing and talking about I hardly know what, for I couldn’t catch

many of their words. At last I heard one of them say in Shawnee—

“Where is the canoe? it must be close by, step on the log and find it.”

“‘Hold my gun,’ said one of ‘em, and passed it to one of his friends; he stepped upon the log and began to walk right to where I was. Now didn’t I squat low and feel mean? But, hush! he hadn’t got fairly on before another must jump on to help him find the boat. This last one only walked a few steps, when the log slipped, and splash it came right into the river with the two Ingens. They both held on, though they got a little wet, and the first thing I know’d the log was going out into the stream with all three of us on it. The log was slanting at first, and slipping, got pushed off. Those on shore set up a loud laugh, and they wouldn’t hear anything until it was too late to give any help. But for those on the log it was no laughing matter; for they were already out in the stream, and going down it with a smart current. They now hallooed manfully for help, and those on shore seeing how it was, told them to hold on, that they might find the boat and take them off.

“Well, I have often told you I had seen hard times, now wan’t here a predicament? On a log with two Ingens, and floating along at night down the Ohio! Well, sure enough, there I was, and what did I think of? Why, of everything in this world; it really made me feel quite womanish, and what to do I didn’t know.

“We had now floated two or three hundred yards, and I was sitting, as I told you before, straddled on the small end, and jest as silent as a deer listening for dogs, thinking how the affair would terminate, when one of the Ingens, who was still standing upon the log, stepped off on one of the limbs to make room for his companion. His stepping caused the log to turn partly round; and come blessed nigh rolling me into the water; and, forgetting where I was, and what I was about, I cried, ‘Stop! stop! you’ll turn me over!’”

“‘Oh!’ said I to myself, ‘it’s all over now—clean gone this time.’

“How the Ingens looked I don’t know, for it was so dark I couldn’t see their faces, but they must have been worse skeered than I was, for I knew who *they* were, but *they* didn’t know who *I* was. They kept muttering something very fast, and I thought they were going to quit the

log and streak it; but after a few minutes they became silent, and began peeping to’rds where I was, like a couple of turkeys looking for worms. And then one said, ‘Don’t you see something?’ ‘Yes,’ answered the other, ‘dark lump; bear, perhaps,’ and then the first speaker cried out, ‘Who’s there?’ I didn’t answer, but I growed small so fast, trying to squeeze myself out of sight, that my skin hung as loose as if it had been a big jacket. They kept peeping at me, and I heard one say, ‘It is no bear, it is a man; look at his head.’

“When I heard him say so I was so mad I wished my head was under the log; but then I thought if it was I wouldn’t be any better off than I was then, so I straightened up. I knew they had seen me, and I thought it wan’t worth while to play possum any longer.

“Well, when I straightened up he cried out agin, ‘Who’s there?’ ‘I am here,’ said I, speaking in their own language. The moment I spoke he laughed, and said to the other, ‘He is a pale face.’ The reason he knew I was a pale face so quick was, because I didn’t speak the real Ingen. After he had told the other that I was a pale face, he turned to me and said,

“‘What are you doing there?’

“‘Setting down straddle of the small end,’ said I. When I said this they burst out into a laugh; I myself was in no laughing humour, and it didn’t seem to me like a laugh, but like a sort of chuckle; and one said to the other, ‘He is a pale face, a lean dog, sleeping on a log; we did catch him good;’ and saying this they gave the war-whoop. I tell you what, it was an awful sound, and then they told their companions on shore to get a boat and be quick. Those on shore answered them, and ran laughing down the river, looking for the boat and keeping the log in sight. I now found that I must go at the old work, and my bristles began to rise.

“‘Come here,’ said one of ‘em, beckoning to me. ‘Come quick, before the others come; I want your hair!’”

“Well, when he called to me to let him have my hair, I couldn’t stand it any longer, but throwing up my rifle, took aim on the last speaker and blazed away; he jumped up like a buck, and fell splash in the water. My rifle made a mighty pretty noise, and I heard the report rolling away for miles up and down the river.

"As soon as I fired, the Ingens on the bank also screamed the war-whoop, and the Ingen on the log cried out to 'em to bring him his gun. I jumped up and crawled to him; he gathered up and stood his ground. The first thing I knowed he came down on me all in a heap, breaking the old limb into a dozen pieces over my head and shoulders; it was a good thing for me that the limb wan't sound.

"His blow staggered me, but I was soon over it, and seizing my rifle with both hands, brought him a side wipe with the barrel. As soon as I did so he slipped off the log into the water; I then hit him another lick, and stooping quickly down I seized him by the head as soon as he tried to come up the log. I was now upon the log and he in the water, so I had him at a disadvantage.

"Well, I kept bobbing his head under; when I first did it, the bubbles came up just like you were filling a bottle with water; you know after a bottle is full it wont bubble; I kept bobbing his head under until he wouldn't bubble, so I concluded he was full of water and then let him go; he went down to the bottom and I never see him any more.

"All was now quiet, for both Ingens had sunk, and I was now master of the log; but I had yet another struggle to make, for I heard the Ingens on shore push off their boat, and seen the water splash as they darted towards me.

"It was too late to load, and then I could kill but one; that wouldn't do; no, the only hope was to hide; so I took a string and lashed my rifle to the log. I then threw away my hat, and crawling as far as I could toward the small end, eased myself into the water, leaving nothing but my head, and holding on

with both hands to a small limb—another minute and the canoe grated as it ran upon the log. The Ingens looked about and spoke to each other, but could see nothing; they then called their companions by name, but there was no answer. They were now very much distressed, and all got upon the log and began to walk about and examine it.

"When they came to the end where I was I sunk altogether, and it being the small end of the log it began to sink, and the Ingens soon went back. I then threw my head back and put my mouth out that I might breathe, just as a crippled duck sometimes does its bill. I made no noise; it was dark; they could not see me, and all went well. I heard them say, 'They must have killed him,' and then that 'they are gone;' they seemed very much distressed; wondered much at the whole affair, and none could explain it.

"After about fifteen minutes they again stepped into their boat and pushed off. I waited until I could hear nothing more of them; I then crawled upon the log, and as I did not wish to run any further risk, I sat there till daybreak.

"The sun was just about to rise when the log which I was upon washed up against the bank, not far from where the Ohio empties into the Mississippi. I caught hold of some bushes, and pulling the log up alongside the bank, unloosed my rifle and got out.

"I had been in the water so long that I was mighty weak and shrivelled up; but as I began to stir about I felt better, and setting off, I went back up the river to where I started the log. I was then right tired of bear-hunting, so I started for home, and in about a week or ten days I arrived there, safe and sound."

AT LAST.

ANOTHER STORY OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

THE full chorus, the flying, sparkling notes, the inwoven harmonies, were all one splendid mutiny; for Esther Trevelian, after three weeks of depression and doubt of Raymond Leighton, was roused at last to revolt, and with head erect and sparkling eyes, rung out musical defiance in the name of Liszt, as bold and plain as words could have set it forth. And so Raymond Leighton understood it, as the throbbing notes, escaping through the opened windows, came on him tranquilly sitting on the piazza.

"Good!" he said to himself. "She is ready now to fling her glove in my face. We shall have a scene, and then I think we shall come to terms;" and throwing away his cigar, he sauntered into the parlour.

She was alone, and his steps were lost in the thunder of the chromatic storm; but a Cenci hung over the piano, and in the glass of the picture she caught a blurred hint of his coming; saw a brown moustache, a dark outline, something masculine, guessed out the rest by the tingle of her blood and the fast throbbing of her heart; so had time to quell the secret insurrection, and was ready for him, with steady eye and lip, and a cold little hand that lay passive in the grasp into which he took it.

"I thought you were yet in town."

"I have only been here an hour or so."

The sharp pang with which she thought how a month back "the hour or so" would have read five minutes, she could not keep from sounding in her voice.

"Well, have you nothing to tell me?"

"Nothing but my indecision, and that you shall end. The Eighth goes next week. Shall I go or stay?"

"I should hardly think there could be a doubt, unless the Leighton blood runs pale."

"It has flowed redly enough on more than one field," returned the young man, haughtily.

"Like the old Burgundians? 'Il coul  fort et bon?'"

"Then you wish me to go?"

"I—I have no wish about it; what is it to me?"

"True, it is nothing to you, of course," answers this maladroit Raymond, who

might have seen that she had not withdrawn her hand, that she could not meet his look, that her very coldness was in itself a confession and a fear; and might have—but did not—instead pulled his moustaches wrathfully, and dubbed himself of the order of Fools.

She, disappointed in not being contradicted, flushed suddenly and drew away her hand.

"There is Darwin Ashe," she said, pettishly. "I want to go and ask about my letters." And with that she vanished.

Raymond stood looking after her.

He had thought himself so sure of her, and after all she had but used him. He had kept a little aloof, with a half-defined idea of making his loving more precious to her when he should at last confess it; but he had wholly loved and trusted her, and she—— He burst out into a bitter laugh.

"Why, she is only a coquette, after all; a little higher in thought, keen enough to see what truth and whiteness of soul might be, but like the rest at heart. And to think that I believed she loved me!"

Meanwhile Darwin Ashe, sitting in the cool outer hall, had kept his eyes on his paper, but his senses on the alert. He had heard and interpreted rightly Raymond's move, the sudden hush of the music, the low talking. When Esther came and sat down by him, with white cheeks and eyes aflame, he said to himself, "One of the two extremes." When Raymond passed them to join a group of girls, with an ostentatious avoidance of their point of the compass, he guessed which extreme it was. And so thinking, he listened to whatever nonsense she was pleased to utter with a quiet that was in itself a power. He would give her nothing but a curve of the lip or a half-uttered word for her poorly-forged smiles and counterfeit talk, till, urged silently by his will, she put off at last her false self, gave a little shiver, and on a sudden was pale and silent.

"You are not well," said Darwin. "You have shut yourself up all this week, and the consequences are those dark circles about your eyes and that look of languor. You need exercise."

Go and get your burnous, or tell me where to find it. I am going to take you to ride."

A sort of blunt authority that, a week ago, three hours back even, would have been resisted. As it was, she turned toward him with something of the old spirit, but the flash and sparkle died out before the soft, steady look. The *main de fer* held her will already in its clasp, though felt unconsciously, as yet accounted for by that facile mountebank we call our Reason; thus—

"It was pleasant to be the object of even such authoritative care" (fatherly, of course, Darwin being five years her senior). "Why should she not go? There was no one else to care. No one had ever seen that she suffered."

And so Raymond, cantering along the beach that afternoon, came on them suddenly, Esther seated on a rock cushioned with Darwin's cloak, he stretched lazily near her, the sea only neighbouring them, utter solitude all about them. It was quite natural. It had all happened in a truly unavoidable way. She had not cared to talk, and Darwin was always content to wait for Fate; so they had ridden quite in silence till, out from a quiet, shaded lane, they came suddenly on the sea, rolling in on the rock-strewn beach a hundred feet below. Darwin had helped her down the break-neck path, and found a seat for her, but troubled her with no talking, and she, half forgetting that she was not alone, sat there, hushed by the rest and quiet of all about her, till Raymond passed them with a bow and a stern smile. Then she started, flushing scarlet, even called after him in her first hurry and confusion.

"It is too late," said Darwin.

"For what?"

"He will not hear you."

"Will not?"

"I mean, cannot; he is gone."

"How strangely you look! I don't comprehend you."

"Nor I you."

Startled, half alarmed, Esther turned and looked into his eyes, but saw there only depths of blackness; he permitted not a gleam of his meaning to shine out in them.

"It is time to go back," she said, half uneasily.

"As you like—only we are losing the sunset. You will have an hour or so in which to dress."

"I shall not dress."

"Why, to-night Mrs. Marly gives her reception."

"I shall not come down."

"You will."

"I tell you no—I have my reasons."

"Not so closely masked that I can't guess them; yet, believe me, you will come."

"Why do you think so?"

"If for no better reason, because I choose it."

"Now you have given me an additional motive to stay away."

"Still you will come."

"We shall see."

"Promise me the first waltz."

"I have not waltzed since—since—" She hesitated (but Darwin knew well enough how to fill the gap); and the doing so almost stung him out of his self-control.

"Well," he asked, sharply.

"If I come, I will waltz with you."

"So be it;" and with that they went home.

That night the drawing-rooms were silently expectant, the upper halls all enchanted, with the indiscretions of half-opened doors through which came out perfumes and whisperings, glimpses of little slippers, of black hair being massed in heavy coils, of bright hair brushed over cushions, fans and gloves sown among gilded bottles, and a general visitation of cloud-like things, fallen on snowy beds and across bright-flowered chairs; but by all these passed the fairy to the sullen door that shut in Esther in *peignoir* and toilet-slippers, making believe to herself that she was reading; and with an Undine-like tapping, these vanished as fairies ought when Esther came to open. Up and down the hall she looked in perplexity, saw at last at her feet a basket, only of moss, but in its centre broad green leaves, and the satin-smooth whorl of a cala lily; a fairy dropped it there, but the flower was guilty of no magic, unless it was that Raymond loved and preferred it; yet, when flowers were drooping wearily in loosened braids over the flushed cheeks of the dancers, came, or rather dawned, Esther Trevellian.

It was plain that she had never dressed herself after the brushing, powdering, and hooking-up style of ordinary mortals; but some sweet thought had compelled cloud and mist into her service, and she had floated down, not from the toilet-table, but some quiet, unknown land, all its calm and mystery yet in her eyes, and

bringing with her its enchantment, hidden, perhaps, in the lily rising and falling with every beat of her heart.

The first eyes that met hers were those of Raymond Leighton, standing a little apart, and scanning her coldly, beating back the smile with which she had looked up at him with a look of bitterest anger, merciless scorn. Pale and stunned, she looked wildly about as if for help, and saw Darwin Ashe.

"You acknowledge yourself conquered," he said, softly; "remember the first waltz is mine."

She knew nothing about it, but as probably she had smiled some time in the past, perhaps then she had talked of waltzing; so she went with him passively. The first warning and solemn sounding of chords was done; the wave of waltz harmony was full upon them, and like foam on its crest, they floated with it from under the jealous eyes of Raymond; and as the passion of the music grew upon them he clasped her closer, and judging rightly that it was his hour, allowed at last the long-repressed fire to break through the outer crust of calmness, and make her—weak, helpless, despairing—feel in his look all the power of his will; and at last she saw how he had loved her, and with what quiet confidence he had waited, and with what relentless purpose he was using circumstances against her, and how he had sent the lily, not Raymond, and explanation was impossible, and— She was fainting, breathless, but his strong arm upheld her as if it had been wings, till they had crossed the hall and were in the dimly lighted reading-room alone, and she had sunk like mist from his grasp to the sofa; dreading him more in his changed aspect than when his eyes were burning in his meaning on her brain; for touch and tone had now the tenderness of a woman; and he was not asking, but calling her his, and she found in herself neither power nor courage to contradict him.

There are tidings that are not told but felt, and Esther's betrothal was of this nature. The knowledge of it was common property before half an hour was over; perhaps because Darwin chose thus to bind Esther a little more securely. Soon enough it reached Raymond's ears, and having heard it with such grief and anger as may be guessed, his evil genius sent him to the reading-room, where Esther had at last persuaded Darwin to leave her for a while alone.

She was sitting with her head bowed in her hands, and either did not hear him or mistook his step for Darwin.

He laid his hand lightly on the hair that he once had ventured to caress.

"Is it so bitter?"

She started, looked up, and eagerly held out her hands, but drew back instantly, turning red, as she had been deadly pale.

"You need not tell me," he said, seeing her pale lips move. "I know it already."

"But not—you do not know—"

"All the excuses that you could devise I have found for you. You see it is hard to condemn utterly what we have loved so well."

Twice as terrible as reproaches was this bitter anger that disdained all help from outward passion in demonstrating itself! Worse than all, this stern lamenting of love over dead faith and respect!

She shrank away from him, putting out her hands as if in deprecation.

"Raymond, you are killing me! You will never believe me now, but I loved you."

"Then I must think yet more meanly of you; for in that case your treachery is threefold. You could at least have been true to yourself. You would have been, if your love had been worthy of the name."

"But——"

"Spare yourself. I did not come to reproach. The only blame is mine. If I mistook wax for pearl mine is the fault; and mine alone, I trust, the suffering."

"Hypocritical as well as cruel!" exclaimed Esther, passionately. "You cannot, looking in my face, think that you suffer alone; and if you call me false, have you been true? Which came from your heart—the looks and words of these last weeks, or those of the first of this wretched summer? Surely if I am found guilty in your thought, you, of all men, have least right to cast the first stone at me!"

This was the farewell that he took with him; and, the first anger over, bitter thinking enough he found it. She, too, was haunted; night and day rang in her ears, "You could at least have been true to yourself; and you would have been, had your love been worthy of the name!" Daily her self-loathing grew more intolerable, Darwin's gifts and caresses more hateful; and at last she spoke out—

"I cannot commit this sin! I will not marry you, Darwin Ashe!"

But he, long expecting some such out-

burst, did not think it worth while to be discomposed; only drew her a little closer, saying quietly—

"I shall not release you. Do you think, when I have never once faltered in all the past, that I am going to waver now?"

"But I do not love you. I am growing to hate you."

"You will love me. Once mine, you will see the folly of further struggling, and I find such a wealth of tenderness for you in my heart that I have no fear. You might resist force, you cannot love."

"I will appeal to my aunt."

"And she will be properly shocked. She is fully alive to the importance of being well rid of her grave and somewhat troublesome responsibility. Expect no help from her, or from any other. I have made sure of you."

A sudden light shone in her eyes.

"Have you bribed Heaven?" she asked.

Darwin was puzzled, and from henceforth kept her under quiet surveillance; breathing in an atmosphere of his waiting and watching, she seemed to have returned to her former state of passive resignation, till suddenly, three days before her marriage, she disappeared, leaving scarce so much trace behind her as vanishing mist.

On the New England coast is to be found a Sir Charles Coldstream of a village, that is always running after sensations to make sure that it is yet alive, and there befell it during this past year, when October was at its meridian glory, such fortune in the way of gossip as is not in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

It happened that Mrs. Stapleton, leader of village *ton*, in virtue of being its doctor's wife, celebrated mysteries technically known as a sociable, principally in honour of a Captain Leighton, an old friend of ours, on furlough in consequence of a serious wound, and visiting her son Bob, an old college class-mate.

Now this past year had by no means been a softening one for Captain Leighton; one hard bitter thought had been his company keeper night and day. He had seen active service, plenty of it; wore a scar across his cheek more honourable than lovely, and altogether was a grimmer and more formidable personage than the Raymond we once knew, specially disliking women and their petting, and not a little wrathful against Fate, who had

pursued him even to this obscure railway station with a "sociable;" a thing in this case consisting principally in a setting forth of elderly people, with a faint dotting of the next generation, to all of whom, if truth must be told, he bore himself somewhat surlily, till by the centre table he chanced to spy a slender figure in mourning, having a something familiar in the poise and arching of head and neck, and looking a little more earnestly, met a pair of startled eyes, and—

Captain Leighton sprang forward, crying, "Esther!" and the young person, a schoolmistress, a Miss Trevellian, fell fainting to the floor.

This was the next day's gossip, but there the story ended. Miss Trevellian preserved a discreet silence on recovering, and was taken home at once. Captain Leighton vouchsafed no explanation; perhaps he thought none necessary. I believe, however, that he took Bob into his confidence, and it was that gentleman who directed him to the Widow Bridgeman's house, where Esther lived; at any rate the next morning (fortunately it was Saturday) he was knocking at the little door at the head of the first narrow flight of stairs, his heart beating as it had never done when marching up to a battery.

Esther came herself to answer; possibly she was expecting him, for she neither started nor exclaimed, only gave him her hand with a rising flush and a slight trembling of the red lips; but this over, they did but poorly. Conversation dragged as heavily as Pharaoh's chariot wheels, though it is evident to any sensible and unromantic person that they might have talked of the weather, the war, Raymond's wound, the sociable, anything instead of pretending to sew, as Esther did, with eyes brimmed and blinded with tears, or looking pitifully about the meagre little room, and the pale face with its look of sorrowful self-reliance like Raymond, till—

"Esther, my poor child, what can have been your life?" he cried, suddenly. "Oh, how much sharper must have been my self-reproach, could I have known how my stray lamb was solitary and homeless among strangers?"

"I have been very well here."

"Is it well to be utterly desolate?"

"My desolation is of my own making."

"Why that is the very echo of my brutality at our parting. Can you ever forgive me for that? Think, too, not

twelve weeks ago, I still thought you wholly wrong, myself altogether injured. It was on the field, among the dead and dying, where I lay a day and night before they found me, that I first saw myself; guilty of falsehood and cowardice, criminal, when you had been only weak; won back all the old sweetness of the thought of you, swore to myself to win you also, for in the light of my new revelation I felt sure that you had not married Darwin; fairly struggled out of the hands of Death, I do believe, because I was so determined to live and unsay what I once so cruelly and basely said. Yet I had almost commenced to despair, my darling! Your aunt had no traces of you, and hinted at suicide. I never dreamed my treasure was hidden here—only came because I half hated the world, which perhaps had you no longer in it."

From all this talk, at once so sweet and so hard to answer, Esther shrank at first, and, for the question half-whispered at the end, found no other answer than to hide her crimson face on Captain Leighton's shoulder; but presently taking heart of grace, timid fingers began to

stroke his hair, and a hesitating voice said, softly—

"Are you quite sure that you love me, Raymond, after all?"

"Surer than that I hold you to my heart. I am half afraid it is all a vision."

"It has been such a weary time!" says Esther, with a little sigh.

"I thought you had been very well here."

"Oh! that signified as well as I deserved."

"Ah!"

"What is that 'ah!' Translate, if you please."

"A sigh for our prodigality with our patrimony of happiness. These moments are so sweet that I feel a miserly regret for those we have lost."

"Yes; but then——"

"Well, what?"

"I should never have known how very much——"

"Well?"

"I loved you."

With which reasoning, as Raymond was content, so will we be.

THE MULATTO ARTIST.

THE opinion has too long prevailed, and has been too extensively circulated in certain interested and prejudiced quarters, that the negro race, even when mixed with European blood, is deficient of those more refined sentiments which constitute excellence in poetry, music, and art. Many instances may be cited to contradict this unfounded and unjust libel on a large but unfortunate portion of our fellow-men. One, little known, is that of Paréja, the celebrated painter. Out of the thousands that have gazed with delight upon his works, few have been aware that the artist who designed and executed them was a mulatto and a slave.

Philip IV. of Spain, the munificent patron of Velasquez, desired that distinguished artist to paint a portrait of the Spanish Admiral Paréja, then just returned from serving with honour on the coast of South America. The naval warrior, delighted at seeing himself so well represented, called on Velasquez a few days after the picture was finished,

bringing with him a young mulatto slave, who carried a costly gold chain as a present to the painter. When the admiral was about taking leave the slave was preparing to follow, but the rude sailor pushed him back with his foot, saying, "Do you think that when I give a gold chain the bearer is not to go with it? Learn that for the future you belong to Signor Velasquez."

The poor mulatto, with the subdued air ever attendant on a state of slavery, his thick lips and woolly head, seemed to the pupils of Velasquez to be only a strange animal with which they might amuse themselves with impunity. The manner he had entered the studio, by a kick, was an inexhaustible source of practical jokes for them. In ridicule they gave him the name of his former master, a name which he ever retained. Velasquez employed him in grinding the colours and keeping the studio in order, and always treated him with kindness and consideration; but, whenever the master went out, the slave

had to suffer a continual persecution from the mischief-loving and thoughtless pupils. For a long time he endured this treatment with silent resolution. At last, worried to despair with those petty annoyances, he contrived a plan of avoiding them, which he practised by taking refuge in an almost inaccessible garret during the absence of Velasquez.

It has been well said that man is an imitator, that industry promotes industry, and that the arts are propagated by contact. But a very great deal more than the mere application of these sayings is required to form an artist; still, at the same time, it must be confessed that circumstances often awaken a feeling of art in minds in which it does not seem innate. Juan could not see painting for two years, during which time he heard persons of the greatest rank extol it to the highest degree, without feeling an unconquerable desire of being able to use the pencil himself. He therefore, in order to relieve the tedium of the long hours he waited in his lonely garret, endeavoured to paint. He had only old brushes, that the pupils had thrown away as no longer fit for use, and small fragments of colour, the refuse of the studio. He was quite aware that he was only a dauber, but he found a delightful charm in the occupation, and he was so quiet about it, that neither Velasquez nor his pupils had ever suspected him of having the slightest idea of painting.

Diego Velasquez was, at the period of which we write, not more than thirty-four years of age, but he had already made himself a name in Spain, and Philip IV., a lover of the arts, was one of the first to recognise the genius of the painter, and appoint him to be a chamberlain, an office never previously given but to men of high birth and rank.

A great bustle might have been observed in the house of Velasquez, one fine morning.

The fore-court was being freshly sanded, carpets were under the process of relaying, the paintings were being arranged in their best lights—everything, in short, betokened that it was no common visitor that was expected. In the midst of all the bustle, no one was busier than the poor slave, though every person was giving him orders, and all seemed excited with the anticipation of some great occurrence. Two illustrious persons were, in fact, to visit the studio of Velasquez

on that eventful day. One of them was Philip IV., but he used often to come, so all the excitement was not on his account. The other visitor, however, was Peter Paul Rubens, a native of Antwerp, and, in the eyes of Velasquez and his pupils, far above Philip King of Spain and of the Indies. Rubens was their Sovereign, the King of Painting, the Grand Master of the Arts. Throughout every country of Europe the name of Rubens was never pronounced, at that period, but with respect and enthusiasm. In Holland, Germany, France, Italy, Spain, everywhere his name was deservedly revered.

Rubens was a man whom kings delighted to honour. Mary de Medicis esteemed him. The Infanta Isabella took pleasure in sitting by his easel. Philip IV. loaded him with honours. Our own unfortunate first Charles knighted him, and then presented him with the sword by which the honour was conferred. He also gave him a diamond ring, the band of his hat, valued at 10,000 crowns, and a massive gold chain, to which his miniature was attached. Nor was such popularity undeserved. Rubens had hung his paintings in all the great galleries of Europe. He had formed schools of painting and engraving which subsequently astonished the world. He had displayed his architectural talents by building for himself a palace, and by designing the magnificent church of the Jesuits in Antwerp. As a philosopher, he corresponded with the principal learned men in Europe. As a diplomatist, he had concluded treaties of peace between the potentates whose portraits he painted.

Few men ever possessed, in a higher degree, the personal and mental qualifications most suitable for an ambassador. His general appearance was noble and dignified, his figure handsome, and his features, though bold and masculine, remarkably regular. His voice was agreeable, and his manners elegant and courteous; but, at the same time, frank and unaffected. To crown all, he had a thorough knowledge of seven languages, and was as completely a master of rhetoric as he was of painting.

His amiable disposition was as worthy of admiration as his genius. Out of his own pocket he maintained young artists at Rome. Hearing that his great adversary, Cornelius Schut, was out of employment and in distress, Rubens immediately found employment for him, and thus converted an enemy into a friend.

He ever replied to adverse criticism by disarming it; that is, by doing that which he was charged with being unable to perform. Thus when his studies of heads were found fault with, he produced his famous "Descent from the Cross." Again, as he employed Van Uden, and others among his pupils, to execute the smaller animals and landscapes in his paintings, it was said that he could not manage such subjects himself. But immediately afterwards, he publicly exhibited hunting scenes and landscapes of great excellence, entirely painted with his own hand. He was particularly fond of quoting to his pupils a Spanish proverb to the following effect—"Do well, you will make people envious; do better, and you will confound them."

Velasquez was considerably agitated at the idea of receiving Rubens in his own house, and what opinion the great master might form of his paintings.

"My renown," he said, "is nothing, as long as I do not have the approbation of Rubens."

At noon two parties arrived at the gate of Velasquez. One of them stopped deferentially to allow King Philip, who was surrounded by the highest grandees in Spain, to pass. The rest, consisting of Rubens, Vandyck, Sneyders, Van Uden, and others of his pupils, also entered the house of the Spanish painter. As soon as the Flemish artist saw the King, he hastened to show him reverence, but Philip would not receive his homage, saying—

"We are at the house of a painter; it is you who are the King here."

With these words he took Rubens by the arm, and, notwithstanding the punctilious etiquette of the Spanish Court, the two *Kings*, followed by their respective suites, entered the studio of Velasquez, arm in arm. Velasquez and his pupils received King Philip with the reverence due to his exalted dignity, while, at the same time, they honoured Rubens with a kind of enthusiastic welcome. Paréja, the mulatto slave, was particularly fascinated by the imposing appearance and noble demeanour of the Flemish painter, then in the fifty-second year of his age. The eager eyes of Paréja devoured the great man with zealous admiration. If he had dared, he would have fallen on his knees before him.

The hearts of the bystanders beat, as the chief of the Flemish school silently examined the paintings of the Spaniard.

At the sight of the "Coat of Joseph," which had been painted in expectation of this interview, he expressed his profound admiration, and affectionately held out his hand to Velasquez, who threw himself into his arms.

"This is the happiest day of my life," exclaimed the painter to Philip IV. "You will complete my happiness and glory, signor," he continued, addressing himself to Rubens, "if you condescend to honour my studio by leaving, on one of my pieces of canvas, a stroke of your pencil as a remembrance and memento of your auspicious visit."

So saying, Velasquez pointed to his principal paintings, and presented a palette and pencil to Rubens, hoping that the great painter would cast a ray of his genius on some one of his works.

"All that I see," said Rubens, "is finished. Yet I will willingly make an attempt."

Seeing, as he thought, an unused piece of canvas turned with its face to the wall, he stooped to pick it up. On observing that it was a picture, he gave a cry of surprise, for it was that afterwards so well known as the "Entombment."

The mulatto slave trembled with fear, as he saw Rubens attentively examining this picture, one of those he had painted in the garret and had brought down to retouch in the studio, early in the morning, ere Velasquez and his pupils had arisen. It had been carefully concealed, but in the bustle and alteration previous to the arrival of the visitors, it had been unwittingly placed in a more conspicuous position. The slave, dreading the reprimand of his master and the tormenting raillery of the pupils, trembled like a culprit. Rubens said—

"I thought at first, Velasquez, that this picture was by you."

The slave held up his head, not daring to believe his ears,—his picture taken for one by his master!

"Looking at it closer," continued Rubens, "I perceive that this painting must be the work of one of your pupils. Whoever he may be, he may call himself a master for the future, as there are both talent and genius displayed in it."

Each of those words redoubled the palpitation of Paréja's heart, but no one observed him. Who, indeed, amongst that grand assemblage had a thought for the poor slave?

"I really do not know," said Velasquez, examining the painting with astonish-

ment, "whose work this is. I did not know that it was in my studio, or that any of my pupils, talented as they are, could have produced so excellent a picture."

He looked anxiously round his pupils as he asked—

"Which of you, gentlemen, has done this?"

No one had answered, when his eyes met those of the mulatto. Paréja fell at his master's knees in inexpressible emotion.

"It was I," he said.

He would have fallen prostrate, if Vandyck had not caught him and held him up. He began to weep without being able to utter a word. Rubens and Velasquez lifted him up and embraced him. King Philip IV., the well pleased witness of the affecting scene, immediately advanced, and said, laying his royal hand on the shoulder of the mulatto,

"A man of genius must not remain a slave; lift up your head and be free. Your master shall immediately receive two hundred doubloons of gold as your ransom."

"And those two hundred doubloons shall be your own, Paréja," added Velasquez. "I have already gained much in finding in you an artist and a friend, instead of a slave."

"Oh! always a slave," cried Paréja, with emotion. "Yes, I will always be your slave," he added, embracing his master's knees.

Rubens was so much moved by the scene that he laid down the palette and pencil. He put off to the next day the performance of the request of Velasquez; and the visitors retired.

The next day Rubens came, according to his promise, and painted for an hour in the studio of Velasquez. He was attended by Paréja, dressed as a free man; and he did not depart without embracing the mulatto, who could have fallen down at his feet with gratitude.

Paréja never forgot the kindness he had received from Velasquez, and never would consent to be separated from him. He accompanied him everywhere, and at Rome, on the same day, was admitted with him into the Academy of St. Luke, which, at that period, emblazoned its muster roll with the names of Domenichino, Guido, Poussin, and many others great in art.

Velasquez died of a contagious disease at Madrid, about the year 1660. Paréja attended him till he died, and then left the bedside of his deceased master to attend upon his widow, who was stricken with the same pestilence. She died a week after, and then he went to the house of his master's daughter, who had recently married the celebrated landscape painter, Martinez de Mazo.

"Signora," he said, "you alone are left to me; take me into your service, if you do not wish me to die."

"Come in," replied Mazo; "you are one of the family."

Paréja then attached himself devotedly to the daughter of Velasquez and her husband. So devotedly, that in 1670, when Martinez del Mazo was about to be assassinated for painting a satirical picture reflecting on a Spanish nobleman, and which is still to be seen in the Palace of Aranjuez, Paréja threw himself between the assassin and the victim, received the blow in his own breast, and died, thanking God that he had saved the life of the husband of the daughter of Velasquez.

The Museum of Madrid possesses many admirably-painted pictures by the mulatto artist. What is termed the Spanish Museum at Paris is enriched with two of his paintings: one is "The Holy Women at the Tomb of Our Saviour; the other the famous "Entombment," which was brought to light, as we have just related, by the hands of Rubens. "The Calling of St. Matthew," which, however, is considered his greatest work, is in the Palace of Aranjuez.

SACKVILLE CHASE.

A Sporting Nobel.

By C. J. COLLINS, Author of "Dick Diminy," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XV.

LORD BELFLEUR CONTINUES TO ENLARGE
UPON TRANSATLANTIC INSTITUTIONS,
AND ARBITRATOR HAILS FOR THE SHORES
OF ALBION.

IN due course the train arrived at New York, and Lord Belfleur had a full opportunity of gratifying the joy of his heart by mixing a cup of Badminton for the delectation of himself and Mr. Van Bruggen.

"What thundering big hotels they are here!" he exclaimed, smacking his lips, after the first taste of the highly-extolled compound in the cup. "Why, some of 'em are as big as a barrack and a hospital rolled into one."

"Do you dine here to-day?" inquired Mr. Van Bruggen.

"Dine here!" exclaimed Lord Belfleur, in a tone of much scorn; "not if I know it. Why, do you know what time they dine in this mammoth hotel?"

"Three o'clock, I believe," said Mr. Van Bruggen.

"You've hit it to the minute," said Lord Belfleur. "No, no; I dined here when I landed, at that democratic hour of the day; but crush my appetite slick out of me, if I do so on the day of my departure."

"Why, do you intend to go without dinner to-day, then?" Mr. Van Bruggen inquired.

Lord Belfleur looked at Mr. Van Bruggen's face, fixed his right eye into a kind of prolonged wink, twisted one side of his countenance into a ludicrous contraction, and then in a measured tone exclaimed: "Now, look here, Mr. Van Bruggen, did you ever know a thoroughbred Englishman who, while on his travels, had the opportunity of getting a good dinner and refrained from doing so?"

Mr. Van Bruggen laughed, and said he did not know that he did.

"I hope you take me for a thoroughbred Englishman, don't you?" cried Lord Belfleur.

Mr. Van Bruggen merely smiled in reply.

"Of course you do. I knew you did," continued the elongated one. "Then you

can't suppose that I am going without my dinner to-day."

"Well, but you said you wouldn't dine at the hotel, and yet you have not told me where you purpose dining," said Mr. Van Bruggen.

"You think the people here are what you call 'cute, don't you?" inquired Lord Belfleur.

Mr. Van Bruggen believed they had that reputation.

"Well, then, this in your ear," said Lord Belfleur; "I'm going to dine on board!" and thinking he had said and done something particularly sparkling with cunning, he laughed out loudly.

"No," he continued, "I am going to cut this infernal land of democracy, and my last act shall be one of repudiation. I shall repudiate your democratic dinner and democratic dinner hour, and dine *en grand seigneur* on board the steamer.

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Van Bruggen, incredulously.

"Shall we go down and see if the traps are all right?" inquired Lord Belfleur.

"I think it would be as well," replied Mr. Van Bruggen.

"Come along, then," said Lord Belfleur, turning towards the entrance of the hotel, but as though suddenly remembering something, turning back to the bar, he cried to the presiding functionaries thereat:

"Oh, by-the-bye, that was a devilish nice cup of Badminton!"

He was courteously thanked for his friendly appreciation, when he said:

"But remember who it was that told you how to mix it. I am going away to England this evening. I sha'n't come here any more; but whenever any Englishmen come to this hotel, tell them that you make Badminton *à la* Lord Belfleur, and that will be enough to book 'em."

"Is, massa, him tell 'em," said a grinning black waiter, as Lord Belfleur turned to leave the hotel; "dis chile tell 'em 'ow tarnation good it am."

"Why, how the devil do you know, you black rascal?" inquired Lord Belfleur.

"Him carry in de cup for massa," cried the nigger, grinning from ear to ear,

"I know you did, you ebony buffer,"

said Lord Belfleur; "but how do you know it was tarnation good, as you say?"

"Why, didn't him put him five fingers in up to de knuckles, and suck 'em, by golly! eyah, eyah?" and the ebony gentleman smacked his thick lips at the luscious recollection.

Lord Belfleur was struck pale and speechless by this declaration. He, the scion of a noble English house, a pearl in an English coronet, a bright particular star in an aristocratic galaxy, a culminating point in a long descent—had actually been luxuriating upon a cup of Badminton in which a stalwart nigger had laved his unctuous digits. The thought was too much, and Lord Belfleur rushed into the open air for relief to his feelings. Mr. Van Bruggen had strolled leisurely on, and by the time Lord Belfleur had reached that gentleman he had partially recovered the shock which the nigger's avowal had given to his system.

"And this is Broadway, isn't it?" he said, as he joined Mr. Van Bruggen.

Mr. Van Bruggen nodded assent.

"And you call this the best street in New York, don't you?" he inquired.

"It is the most prominent street in New York," replied Mr. Van Bruggen.

"I'd back Piccadilly against it any day, and give it long odds," cried Lord Belfleur.

"I think there are but few points of similarity between them," said Mr. Van Bruggen.

"Oh, yes, there is! Ain't Piccadilly straight?" inquired Lord Belfleur, decisively.

"Certainly it is," replied Mr. Van Bruggen; "but that is hardly a point of comparison, although it may be one of resemblance."

"Oh, ain't it, though? I think it's a good deal to begin with," said Lord Belfleur.

"Well, but what is it you mean to infer, then—that Piccadilly is straighter than Broadway?" inquired Mr. Van Bruggen, with a smile.

"Why, of course it is. Well, then, in the first place, it beats you in that respect," Lord Belfleur declared.

Mr. Van Bruggen merely shrugged his shoulders. There was a good deal of expression in the action, but he said nothing. A shrug sometimes conveys a good deal of meaning. Whatever was its meaning in this case, however, its effect was not at all striking upon Lord Belfleur, who said—

"Well, then, that point conceded, you don't mean to tell me that this jumble of Broadway can show such a line of aristocratic dwellings—to say nothing of the aristocracy inside 'em—as our Piccadilly does?"

Mr. Van Bruggen said he would not venture upon an opinion as to the occupants of the houses, but he thought with regard to some of the houses themselves that a comparison might be instituted by which Broadway would probably not suffer.

"Ah! well, it's of no use attempting to drive a prejudice out of a man's head, especially if he has been used to a democratic form of government," said Lord Belfleur, in a condescending and a pitying tone; "but that is a point, my dear fellow, upon which there can be no two opinions."

By this time they had reached the narrow end of the great thoroughfare through which they were passing.

"Just look at these frightful nuisances!" exclaimed Lord Belfleur.

"Which nuisances?" inquired Mr. Van Bruggen, not exactly understanding to what Lord Belfleur referred.

"Why, these omnibuses, of course!" replied the long aristocrat.

"Oh, the omnibuses!" said Mr. Van Bruggen, in a tone which indicated that he was not a little amused. "Why do you consider them nuisances?"

"Why, in the first place, don't they bully every other vehicle they come near? And then arn't the blessed hutches always full?" said Lord Belfleur, conclusively.

"Surely you must concede that omnibuses are constructed to be occupied," said Mr. Van Bruggen, smiling.

"Of course they are," replied Lord Belfleur, in a tone that was slightly tinged with scorn; "but don't talk to me nonsense about the national and beneficial equality of the American people. Here you have these lumbering, cheap omnibuses, and when I've got into them, I've found all sorts of people inside—do you call that the sort of thing to do?"

"But there are omnibuses as plentiful in Piccadilly, are there not?" inquired Mr. Van Bruggen.

"Of course there are," said Lord Belfleur.

"And they are open to all, are they not, the same as here?" inquired Mr. Van Bruggen, quietly.

"I can't say; I never ride in 'em in

England," said Lord Belfleur, a little disconcerted.

"You can hardly complain, then, if an omnibus is conducted on the same principle here," said Mr. Van Bruggen.

"Oh, it isn't exactly that that I complain of—it's the thing altogether," said Lord Belfleur, rather sweepingly.

Mr. Van Bruggen said he did not exactly understand that kind of objection.

"Why, look at these blessed rails!" exclaimed Lord Belfleur, pettishly.

"Well, now, what possible objection can you have to them?" inquired Mr. Van Bruggen, laughing outright.

"Why, these infernal omnibuses lumber along 'em," he replied, "tyrannizing over all other wheeled conveyances."

Mr. Van Bruggen intimated that he could scarcely see how that could be.

"It's glorious to think," continued Lord Belfleur, evading the remark of Mr. Van Bruggen—"it's glorious to think that London is not yet grown so tyrannically democratic as to tolerate such an incubus in the locomotive freedom of the world." And he flourished his stick in the air, as a kind of rounding off of the declaration.

"Why, if they were to put down such an eyesore in our thoroughfares in London," he continued, "the people of my class would have 'em torn up in a week."

"Would they, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Van Bruggen, in mock surprise. "Ah! that is liberty, indeed."

Lord Belfleur looked with a sidelong glance at Mr. Van Bruggen, as though he was not quite sure whether the observation had been made in earnest simplicity or in mockery. As he did not say anything, he was probably turning the matter over in his mind. If that were so, Mr. Van Bruggen interrupted the current of his thoughts by saying—

"And these rails have been found to answer remarkably well in Paris."

"Ah, my dear fellow, there's all the difference—there you have just hit it," cried Lord Belfleur, with some animation. "Don't you see the distinction, my dear fellow?"

Mr. Van Bruggen confessed that he did not.

"Why, my dear fellow, in Paris there is an autocracy, consequently rails can be laid with impunity, because they will be under proper regulations; but here, where there's no control, no regulation, where everybody tyrannizes over everybody else—no, no, no, my dear fellow, don't make

any comparison between this place and Paris; that is rather too rich."

Mr. Van Bruggen, with a twinkle in his eye, said he was happy to agree perfectly with Lord Belfleur on that point, and then he suggested that they should call a hack carriage, and drive down to the quay.

"Let us call one of the best," suggested Lord Belfleur.

"The best," said Mr. Van Bruggen, smiling.

"Why, yes; that is one good feature here, you can get a respectable sort of cab by paying for it."

Mr. Van Bruggen, laughing, said he was glad there was something the New World could excel in, and the next moment hailing a handsome carriage that was waiting for hire, the two drove off to the place of embarkation. Here they found Dennis Sweeney, Moses Flop, and Pompey on the quay, and Mr. Van Bruggen was gratified to learn that every preparation had been made for Arbitrator's voyage of three thousand miles to a new land, new scenes, and a competition which was to fill the world with his renown.

Upon the quay and on the decks of the symmetrical steamship, all was bustle and activity, but there was no confusion. The steam was issuing with a roaring hiss from the great funnel, and the pennant was fluttering at the masthead over it, as though it were holding some mysterious counsel with the hissing agent whose misty exhalations occasionally came in gusts so swelling as to envelope the gay flag as it floated.

Mr. Van Bruggen, accompanied by Lord Belfleur, Moses Flop, Dennis Sweeney, and Pompey, proceeded to the deck of the noble ship that was about to start upon her voyage, and, of course, the first object of their examination was the provision which had been made for Arbitrator. The habitation that had been constructed for him was something between a great square box and a small tunnel. The interior of this habitation was elaborately padded all round, so that it had somewhat the appearance of a gigantic arm-chair with a hood to it. It was rather an anxious moment for Mr. Van Bruggen, as Arbitrator had to be taken from the van and to be inducted into the structure which was to be his stable while crossing the Atlantic. As soon, therefore, as the party had thoroughly inspected the big box—for such, on the deck, it looked like—they went on shore

again to the van, out of which Arbitrator was forthwith taken. As soon as he stood on the quay he pricked up his ears at the sound of the hissing steam, but he did not exhibit either the trepidation or the pugilistic symptoms which he had displayed at the railway station at the commencement of his journey. Lying on the quay was an apparatus that had the appearance of an enormous swing, to a bar of iron across the top of which was attached a rope which depended from the head of a crane. Into this machine Arbitrator was induced, by soft persuasive blandishments on the part of Dennis Sweeney and Pompey to enter, and then the two ends of it were shut up, and Arbitrator was thus encased all round. By means of the crane the whole was then gently hoisted into the air, and as it swung slowly round Arbitrator looked about him with a feeling of astonishment manifestly prominent in his mind. He was speedily and carefully lowered to the deck of the steamer, and almost before he knew where he was, he was ensconced in his new ocean stable, and he seemed to take to it very kindly.

And now the time has approached when the good ship must start upon her voyage, and Pompey goes to the cabin of Arbitrator to tell his farewell. It is an affecting scene with the stalwart Pompey, for he takes the horse round the neck and begins to blubber outright.

"Him nebber tout it would come to dis," he cried; "good-by, him own pet."

And then all of a sudden Pompey quite brightened up, for issuing forth on to the deck, he went up to Mr. Van Bruggen, and in a tone which seemed to imply almost a kind of defiance of fate, exclaimed—

"Nebber mind, sa; him dam if 'im wont win de Darby."

Mr. Van Bruggen laughed, and said Pompey was a good fellow. Then giving him some money, which made his eyes glisten, Mr. Van Bruggen bade him be of good cheer, and make the best of his way home.

After a long, lingering, fond look at Arbitrator, Pompey ascended from the deck of the steamer and stood upon the quay, dejected.

The steam is hissing more fiercely than ever. There is a din of men hastening up and down the decks, and of the clank of chains, a bell begins to ring, and all these sounds combine to produce a deafening clangour. And now to the roar of many sounds is added the anything but harmo-

nious vocal efforts of a band of sailors, who begin hauling in the ropes by which the steamer is attached to the quay. At length the bell has ceased and the hissing sound of the steam grows gradually less loud. As the ship slowly and majestically swings her prow round to the tide, a sudden gush is heard beneath her paddle-boxes, and she moves away from the quay. Behind her are two long undulating streaks of foamy white, and the deadened sound and slightly quivering sensation beneath the feet of those on deck proclaim that the big ship is on her voyage, the sea before her, and the city's points and pinnacles receding fast, and every instant growing less.

And night comes on apace. Far away astern the lights in suburban residences embosomed in dense foliage glisten, and here and there in some more highly illuminated mansion than its neighbours, occasionally blending. The lights upon the shore are gone, and now there is nought but sea upon all sides. Dark the night on this the first evening of Arbitrator's first voyage upon the sea. All around is black save where the rushing sea flows swiftly by on each side of the ship, throwing up a shining whiteness that almost amounts to light. And thus the night goes on, and morning breaks beneath a densely clouded sky that seems to make the day but kindred with the night. But still the gallant ship ploughs proudly on, and meets each rolling wave with a dash that seems to speak defiance, and is suggestive of unconquerable strength. Again the night comes on and passes by, and morning succeeds again, and the gallant ship is breasting the Atlantic wave.

Although Arbitrator is the sole passenger of his own genus, the ship has a goodly company in her cabin, every berth of which is occupied. Mr. Van Bruggen and Lord Belfleur had arranged to have their cabins in close proximity. The representative of the British aristocracy had acknowledged, from the very first hour of the voyage, that he was not a good sailor, and he had given frequent evidence of the truth of the declaration. He is buoyed up with the hope, however, that when he has passed an imaginary midway line down the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, he will be infinitely better, because he will then be on the English side of that line, and consequently within the influence of monarchical and aristocratic institutions.

Arbitrator does not prove himself at all

a good sailor; that is, testing him by the presence or absence of the prostrating affliction which the French denominate *mal de mer*. Arbitrator, there is no doubt of it, feels very dejected, and is quite as miserable under the circumstances as though he stood upon two legs only instead of four.

Oh, terrible scourge of the uninitiated voyager, who shall adequately describe thee and thy attributes? Who shall faithfully depict the horrors of thy insidious approach, the terrible reality of thy presence? Not he who crosses the narrow strait that seems to have been formed in ancient days, long, long ago, when all this world was young, by some Titanic hatchet, and which separates the French and English coasts. Not such a traveller, surely, for he is beyond the record of recollection as he lies in helpless misery on the horse-hair swabs that line the luxuriant cabin of the swift packets that ply across that channel. Not he who, daring the dimals of a longer voyage, takes ship at London Bridge and books his passage straight for Rotterdam. To him the voyage is pleasant down the noble river that is a stream of wealth indeed to the metropolis of England. The sun, at that pleasure time of year when such traveller takes his holiday and goes his tour, is mellowed into glory by a summer course, and over all the scene on either bank, far stretching to the horizon, there is a golden line all mellowed and contrasted by the green of nature's mantle. For five or six gay hours this scene rolls like a panorama, as the ardent tourist in the autumn takes his way down the winding Thames. But still there is ocean, that mighty monster, rolling his coils at that river's mouth, ready to receive the tributary offerings of those who dare the agitations which swell his bosom. From this tourist over the billows of the German Ocean, no description will ever come of that dread cause which chains him as with inextricable bonds to the narrow compass of his berth, from which he helplessly looks forth without the power even of expressing his wish that some kind stalwart hand would lift him up and cast him out upon the waves. Not he who takes his way across the broad Atlantic in those wondrous structures that link two worlds together. No; this scourge, whose lashes spring from the rolling waves, may be—has been—will be felt, but description, like the senses, sinks appalled before it.

Lord Belfleur is but a sorry repre-

sentative of the British aristocracy as he walks along the cabin, and on the third morning after the departure from New York essays to take his place at the breakfast-table. He takes his place, but, alas! no breakfast will be available to him. With a grim elongation of his naturally extended countenance he looks down into the cup of coffee that is before him, and heaves a sigh as he does so, which so eloquently expresses the hopeless misery of the afflicted voyager at sea. Oh, what a leveller it is, that same *mal de mer*! It is therefore doubly miserable to Lord Belfleur.

The gallant ship is in the centre of the Atlantic, the world of waters all around her. For more than the clock round the wind has been rising, and rising, and rising, until now, as the darkening night comes on, a gale of fury and anger is raging; and higher and higher still the wind rises as the night advances. Not a shred of canvas whitens on the mast: everything is bare. Upon the decks those who have the task of watching are reinforced; for, to the commander's penetrating judgment, it is clear that a fearful night is coming. Is coming? It is come. The gallant ship that in her harbour berth seemed in her bulk to bid defiance to the motive power of the waves, is hurled in this dread night from wave to wave like a tiny cork that floats upon a troubled lake. The storm is raging at its highest, and the anxiety of the watchful captain is to keep his ship before the wind, and he succeeds; but oh, the aspect from the quarter of that gallant ship is momentarily appalling; for, as she dips upon the rising wave, a howling monster hovers over her, whose weight, should it but fall upon, would crush her down to rise no more. Still on she rides, and scathless; the waves break round and not upon her. But they dash down upon her sides as though to crush them in, and the sound of the dreadful broadsides rises on the air even above the dreadful din that the raging elements give out.

The dawn appears—hope rides upon the first streak that breaks the blackened pall that through all the night has seemed to hang upon the ship. The light comes quickly on. Dark masses of heavily-charged clouds roll far away upon the horizon, as though they shunned the light. The sun comes up upon the sky; the hurricane expends itself; the paddles of the brave ship go merrily round again, and with her prow due east, she seems to leap

from crest to crest of the still mighty waves.

It was indeed a trying time for all our voyagers, but balm for their misery is at length at hand. The captain has informed the company in the cabin that twelve hours more will probably enable them to sight Cape Clear. Oh! joyous news. And it is veritable, too. The twelve hours, though tediously, have passed, and that anxiety which for hours has led to a continual consultation of watches in the cabin, is rewarded by the welcome cry—oh, doubly welcome after such a voyage—of “Land ho!”

The run along St. George’s Channel is quickly made, and our party find themselves on a clear and sunlight morning steaming up the Mersey, and Liverpool lying before them with a welcome; and never was welcome more grateful than it was to Lord Belfleur. Before the steamer had reached the mid stream, where her anchor was to be cast, he had recovered much of his wonted bearing. Again was the magnificent scion of a noble house breathing the air of his native land—the land of long descended aristocracy and superiority of blood.

In the afternoon, the good ship that has so gallantly brought our friends across the Atlantic is docked, an operation that Mr. Van Bruggen, Moses Flop, and Dennis Sweeney have remained on board for. Lord Belfleur landed by the first boat that touched the steamer, saying he supposed he should see Mr. Van Bruggen at the hotel.

At the pier-head, waiting for the coming of the steamer, was Denzil Raikes, who, the moment he recognised Mr. Van Bruggen, took off his hat, and waved a welcome to him.

When the ship had arrived alongside the quay of the dock, Mr. Van Bruggen jumped on shore, and he and Denzil Raikes warmly shook hands.

“Well, the news?” eagerly exclaimed Mr. Van Bruggen.

“Wonderful; yes, I shall develope it yet!” exclaimed Denzil Raikes; and he and Mr. Van Bruggen walked up and down the quay in earnest and most animated conversation.

CHAPTER XVI.

“GOOD GRACIOUS.”

THE fashionable church of St. Bottlenose in the West was, as we have intimated in

a former chapter, founded and endowed by the Countess of Sackville. On a fine Sunday morning in summer that church is as brilliant as a flower-show in the Regent’s Park, and as crowded as the opera on a grand night. The splendid dresses of those humble worshippers within form the colours to a glowing picture, whose frame it may be said is the gorgeous liveries which are shining outside. The aristocracy of birth is within the church, those who consider themselves the aristocracy of nature are ranged without. There is not a more glittering sight in all London than the outside of St. Bottlenose church on a sunny Sunday morning in the height of the season, for there is not a diminutive footman in the whole of that august assembly, not one of the fraternity standing under five feet ten. The worshippers in St. Bottlenose have a deep sense of humility, and for the most part, when the weather is fine, they leave their carriages at home when they go to church, and go a-foot to their devotions, attended by their brilliant knights in plush. There are many advantages in this, the chief of which is, perhaps, the opportunity it affords for social converse as the congregation returns from the ministration of the sublime incumbent of St. Bottlenose. The Countess of Sackville is the great luminary of that elevated congregation, and she scarcely ever fails to shine upon them. Her commanding presence is almost palpably felt by the worshippers of St. Bottlenose, so powerful is its effect upon the souls which they carry to that splendid shrine to be effectually saved. It is a congregation of both rank and beauty—radiant beauty, shining all around—so profuse indeed that one would think that the advent of a strange face, however attractive, would scarcely be recognised any more than would a fresh tulip in a brilliant and crowded parterre. And yet for several Sundays past a new face had attracted much attention in the pew that is just in front of what might almost be called the throne pew of the Countess of Sackville. The reverend brother who officiates has directed his attention to it. He could scarcely fail to do so, because it shone in a direct line between him and the Countess of Sackville, towards whom his sacred genuflexions were directed. He, therefore, could not have avoided looking at that beautiful face, if he had wished to do so. But he didn’t wish to do so, as, although he practised many of

the anchorites' customs, or was believed to do so, he was not an anchorite at heart. He was a young man, and he had remarkably fine whiskers, and it was believed that the congregation was all before him where to choose a good provision for his guide. The congregation generally had observed the beautiful face of the stranger, and it had immediately attracted the attention of the Countess of Sackville. The owner of this beautiful face had attracted general attention, both because she was a stranger, and because she was so very beautiful. Nobody knew who she was or whence she came, and as yet there had been no opportunity for setting inquiry on foot. The Countess of Sackville had from the first felt very considerable interest in the stranger—a kind of interest that was almost instinctive, and she had gradually come to feel an almost absorbing desire to hold holy converse with the beautiful stranger, who was evidently a charming devotee at the shrine of St. Bottlenose—a shrine at which only the noble and exalted in mind and in the world could worship, and whereat none but those of the longest pedigrees and of the greatest possessions were ever seen. To entertain a desire of the kind in a person of the position of the Countess of Sackville in the congregation of St. Bottlenose was very nearly tantamount to gratifying it; at all events, we may be sure that the desire does not in such a case much tantalize the gratification.

The organ was pealing forth its rolling sounds, or, as it is technically termed, was "playing the congregation out," and the Countess of Sackville was walking grandly and with the necessary solemnity down the aisle and shedding her radiance all around like the bright particular star in that brilliant constellation as she was when she jostled almost imperceptibly against the expansive crinoline which, like a cloud of gossamer, appeared buoyantly to bear along the beautiful face of the unknown worshipper. The graceful, apologetic bow of the Countess of Sackville was answered by an equally graceful inclination and a smile, that was even calculated to enchant a woman. By the time the Countess and the stranger had reached the porch, round which the gorgeous array of plush and gold lace, like a military display, was ranged, they were in earnest and animated conversation. Of course this attracted the attention of the entire congregation, and the interest

in the beautiful stranger became intensified, especially when it was seen that the Countess and the stranger walked together in conversation down the street that leads from the church of St. Bottlenose to the great square in which is situated the town residence of the Sackville family. The congregation gazed after them, and all the sacred admonitions which had been emitted from behind the flowing whiskers in the mediæval pulpit of St. Bottlenose were forgotten, or put on one side in the speculations that were indulged in as to the beautiful stranger who had been so fortunate as to attract the attention and secure the patronizing smile of the Countess of Sackville. The two were followed by the gaze of eager and sparkling eyes until they turned the corner of the street that leads into the great square.

A ponderous volume might be written upon coincidences, and an interesting one, too, I have no doubt, if the materials could be collected. The incidents of this chapter might supply some of them. Was it accident that caused the Countess to jostle the beautiful stranger in the aisle of St. Bottlenose? We have no possible means of ascertaining; but, without doubt, when the Countess of Sackville's principal footman, only within a few yards of Sackville House, trod upon the crinoline of the beautiful stranger—or rather the fleecy gauze which covered the crinoline—and thereby caused an "envious rent," which extended from the mysteries about the waist to was the extremity of the skirt, that was near dental. The tall footman of course acci-horrified, and the Countess was deeply concerned, and immediately requested the stranger to enter the mansion, and the carriage should at once be sent for to convey her home. The invitation was graciously accepted, and the delinquent footman was despatched to the mews to order the carriage round.

The countess conducted the unknown worshipper from St. Bottlenose into the drawing-room of Sackville House, and an immediate inspection of the dilapidated skirt took place under the advising eyes of a couple of lady's-maids who were summoned to the spot for the purpose. This privy council came to the conclusion, after full discussion, that it was only one of the "gathers" that had given way, and that the accident might be remedied upon the spot if need were, but the beautiful stranger would not hear of such a thing,

especially as her ladyship had been so very kind as to place her carriage at her disposal. She would, she said, hasten home and change her attire. The faithful handmaidens, therefore, were dismissed to their own regions, and the Countess of Sackville and the beautiful stranger were again left to themselves, but for a very brief time only, for the two lady's-maids could scarcely have reached their own apartments before the drawing-room door opened, and the Hon. Reginald Longreach walked into the room. His fond and splendid mamma rose with a mamma's smile to welcome her second born, but she was almost immediately arrested in her march across the carpet by the somewhat remarkable behaviour of the Honourable Reginald, who, as soon as he saw the beautiful stranger, stammered out rather than exclaimed—

"Good gwacious!"

That cry from her second born, and the look which accompanied it, went direct to the mother's heart, and told the Countess of Sackville that she had committed an indiscretion. She did not know who the brilliant beauty was; she had introduced her into her own house, and now, perhaps when too late, she could see what dangerous effects that beauty might produce.

The Honourable Reginald looked and blushed, and blushed and looked again, and then, with a smile that spoke his embarrassment plainly enough, he observed to the furniture in the room generally, and to the sofa on which the strange lady was seated in particular, that it was very remarkable.

"A young lady who is one of the congregation of St. Bottlenose, my dear," said the Countess of Sackville. "My son Reginald," she continued hastily to the beautiful stranger, who rose from her seat, and by that act completed the prostration of the Honourable Reginald Longreach—that is, she metaphorically completely knocked him over, as evidenced by his again exclaiming—

"Good gwacious!"

"Why, Reginald," exclaimed the countess, "what is the matter with you? you look as embarrassed as though you had but just come from a boarding-school."

"Yes, at Boulogne," said the Honourable Reginald, with his mouth wide open, and gazing, with a ludicrous expression on his countenance, on the face of the unknown beauty.

"At Boulogne," exclaimed the countess, "what do you mean, my dear?"

But before the Honourable Reginald could say what he meant, even supposing he exactly knew himself, the door was thrown open again, Mr. Sheraton was announced, and that gentleman walked into the room. The moment he saw the beautiful worshipper from St. Bottlenose, he also exclaimed—"Good gracious!" but almost instantly checked his surprise; not, however, before the countess had observed it, as she could hardly fail to do, with the rather remarkable coincidence of Mr. Sheraton's exclamation with that of her son Reginald. The countess therefore was puzzled, and indeed much embarrassed. Could it be merely the excessive beauty of the stranger from the church of St. Bottlenose that had produced the same exclamation from her son and Mr. Sheraton?—she would try and find out.

Mr. Sheraton bowed with great formality to the mysterious beauty, and was passing over to the Honourable Reginald, who had gone to one of the windows, but he was arrested by the countess, who adroitly said to him—

"You have probably seen this young lady before, Mr. Sheraton."

Mr. Sheraton and the young lady exchanged a significant glance which was understood by themselves only, but before he could answer the question the countess had put to him, the door again opened and in walked the Earl of Sackville, who instantly on seeing the strange young lady, as the other two had done, exclaimed—

"Good gracious!"

At this the Countess of Sackville could not refrain from laughing outright, but she almost instantly checked herself, for she observed that her husband was more embarrassed than either her son or Mr. Sheraton. In a tone of vexation, or something like it, and with an attempt at banter, she said—

"Well, you are three of the most extraordinary beings I ever met with. I do not know what this young lady will think of you all. I am sure I do not know what to think."

The Earl of Sackville and Mr. Sheraton looked at each other in unmistakeable embarrassment.

"The moment Reginald entered the room," continued the countess, "he cried out, 'Good gracious!' the moment Mr. Sheraton entered the room he cried, 'Good gracious!' and now the moment you come in, Hubert, you cry, 'Good gracious!' too. Is there anything in the appearance of

this young lady that has frightened you all from your propriety."

Before any of them could satisfy the countess upon this point the footman announced that the carriage was at the door.

"I am glad of it," exclaimed the countess, turning to the beautiful stranger, and with her native good-humour somewhat restored; "I am glad of it; for, my dear young lady, you must have been much embarrassed by the strange conduct of these gentlemen;" and then turning with much tact to Mr. Sheraton, she said, "Will you, Mr. Sheraton, be kind enough to see this young lady to the carriage. Hubert, I want to have a little conversation with you."

Mr. Sheraton offered his arm to the beautiful stranger, and as they passed down the staircase, he said, in a whisper—

"How, in the name of all that is mysterious, did you become acquainted with the countess?"

"Come down this evening and I will tell you all about it," she replied, in a whisper also.

In another minute, Mdlle. D'Arlincourt was on her way home in the Earl of Sackville's carriage.

When Mr. Sheraton returned to the drawing-room, he was not a little gratified to find that the countess was much interested in the recital by the earl of the strange adventure at the steeple-chase of the young lady who had just left. The countess said she certainly should like to see her again.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. SPARKE IS AT HOME AT LAST—HE IS LICENSED BY A PATERNAL GOVERNMENT OF A GREAT NATION TO MINISTER TO THE MORALS OF A PEOPLE.

MR. SPARKE'S share of the proceeds of that "weighty" conspiracy which we saw worked out at the steeple-chase was a very considerable amount. It was a substantial round sum, for the fraud had been eminently successful. Now Mr. Sparke was a cautious man. The common adage of "light come, light go," did not hold good with him, for when he got anything he had the faculty of taking care of it; and when he found himself in possession of "the swag," as he termed it, resulting from the steeple-chase fraud, he at once began to look about him for an eligible means of investing the gains which he had acquired.

A public-house was congenial to Mr. Sparke. It had been so all his life. It was in a low London public-house that he was initiated into those mysteries in which he was now an adept, of which the palming of cards and the cheating at games thereof were amongst the least recondite.

A London public-house is, indeed, a characteristic of London. There are public-houses which may be said to be a London institution. When a man in a certain class of life commits a successful fraud, generally his first thought is to invest the proceeds of the fraud in the purchase of one of these houses which has this double advantage, that it supplies a good business and a certain social status at one and the same time. All these public-houses are held by a kind of corporation, who are banded together for mutual protection, and who present this strange anomaly—they dispense poison with one hand and charity with the other. This institution is very extensive in its ramifications, which extend all over the metropolis. The great strength of the institution lies in what is called the licensing system—that is, the houses are all licensed for the sale of spirits, the licences proceeding from a knot of persons called the licensing magistrates, and who not uncommonly have a direct personal interest in the matter. A licence, therefore, is most difficult to obtain for the first time—the cost of obtaining it is very heavy, and the value when obtained is thus proportionately increased. A licensed house, therefore, in London is always a valuable piece of property, and will readily fetch a good price in the market. The licence gives the holder not only a monopoly in his particular business, but it gives him in reality a protection for the commission of various frauds, in the shape of adulteration, cheating measures, and deleterious compounds, which are the means by which he ekes out a return for his money invested in the purchase of his licensed house.

Mr. Sparke naturally turned his attention to the possession of a public-house. It was, as we have said, a calling congenial to him, and it was one in which his peculiar talents would shine and be appreciated. As soon, therefore, as he found himself in possession of the proceeds of the steeple-chase fraud, he put himself in communication with the association to which we have before adverted, and almost at once—for he had two or three thousand pounds in hand, and what

a talisman that is!—he found himself not only in possession of a house with an extensive business in a rising locality, but a member of the fraternity whose chartered object is to poison the public by a slow process and dispense charity amongst themselves by a quick one.

The house which Mr. Sparke succeeded in obtaining was situated in a street leading out of the Regent's Park towards the open country beyond. It was in a rapidly increasing neighbourhood, and the house had been long established. It was a house of public entertainment, and stood alone, and with but few habitations near it; where holiday folk used to come out, as indeed they do now, to enjoy the products of the house in its garden at the back. The house is quite unpretending in its exterior, and, indeed, upon the first view a casual observer might be disposed, and probably would be, to dispute its title to the appellation of "Inn," to which, however, it is entitled in every respect, legal and otherwise. It may, perhaps, be not altogether inviting outside, but we can certify to the fact that there is that within which passeth a good deal of show. The house in its exterior has a quiet, comfortable, easy, independent sort of air, which perhaps not inaptly indicates the character of the place within. There is a goodly signboard which always looks fresh, and is a portly ornament between the two large bay-windows which illuminate the two chief rooms, and as the house now is neither in the town nor in the country, but seems to have been designed to meet the emergencies of both, it has become a kind of finger-post or landmark in the locality for people at a distance to direct their friends by, and a cabman could, to half a fare, supposing there were such things as half fares, tell you what he is legally entitled to charge for carrying you there from any part of London—that is, when he is inclined to do so, or supposing him to be labouring under the infirmity of honesty, a disease from which most cabmen are singularly free.

There is not a more polished bar, nor brighter or more massive mahogany, bigger-bellied butts, a more jolly-looking landlord, nor a more mixed company than this bar can occasionally display. The prosperity of the place shines in the countenance of our friend Sparke, as he vigorously pulls that row of ivory handles, which action produces foaming pots of stout for which the house is famed.

On the right hand, opposite to the bar, is the bar-parlour, an extensive chamber, round which are ranged against the walls horsehair seats, with, at the farther end of the room, a seat of state for a chairman, for whose accommodation, arms, as of an arm-chair, are provided. This chamber is usually tenantless throughout the day, but in the evening it is always well filled, for it is the sporting bar-parlour of the neighbourhood.

Politics and sporting used to be the two great stock subjects of discussion in all the bar-parlours of the country, from one end to the other. Politics, however, of late years, have been secondary to sporting, the bar-parlour being now very properly considered as an unfitting arena for the discussion of the great questions which occasionally agitate the politics of the day, and in which every person, from the highest to the lowest, feels a deep and absorbing interest. Sporting is far more congenial to the bar-parlour, and racing especially always commands the highest consideration there.

Mr. Sparke's bar-parlour of an evening presents a motley group of constant frequenters. As the shades of evening close in, the chandelier in the middle of the room is illuminated, and the usual party soon assemble. That jolly, good-looking, fine-whiskered fellow, up in the corner there, is a large speculator in the betting ring, and makes a heavy book on every race. He is gifted with extraordinary powers of what the Londoners designate chaff—a faculty they appreciate highly. Near to this gentleman sits a contrast to him. He is a fellow whose countenance bespeaks chicanery, and evidently adorns the rogue. About his mouth, that most expressive feature, there is a peculiar expression; for when he speaks he does so with closed lips, and his words seem to be squeezed out of one corner. This has given his face a one-sided expression. There is no joviality in his laugh; he is sinister in every respect, and he is clearly a man that you would not trust at first sight, and perhaps it would be as well if you did not trust him at all, for he picks up a precarious living by "picking people up," as it is facetiously termed, but which might, perhaps, be more appropriately designated as knocking people down. But sometimes things are called by strange names. A remarkable-looking individual is that up in the corner with a bare eye-glass in his eye, and an undisguised wig upon his head. All his features are sharp

and screwed, and his attire may be not inaptly described as the modestly fast. It looks as though it wished to go ahead, but hadn't quite courage enough to make the attempt. This is the "literary gent" of the party usually assembling in Mr. Sparke's bar-parlour. Part of his literary occupation, but only a minor part, is to contribute sporting articles to one of the newspapers; but it is generally believed that he "does" a city article for one or two journals, consequently he may be assumed to be thoroughly up in chicanery in all its phases. There is a belief prevalent in Mr. Sparke's bar-parlour that he never can write when he's sober, and is incapable of producing anything when he's drunk, and he is, in consequence, much admired as a phenomenon.

See that man by the fireplace there, with a low-crowned hat, and with a long pipe in his mouth—he is a character here. He is in some way connected with a training stable. At all events he bears the same name as Jonas Nixon, and consequently he is believed to be up to "a thing or two," which generally means that a man occasionally does "a thing or two" that is very tricky and disgraceful. This individual's countenance is striking. It seems to be that of a boy placed upon a man's shoulders. He has no whiskers or beard, is pale, and as he gets intoxicated every night, his face becomes very cadaverous, which, however, has not the effect of concealing the knave.

Amongst the visitors to his bar-parlour, Mr. Sparke is a great oracle. It is known that he can do almost anything he pleases with cards short of making the honours speak. It is known that he can cheat a railway company, chaff a cabman, bully a policeman, and hobnob with a patrician better perhaps than any man of his sphere in London, while in the faculty of making a favourite for a race "safe," as it is termed—that is rendering it impossible for him to win, he is acknowledged in his own circle to be without a rival. It is not therefore to be wondered at that in his own bar-parlour he was an oracle indeed.

Most of the frequenters of bar-parlours are fond of expressing themselves in out-of-the-way phraseology. The man with the boy's countenance—the relative of the training stable—takes the lead in this respect in Mr. Sparke's parlour. The more unintelligible and obscene these worthies make themselves, the more important they fancy they become. They

revel in slang, and are proficient in stable talk.

We generally observe, however, that where a man connected with the turf indulges in a peculiar form of expression supposed to be knowing, he invariably knows little or nothing. There are a great many men who get a few cant phrases by heart, interlard them in their conversation, and not unfrequently obtain the reputation of being very knowing fellows in consequence. The qualities, however, which they possess, social and otherwise, they generally share with the black-guard.

Mr. Sparke has just entered his bar-parlour, and he is, by acclamation, voted into the chair, for a great race is coming off on the morrow down in the country. The parlour is consequently unusually full. By a strange coincidence, every visitor thereto, after exchanging salutations with the host in the chair, had put the same question to him:

"Well, Mr. Sparke, and what's going to win to-morrow?"

Mr. Sparke returns an answer to each which sets the whole room a-thinking, albeit that answer is neither definite nor clear, and amounts in its result to this, that he is unable to say for certain which will win. The majority of the visitors in the bar-parlour look upon this answer as a mysterious acknowledgment on the part of Mr. Sparke that he has got locked up in his breast the absolute winner of the coming race if he chose to divulge it.

"I'll bet half a pound"—that is a favourite expression of his—says the relative of the training stable, "that Peter the Great beats more in the race than beats him."

"Well, I don't think nothing of Peter the Great," says a greengrocer of the neighbourhood, a gentleman with a large connexion and a good business, who is of a sporting turn, and who is believed by the frequenters of the parlour to have the faculty of looking considerably ahead; a reputation which has probably been much strengthened by the fact that one of his eyes is a fixture, and appears to be perpetually gazing right into the middle of next week. "Well, I don't think nothing of Peter the Great, 'cos he ain't got no stuff in him to do such a trick as this here."

"Never you mind, Mr. Sparrowgrass," rejoins the cousin of the training stables, in a tone of voice which indicates incipient intoxication.

The sporting correspondent takes his pipe from his mouth, and says he "thinks that one thing's very clear, and that is that if you give a very heavy weight to a horse, he can't run so well as when he's got a light one."

"That's the pint," observes Mr. Sparrowgrass, looking with unmistakeable determination into vacancy and futurity at the same time.

"Now, if you weight a horse in that way——"

"In what way?" inquires the knowing one with the one-sided mouth.

The sporting correspondent and city article man honours this individual with a long stare, but does not condescend to answer his question, upon which Mr. Sparrowgrass gives vent to his feelings by exclaiming—

"Hear, hear!"

"Well, then," continues the sporting correspondent and city article; "as I was saying when that gentleman interrupted me, if you weight a horse in that way, you are sure to get the worst of it, so that in the end you take nothing by your motion but a loss."

"Well, I don't see much doubt about that myself!" exclaims a stout individual from the other side of the room, and who exhibits strong presumptive evidence of his following the occupation of a baker. "I don't see much doubt about that, and I thought of putting a pound on myself."

He is, we need hardly say, in utter ignorance of what the sporting correspondent means.

"You're quite right," says the correspondent in a patronizing tone to the baker, who takes long puffs at his pipe, looks solemn and important, and in an under tone, half to himself, half aloud, says—

"Blest if I didn't!"

At this point the barman put his head in at the parlour and intimated that Mr. Sparke was wanted immediately in the bar. In answer to this summons, the worthy host quitted the chair, and emerging into the bar from the bar-parlour, exclaimed—

"Why, Lord bless the Queen, Jack, who'd have thought of seeing you here to-night, and Bill, too! Why what the blazes is in the wind now?"

And Mr. Sparke shook hands warmly with John Busby and Willum, for the persons by whom Mr. Sparke had been summoned from the parlour were no

other than those distinguished individuals.

"Come in!" cried Mr. Sparke, and he led his friends into the snuggerly behind the bar.

"Why, whatever brings you two up to London at this time?" inquired Mr. Sparke.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I don't exactly know myself," replied John Busby. "Leastways Mr. Sheraton said to me this mornin', says he: 'John,' says he, 'you must go to town to-night,' says he."

"Which, alterin' the word to Willum, was what John also said unto me," remarked Mr. Willum, accommodating himself with an easy-chair.

"The identical," acquiesced John Busby; "for Mr. Sheraton said to me besides, he says, says he, 'John, take Willum with you.'"

"Which Willum was quite agreeable," remarked that precocious individual.

"Anything that's out o' the common, it strikes me, is agreeable to you, Willum, I think," observed John Busby.

"I don't know altogether about that there. It depends," replied Willum.

"Well, Sparke, as I was a-tellin' you, Mr. Sheraton says to me, says he, 'John, you must go to London to-night.' 'Very good, sir,' says I. 'Where do you hang out in London?' says he. 'At the Horse and Jockey, Mr. Sparke's,' says I, 'in the Regent Park,' for I was took aback like, and didn't know what to say."

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, John, for thinking of me," said Mr. Sparke, and as he did so his eye twinkled, for far less sagacity than Mr. Sparke was blessed with would have had no difficulty in making the discovery that there was something in the wind, as he himself had expressed it.

"So me and Willum is to stop here till the morning, when Mr. Sheraton will send for us."

"I'm willin' to stop a week, I am," Willum observed, and it must be conceded that he made himself so thoroughly at home on the instant, that it was clear he spoke his real sentiments.

John Busby whispered behind his hand to Mr. Sparke that that Willum was a gettin' more cheeky every day; and the notion made John Busby laugh heartily.

"Well, is there any news about Sackville?" inquired Mr. Sparke, with a view of insidiously drawing John out.

"Stunnin'!" replied John.

"S'help me, if it ain't rippin'!" asseverated Willum.

"The earl himself, I think, is goin' on anyhow," said John Busby, shaking his head, gravely.

"Off his nut, I think," said Willum.

"Why, what's he up to now?" inquired Mr. Sparke.

"You recollect that there stunnin' fine woman which Agony Jack upset her hoss at the steeple-chase?" remarked John Busby.

"Of course I do," said Mr. Sparke.

"Well, she was took to the Hall, and a devil of a racketing there was about it. But howsever," said John, "she disappeared quite mysterus next day, and blest if the earl ain't been a huntin' for her, just as if she was his'n. He axed me if I see her go, which I never see her go at all, you know."

"No, but it was this child as did," observed Willum.

"There he is a-speakin' as true as his davy again," observed John Busby. "It was Willum as see her a-going, which it's my opinion as it's about her that we be come up to London now."

"I'm sure on it," said Willum, decisively.

"But we shall hear all about it, I suppose, in the morning," said John; "and now, Sparke, I shouldn't mind a little tit-bit of summut for supper."

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed Willum. "The identical proposition I was going to make myself."

The tit-bit was very soon supplied, and supper was heartily discussed by John Busby and Willum. After its disposal, Willum declared that he was fit for anything "convivial."

John Busby laughed in acquiescence.

"Well, then, what do you say to an hour in the parlour with the coves there?" suggested Mr. Sparke.

"I'm agreeable," responded Willum.

John Busby offered no objection, but suggested to Mr. Sparke that perhaps it might be as well if they were—merely—announced as two gentlemen from the country.

"All right; I can see," replied Mr. Sparke, with a wink. "Now then, come along."

And John Busby and Willum were accordingly at once inducted into the bar-parlour of the Horse and Jockey, that being the sign of Mr. Sparke's hostelry.

Both John Busby and Willum were instantly at home with the company to

which they were introduced, and Willum especially displayed to advantage those easy manners for which it will probably have been observed he was remarkable.

It scarcely needed any direct allusion to the fact to make the company acquainted with the circumstance that both John Busby and Willum were connected with racing and race-horses. The fact soon made itself manifest, and both John and Willum, but especially the former, were looked upon as oracles by all gentlemen present.

As the night advanced the party became very convivial, and harmonious songs were sung and toasts were proposed. At length one gentleman who had favoured the company with a song, the moral of which he rendered as "the light of other days *are* faded," ventured to call very respectfully on the gentleman to the right of the cheerman.

Now this gentleman to the right of Mr. Sparke was no other than John Busby, who protested that he never sang a song in his life—a declaration not strictly accurate, as a reference to an early chapter of this history will demonstrate.

He, however, persistently refused to sing, and requested Mr. Sparke to give the company one of his yarns—these was the things he liked he said, and it would seem that the company liked them too, for John Busby's proposition was received with general approbation, so demonstrative indeed, that Mr. Sparke could not resist the appeal that was made to him.

"Very well," he said, "I'll tell you a yarn that was told to me in my snuggery this last spring, by Binxton Wold, the trainer up in the North, who always stays with me when he is in town."

The whole company were immediately absorbed in curiosity to hear the story.

"I'll give it you in his very words," said Mr. Sparke; "for the story made such an impression upon me that I remember every word of it, and this was how Binxton Wold told it, calling it

A ST. LEGER LEGEND.

A good many years ago I was seated rather late in the evening, two days before I set out for Doncaster, in my old arm-chair near the window, looking out upon the bright old landscape, when a knock came to the door—not a loud knock, nor a quiet knock, and it wasn't a common knock, either—it was not a

single knock, nor a double rat-tat-tat, but a kind of subdued mysterious knock, that would lead folks with their wits about them to observe caution with regard to the knocker. I mean the knocker outside the door, and not on it. Presently my spruce little housemaid came in and said a gentleman wanted to see me, and in answer to my interrogatories she said he had a large cloak on, was rather short, with a very long nose ('conk,' she termed it), and a big pair of black moustaches. "Thought so," I said to myself; "some sneaking, mysterious hound, I'll bet a hundred, who wants to gammon me; but it's no go." This I thought to myself, but said to her, "Show the chap in," and she went out to do so. Presently she returned, and ushered in the person she had described. The moment I saw him I knew him, and I didn't feel comfortable. Knowing who he was, I didn't like the visit, and it looked unpleasant at that time of night, and in the gloom of the big room my visitor appeared like the old 'un a good deal—just like when he comes on the stage, you know, and wears a long red feather in his cap. This chap, however, that visited me was shorter than that one.

"You are surprised, no doubt, to see me, Binxton," he said, throwing his cloak back on to his shoulders.

"Well, I am rather, and that's the truth," I replied. "What's up now?"

"Why, I am, you see, all the way from Jermyn-street."

"No doubt of that," I said—"that is, I think not," I added, just to be on the safe side, you know, regarding the chap in the red-feathered cap.

"Upon my soul you look as if the devil himself had come," said my visitor, with a kind of laugh which was a diabolical grin.

"The devil I do," I said, trying to laugh, but I didn't laugh; I thought, perhaps, it might be no laughing matter.

"I'm on the road to Doncaster," he said.

"Oh, indeed," I replied; "and did you come all this way out of your road to tell me that?"

"As I have told it to you first, of course I did," he said; "but I've something else to tell you now."

"Oh," I responded, and asked him to sit down. He did so, throwing his cloak over the back of his chair.

"You are a straightforward, matter-of-fact chap, Binxton," he began, "and so I have no doubt will not fall in with all I have got to say to you, and to tell you."

"May be so," I answered, taking a long pull at my pipe—"may be so."

"I believe implicitly in destiny, and what is more, I believe that much of our destiny is revealed to us, if we could only understand it."

"Do *you* understand it?" I inquired.

"I think I do—indeed, I'm sure I do," he answered. "I believe in dreams and astrology, and I follow what they tell me."

"Do you now?" I said, looking sideways at him. "So I should think, from a great many things you've done."

"I know what you allude to," he continued, with a twist of his great nose (conk, as the girl called it), "and all my friends think as you do. While I am following the dictates of my destiny, they think I'm only following the dictates of obstinacy. How little they understand me!"

"Well, I don't know anything about that, myself," I said; "I only know that they did appear to me the wildest starts I ever heard of, and I am surprised that you ever got out of 'em."

"Are you, indeed?" he said. "But I am here; I did get out of them, and my day isn't yet come. Listen to me. My day may be to-morrow, or next week, or next month,—but it's sure to come. It is only a question of time, and it may be a very short time, too; but I am ground down just now into the very dust; I must have money."

"Oh, indeed!" said I; "is that your game?"

"I am playing my game," he answered. "I am the child of destiny; our family have been the children of destiny," getting very wild and excited in his manner, and walking up and down the room. "He who was self-styled the Rodolph of Hapsburg of our race was indeed the child of destiny, and I, like him, believe in fate and forewarnings. I have had one even in this time of my need—this time, when money is my very life blood—the agent by which the star of my destiny must shine brightly now, or be dim."

"And what have I to do with it?" I inquired.

"Much—very much," he replied, "as you will see presently. As I have said, I have consulted one who professes the occult sciences. Three days ago I saw that female, and she told me that the next night I should have a dream which would reveal to me the mode of obtaining that money which just now may be the means of placing me in that position which des-

tiny has ever told me is mine, shall be mine, and I know not how soon. This woman whom I have spoken of, and who resides in Lambeth, and also is the possessor of a miraculous ball made of crystal—she who professes the occult sciences in which I believe—told me that I must interpret my dream myself, and that if I interpreted it aright the means to fortune would be placed in my hands. And so I left her."

"And had you the dream you speak of?" I inquired.

"I had," he said; "and now I will communicate it to you."

I smoked my pipe in silence for a minute or two, for he still walked up and down the room in agitation and excitement; and yet it was not all excitement or agitation, it was a characteristic of that man that he could be excited, and yet have the outward appearance of frigidity. I know he was excited, though.

"I dreamt," he said, "that I was again at the tournament, you know where, and that I was again engaged in the tilting, and that I unhorsed my man. Up to that moment the weather had been bad, as you know it was, but the moment I had gained the joust, the sky became clear and bright, and the sun shone gloriously out. All was suddenly changed, when the Queen of Beauty requested that, as a guerdon, a beautiful horse, and one of much celebrity, should be presented to me. Upon that the lord of the castle led forth a beautiful steed, which had on its back a jockey in full riding costume. I recognised the colours at once; they were yours, Binxton, and your noble employer's. 'Is this a horse of much celebrity?' I inquired. 'It is,' the Queen of Beauty replied. 'And what is its name?' I asked. 'Let the band proclaim its name,' she cried, 'and in that proclamation let him find something which shall suggest a future triumph to be solved by the study of coincidences. Strike up, music!' and immediately the music of the trumpets and other instruments was heard swelling in the national strain of 'The Blue Bonnets are over the Border.' As the inspiring strains again swelled in the echoes, the noble steed, in graceful steps, kept time to the music, and came towards me to be caressed. 'The charm has worked,' exclaimed the Queen of Beauty, and I turned to her, and asked her to unravel it. 'I cannot unravel it at all,' she said, 'as much must be left to your own imagination. There stands the winner of the

Great St. Leger, the beautiful Blue Bonnet.'"

"Well, that was very wonderful," I said; "but pray go on."

"I thought you would become interested," said my visitor. "My dream was not over yet, for as I stood gazing upon the beautiful symmetry of Blue Bonnet, she seemed to melt into the air, and gradually another steed of the opposite sex appeared in her place, but with the same jockey, and in the self-same colours, on his back. The jester of the tournament then came to me and said, 'In years to come look out for this.' 'How?' I asked him. 'In years to come,' he replied, 'look out for this steed.' 'His name?' I eagerly inquired. 'That I cannot tell you; but in years to come, when you shall seek out this horse, take this thought for your guide—the adopted country of your sire. There, think of that, Binxton. You know the adopted country of my father, and you know it is intimately connected in nomenclature with your stable.'"

"I know it is," I said. "How very strange it is!"

"And so my dream was ended," my visitor continued, "and here I am to test its influence."

"How do you intend to do it?" I inquired.

"The dream is clear and palpable enough to me," he replied. "How implicitly I have relied on dreams all my life through I need not tell you. I have done so, and I have found them true and unerring. Let my friends," he continued, talking more to himself than to me, "let my friends call it superstition if they like—let it be superstition, yet it is the one great comfort and abiding hope that holds me on to that course which destiny has made for me, and which must be fulfilled. Now, Binxton, in secret and in confidence, to test the power of my dream—now then, to take advantage of that which has been revealed to me."

"Well, that is what I want to know," I said; "and how are you to do it?"

"The object of my visit here to-night is, in the gloom of this autumn evening, to test the shadow that I saw in my dream—will you assist me?"

"I've no objection, if I can, and you don't want me to do anything that the earl wouldn't like," I said.

"The earl," he replied, "will not object to anything that I may counsel you to do; I should have thought you might have known that."

"Oh, very well, then; I'm sure I've no objection to do the obliging to so distinguished a friend of my lord's; only you know that I always like to be open and straightforward."

"You have a jacket—a jockey's jacket, of course, in the house at this moment?"

"I have," said I; "there is one in that cupboard there, but what do you want with that?"

"And you have got one of your boys here, I suppose?" he asked, without answering my question.

"Yes, there are two or three out in the stables."

"Very good. Now, will you oblige me by letting one of those boys put the jacket on and mount one of the cracks in the stable?"

"With all my heart," I said, rising and reaching the jacket down. "This is a rummy lark, indeed."

"It is no lark, as you will find," said my visitor. "Come."

And we proceeded with a lantern across the yard to the stables. I soon found one of the lads, and handing the jacket to him, I requested him to put it on. The boy grinned and hesitated, for he evidently thought I was having a game with him.

"Come, make haste, my lad," said my visitor, "and I will give you half-a-crown."

The smile of incredulity vanished from the lad's countenance, and he had the jacket on in a twinkling.

"Bring out your best," he said, and out I brought the crack. He was soon saddled and had the bridle on, and he looked a picture indeed, I can assure you. The boy was then elevated on to his back. I held up the lantern, the light fell upon the horse and rider, and then my visitor cried out, in a tremendous voice, made a little husky by agitation—

"His name, Binxton—his name?—go no further."—"VAN TROMP!"

"Van Tromp!" almost screamed my visitor. "My dream is realized. Destiny is propitious. I shall now have the means of carrying out my purpose to a glorious fruition."

"I don't understand you," I said, feeling a little frightened by his excitement.

"Did not the jester in my dream come to me and use these words, 'In years to come, when you shall seek out this horse, take these words for your guide—the adopted country of your sire.' The adopted country of my sire was Holland,

and here is one of the brightest ornaments of that country, Van Tromp. My vision is revealed. Come, Binxton, I must away back again to London; come, Binxton, come," and he almost dragged me back again to the house.

When we arrived there he said, in a hoarse whisper—

"My all will be staked upon this night's venture, Binxton. I am Destiny's child, and I can but follow her dictates."

"You are still mysterious," I said.

"I'll be no longer so then," he cried.

"But mind, confidence, Binxton, confidence with regard to all that we have said and done to-night. I go to London, Binxton, to stake my all—for be assured of this, as true as that star out yonder shines—it is my star, and I have ever looked for it on great emergencies—see how brightly it shines now—as sure as that star is shining, Van Tromp will win the St. Leger."

And then he left me, and from that time to this I have never seen him. Van Tromp *did* win the St. Leger, and my mysterious visitor is now an emperor."

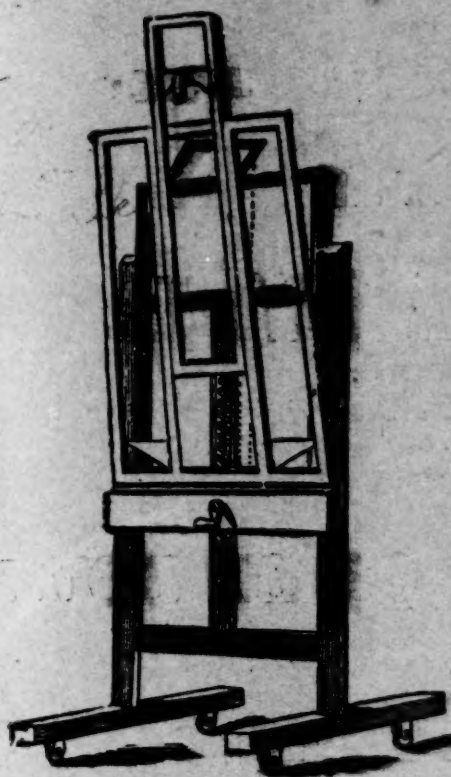
The clock has struck its longest number some time ago, and at the close of the recital of John Busby's narrative there is a general rising for the company suddenly discover that it is very late. At the bar one glass must still be had by each, and that one glass leads to one more, and that to another, and another, and the bar-parlour occupants become noisy in their declarations, and vociferous in their desire to impress their neighbours with their opinions. The judicious go home; but the more ardent linger round the bar, and talk emphatically on.

At length a move is made. The folding-doors of the bar are thrown wide open, and the remaining members of the company of the night emerge, each with a roll of weed between his lips. There is a general remark at the door that it is "devilish chilly." Coats are buttoned close up—and a last good night is jerked out to Mr. Sparke as he comes towards the door.

That night John Busby and Mr. Sparke had a quiet glass together in the snuggerly behind the bar after Willum had gone to bed, and over that glass John Busby informed Mr. Sparke that the real fact was, they were going to try the nags next day. The upshot of that intelligence was that Mr. Sparke said he would go too.

(To be continued.)

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